SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII OCTOBER, 1910 NO. 4

CASCORRA, THE FIRST CUBAN SIEGE

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THE day after reporting at the always shifting headquarters of Maximo Gomez was spent by the *expedicionarios*, as all recent arrivals from the United States were called, in resting after the trying march from the coast, and in accustoming themselves to strange surroundings and to a manner of life entirely new even to those who had seen no little of rough life in the open. All day long there arrived trains of pack-animals laden with the cargo of the *Dauntless*, and before nightfall there was a stack of boxes and bundles that looked decidedly larger than the hull of that vessel.

During the day I had an occasional glimpse of our chieftain, whom I had met the previous evening. He was seated in a canvas hammock swung between a couple of small trees and spent most of the day going over his mail that we had brought with us from the New York Junta, the only means of communication with the outside world enjoyed by the insurgents in the field. He dictated a few letters to his secretary, and after the noonday meal took a nap. Upon awakening he swore roundly about something, addressing his remarks to his *asistente*, or personal servant. I did not at that time understand Spanish, but judged from his gestures and tone of voice that he was not complimenting that individual on his accomplishments. Shortly after this he sent for me, and having but recently witnessed his outburst, I approached with some misgivings. A member of his staff, Major Miguel Tarafa, in times of peace a Matanzas banker, acted as interpreter. The general began by expressing his appreciation of the spirit which had impelled us foreigners to leave our homes and cast our lot with a people struggling for independence, and then bluntly asked me what I knew about artillery. I told him frankly that my accomplishments were limited, to which he replied by saying, "Well, you cannot know any less than another American who came down here and said he knew it all." He then stated that he would place me in charge of the gun brought down on the *Dauntless*, and also of another and smaller Hotchkiss, one of 1.65 inch calibre, that he had with him, and said further that I would have the status of an officer with the privileges pertaining thereto, but that I would not actually be commissioned until after I had "made good." Then passing from weightier subjects, he asked me if I had ever eaten sugar-cane, and I had to confess that my acquaintance with the edible properties of that plant were about on a par with my knowledge of artillery. "Well," he said, with a grim smile, "you cannot be a real rebel until you know how to eat sugar-cane," whereat he took one of several joints from the ground under his hammock, and with the fine Moorish scimetar which he carried in lieu of the omnipresent machete, showed me how to strip off the tough bark and get at the juicy pulp. He then had me try it

Copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with my own machete, and was no little amused at my awkwardness.

From that time he always took a great interest in me, and if we came in contact when there was an interpreter at hand he would inquire how I was getting on and how I liked being a "mambi," the uncomplimentary term by which the Spaniards usually referred to the insurgents. He always called me "Capi," an abbreviation of the Spanish word *capitan*, captain.

He was a stern, hard-hearted man, with a violent temper, but had in his nature some streaks of human kindness, that shone luminously by contrast. He resembled exactly the many pictures of him that were published while he was in the public eye. He was a thin, wiry man with snow-white mustache and goatee, and was of pure Spanish descent, having the swarthy complexion of most Latins.

In looking over the force that General Gomez had with him, several surprises were in store for us Americans, the principal one being that it was composed almost entirely of white men. This is explained by the fact that the province of Puerto Principe, now known as Camaguey, has in its population a smaller proportion of negroes than another portion of Cuba. Later we were to see insurgent forces, from near Santiago de Cuba and Manzanillo, consisting almost entirely of black men. The officers of the force that we were now with were, as a rule, planters, cattle-raisers, farmers, or professional or business men from the towns, and were as a class the best men of the native Cuban population. Scores of them spoke English, having been educated in the United States or having lived there. At this period of the war they were well mounted, and were dressed neatly in white duck, which being the clothing of the country, really constituted the uniform of the insurgents, so far as they could be said to have any. All were provided with appropriate insignia of rank, and wore on their hats the tri-colored Cuban badge. The rank and file consisted mainly of employees of the plantations and cattle-ranches, and scattered among them a good many small farmers and cattlemen, with also clerks, mechanics, and laborers from the towns. They were ragged, and some, though not many, barefooted. They were armed with Mauser and Remington rifles and had well-filled cartridge pouches. Their rifles were badly cared for, nearly all being not only rusty, but fouled from not having been cleaned after use. All mounted officers and men carried the long or cavalry machete, with a blade about two and one-half feet in length. These were formidable weapons for hand-to-hand work, and had all been brought to the island on filibustering expeditions, having been especially manufactured for military purposes by a firm in Providence, R. I. Dismounted troops carried in addition to their rifles, the short machete, used mainly in times of peace in cutting cane and brush. Earlier in the war, before the insurgents had been supplied with an adequate number of firearms, there had been a number of occasions when small Spanish detachments had been surprised and overwhelmed by superior forces of Cubans rushing them with the machete and cutting down all who did not surrender. The principal object of these attacks was to obtain the fine Mausers with which the Spanish troops were armed, but at the time of our arrival, the Cubans having been well supplied with rifles, and as the Spaniards were operating in larger columns and taking greater precautions to prevent surprises on the march, the machete had fallen from its high estate as a weapon of war, and was relegated to such prosaic work as digging sweet potatoes, chopping firewood, and cutting up beef.

Every officer and man carried a hammock made of canvas or gunny sacks, and immediately on going into camp swung it between a couple of trees, using it by day as a chair and by night as a bed. Nobody except newly arrived foreigners ever slept on the ground, and they only once, the various brands of ants and other insects that thrive in Cuba being particularly industrious and pestiferous.

The second morning after our arrival, the whole force assembled at this place started on one of those aimless marches that were the chief weakness of the insurgent leaders. The cargo of the *Dauntless*, except some ammunition and medical stores that had been distributed, was left behind under guard, to be removed a few days later and stored under sheds constructed for the purpose at a point more distant from the coast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reveille sounded at three o'clock, hours before daybreak, the few provided with coffee had some prepared, horses that had been grazing throughout the night tied to picket-pins were saddled, another bugle-call sounded through the darkness, we fell into column of twos, and the cavalcade started.

We new arrivals, all of whom except General Cabrera had marched on foot from the coast, had been provided with mounts, and I drew the first of the nineteen horses that I was to lose in one way or another. We were following a narrow country road leading in a southerly direction. Daylight came in due time, and then flankers and scouts were thrown out from the column. We foreigners were in ecstasies over the beautiful scenery, now that we had left behind the savannas and mangrove swamps of the coast, and were crossing the rolling uplands of the interior. A large part of the country was primeval forest, with here and there little clearings in which were grown corn, beans, sugar-cane, squashes, sweet potatoes, yucca or manioc, and other vegetables. There were also great *potreros*, or prairies, of thousands of acres of guinea grass from three to six feet high, on which grazed herds of fat, sleek cattle, at this period the principal source of the food-supply of the insurgents.

In this motley band winding its way across country we of the *Dauntless* in our New York clothes seemed strangely out of place, and looked about as ridiculous as we felt. At eleven o'clock the bugles blew "halt," and we scattered out along the margin of a wood. Horses were unsaddled and picketed to graze, hammocks swung, and fires started. A detail of men rode out to the most convenient herd and drove in a number of beeves, which were killed and dressed and the meat distributed in less than an hour. During the forenoon, as we had passed the numerous houses with their little clearings, toll had been taken in the form of such vegetables as were to be had. Also, some men had ridden a mile or two out on the flanks of the line of march and had come in with their pack-animals laden with vegetables. The beef and vegetables were cut up and placed in small iron kettles to boil. These kettles, which would hold, as a rule, enough for four or five persons, were carried on the march on the backs of men or strapped onto saddles, to the great discomfort of the unfortunate beasts concerned. Those who had been unable to procure kettles roasted their food before fires.

A negro had been assigned to attend to the wants of the five foreigners who had come on the *Dauntless*, so that we were spared the hardships that would have been our lot if we had been compelled to hustle for ourselves in the midst of such strange surroundings. At one o'clock the first meal of the day was ready. We were fiercely hungry, and had no fault to find with the food set before us, it being very satisfying to healthy men with good appetites. Some weeks later we began to make deprecatory remarks about this "aijacco," or everlasting stew of meat and vegetables, and to long for the wheaten bread and mutton chops of other days. Luckily for our peace of mind, we could not look into the future and see the days when the whole country should have been desolated by war, when the cattle were all gone and we had to live almost exclusively on fruits and vegetables, and mighty few of those. When the lean times came and we rode for days fairly faint from hunger, when a piece of meat of any kind was a luxury, we looked back longingly to those days of comparative plenty in Camaguey and wondered how we ever could have been dissatisfied.

After the meal had been finished, all stretched out in their hammocks and slept for a couple of hours. Then the camp livened up, there were visits back and forth, card games, and some singing by those who had accomplishments in that line. The newspapers that we had brought down from New York were passed from hand to hand and read and reread until they were worn out. Just after dark came the second and last meal of the day, exactly like the first. Then groups gathered about campfires and talked until late at night. Then tattoo and taps, blown by a superb bugler, whose equal I have never heard in the United States Service, and we stretched out in our hammocks to sleep. Again at three o'clock came reveille and the beginning of another day's march. This march and camp have been described somewhat in detail, as they were typical of those features of our life for the next two years. Unless chasing Spaniards or being chased by them,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Cubans rarely made more than one march a day, and this began two hours before daybreak and ended before noon. But there arose occasions when we tore through the country regardless of this custom. The first day's march of the column had been through a part of the country not yet touched by the war, but on the second day there was a decided contrast. As we approached the great Camino Real or Royal Road leading eastward from Puerto Principe, we saw on all sides the ruins of burned houses, and barb-wire fences had been cut until there was but little of them left but the standing posts and tangled meshes of wire in the grass. Before the war was over Spaniards and insurgents had clashed on nearly every league of that road from Puerto Principe to historic Guaimaro, a distance of seventy miles. We passed through the potrero of La Machuca, where a few weeks later we were to "mix it" with a column of the enemy under General Castellanos, and marched through the ruins of the little town of Sibanicu, and had pointed out to us three miles to the eastward the church tower of Cascorra, that obscure village so soon to add to the glory of Spanish arms, every survivor of its heroic garrison to receive the coveted "Cross of San Fernando," the Spanish equivalent of our Congressional Medal of Honor and of the Victoria Cross of Great Britain.

At ten o'clock we passed to the southward, and an hour later went into camp at the abandoned cattle-ranch known as La Yaya. The owner's house had not been burned, and General Gomez's staff established themselves in it, but the "Old Man," as we had learned to call him behind his back, ordered his hammock swung from a couple of trees across the road.

About two miles distant was the humble home of a very decent Cuban family, and soon there came an invitation for Huntington, Potter, Welsford, and myself to stay with them until we could be suitably outfitted for life in the field. Walinski did not accompany us, having gone to the westward with General Cabrera, and we never saw him again. The invitation to visit this family was no doubt the result of an intimation from some member of the general's staff, but nothing could have exceeded the kindness and courtesy with which we were treated during our stay. We chafed at the delay, but finally there arrived our outfits, white duck suits, heavy shoes, leggings, and Panama hats, and we were ready for war. While we were being rigged out, General Gomez had gone on one of his usual aimless marches and had returned to La Yaya. He sent for me, and through Major Tarafa stated that he was going to attack the town of Cascorra, but with small hope of success, as it was known that the commandant was a man of exceptional resource and courage, and that the garrison, a part of the Fourth Battalion of Tarragona, was made up of Catalonians, those northern Spaniards famous for the desperate courage with which they usually defend any post entrusted to them. I told the general frankly, that so far as the artillery was concerned it could do no more than batter down the blockhouses and fortified buildings with common shell, the only form of projectiles other than canister with which we were provided, and that without shrapnel but little damage could be done to the defenders after they had taken to their trenches, which would be as soon as we began to blow the buildings about their ears. The result of this observation was a round cursing of the Junta for having sent no shrapnel. General Javier Vega, Gomez's chief of staff, was present at this conversation. He was a silent sort of man, and apparently knew as little as did his chief regarding the limitations of the small guns that we were to use.

After a few days we started on a long, roundabout march. I do not know where we went except that our course was generally to the eastward. We passed around the town of Guaimaro and saw the Spanish flag floating defiantly from the head-quarters building, little dreaming that in a few short weeks it was to be lowered after desperate and prolonged fighting, and that the entire garrison would become our prisoners. On this occasion, a group of us, including the general and his staff, sat on our horses on a ridge only eight hundred yards from the nearest Spanish work. With us was the insurgent flag carried by head-quarters, so that our character was known to the garrison, but there was no exchange of shots. A well-directed volley at this time might have rid Spain of the fiery old guerilla, who through two wars had been a thorn in her flesh. After leaving Guaimaro, the gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral concluded he would like to try out his two guns, the target being a rock in a pasture, distant about eight hundred yards. It was the first time I had ever had anything to do with firing a cannon, and my shooting was not good, but the shells when they struck the ground burst with a lively bang and much smoke, and the onlookers were very much impressed. From here we marched back to La Yaya, passing north of Guaimaro. A day or two later the general announced that he was ready to try Cascorra, and sent General Vega and myself to select positions for the artillery. We set out accompanied only by a few orderlies, and leaving these finally in charge of the horses, crawled on our hands and knees all about the town, a task that consumed the entire day. The town was a small one, having under normal conditions a population of only a couple of hundred, but there were now but very few non-combatants left, they having either fled to Puerto Principe for the protection of a larger garrison or taken to the field with the insurgents. The garrison consisted of one hundred and sixty men, all infantry, and having no artillery. These troops occupied three defensive positions as follows: at the western or Puerto Principe side, at the point where the Camino Real enters the town, a brick building strengthened by bags of earth extending to the loopholes, which were about five feet above the floor. In times of peace this building had done duty as a tavern. About five hundred yards to the south-east, and lying directly south of the centre of the village, was a strong stone church, which like the tavern was loopholed and strengthened by bags of earth. Both the church and the tavern were surrounded by standing trenches. On the east side of the town was a strong earthen redoubt defended by about half the garrison. This, as well as the fortified buildings, was surrounded by a maze of barb-wire entanglements, while the three works, which formed an almost equilateral triangle enclosing the town, were connected by closely built barb-wire fences. It was plain, even to a layman in the art of war, that we had a big job cut out for us. It would not be difficult quickly to render the church and the tavern untenable, but this would result only in driving their defenders to the trenches, where they would be in but little danger from shell fire, while the destruction of the small but substantial redoubt was a siege-gun job. Artillery positions were hard to find. It must be remembered that this was before the day of indirect fire, and even if it had not been, there was among us no one who could have

All day long there arrived trains of pack-animals laden with the cargo of the *Dauntless*.—Page 385.

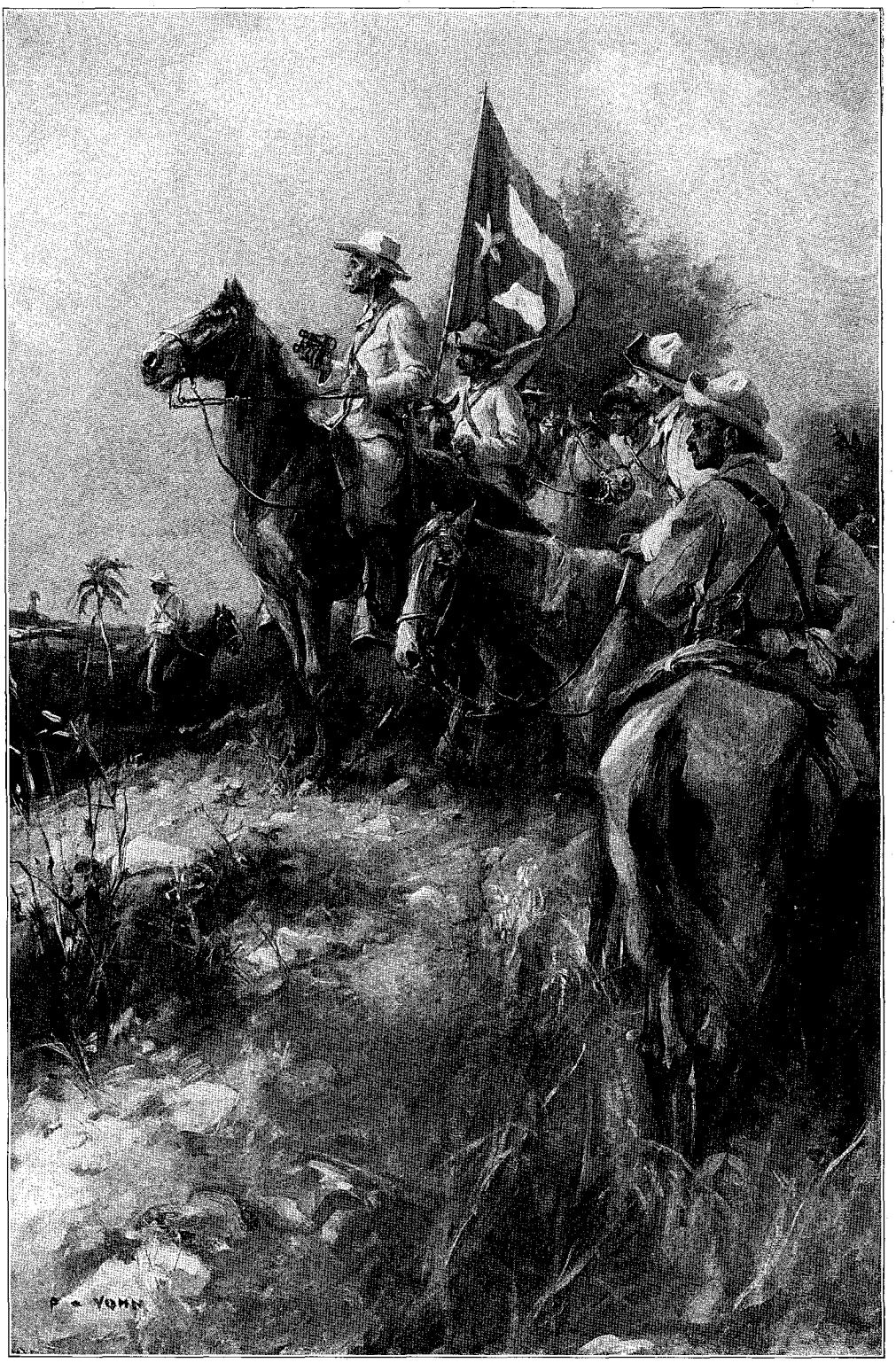
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made use of it. We would have to be able to see our target. There was a low ridge fifteen hundred yards to the eastward of the redoubt, and I favored this position, knowing that from it we could destroy the church and tavern, and that we could not seriously damage the redoubt at any distance. It was believed that with these buildings battered down, the infantry could rush the trenches surrounding them, and then might be able to work up closely enough under cover of the houses of the town to stand some chance of getting into the redoubt. In the opinion of General Vega, the position preferred by me was entirely too far from the two most vulnerable defences, which it was desired to attack first. We had crawled through the grass to within four hundred yards of the tavern, and at this point the general selected the first position for the artillery. I was horrified, but kept my views to myself. The intervening ground was level, and covered with a growth of bushes and of guinea grass about four feet high, with here and there a few scattered trees of good size. During the day spent in spying out the environs of Cascorra we had not seen a Spaniard, but had heard the soldiers laughing and singing. Little they foresaw the storm that was soon to break upon them.

We returned to La Yaya late that night, and then things began to happen more rapidly. The next day Gomez and his eight hundred men marched over to the town and went into camp in several positions completely surrounding it. That night a detail of men under the engineer officer attached to head-quarters constructed a typical Cuban *trinchera*, a sort of parapet, at the position selected for the artillery. As we were to make use of this type of defence on many subsequent occasions, this one merits a brief description. Two rows of stakes about six feet high and three feet apart were driven into the ground, and the space between them filled in with tightly tamped earth, which was held in place by a revetment of poles and fence rails, laid one on top of the other inside the two rows of stakes as the earth was filled in. A gap about the size of an ordinary door was left for the gun to be fired through. There was thus protection for a few of the infantry support and for the ammunition and the men handling it, but those actually loading and aiming the piece would be completely exposed. We Americans watched the work for a while and then walked over to camp in no particularly hilarious frame of mind. While a detail of Cubans had been provided to attend to the transportation of the guns and their ammunition and do other heavy work, we were expected to do the actual loading, aiming, and firing, and realized that we were up against it good and hard. We lay down in our hammocks, but I for one could not sleep a wink. At four o'clock we rose and walked over to the position. The parapet was practically completed, and soon the infantry support of about a hundred men arrived. A few of these found cover behind the parapet, but the majority were deployed on its flanks and lay down flat on their faces. The insurgents had surrounded the town so quietly the day before that it is doubtful if the Spaniards had suspected their presence. It must be taken into consideration that it was impossible for so small a garrison to send out patrols, as they would quickly have been cut up by the ever-watchful Cubans. The noise made in building the parapet must have been heard, however, although it was no doubt difficult to estimate the distance from their position. As a matter of fact, if a hot fire had been opened and maintained, keeping the bullets well down to the ground, the work would have been materially interfered with. The two hours remaining until daylight dragged heavily. It had been resolved not to use the smaller gun at this time, but the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, that had begun its warlike career over the Third Avenue saloon, was placed in position, the wheel ropes, sight, and other paraphernalia put on, a number of boxes of shells were brought up, and we sat down and waited for daylight to lift the curtain. It was to be the baptism of fire for four of Pagluchi's wards, and a sizzling red-hot one. Except for the calls of the sentries and occasional howl of a dog, the little town was as quiet as death itself.

At last the suspense was over, the darkness began to give way, and we could make out the upper part of the tavern, the view of the lower part and of the surrounding trenches being obstructed by the brush and grass. It had been left for me to decide when to open fire, and now I gave the word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

A well-directed volley at this time might have rid Spain of the fiery old guerilla.—Page 388.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sent General Vega and myself to select positions for the artillery.—Page 389.

The veterans, Jones, Joyce, and Pennie, rolled and lighted fresh cigarettes, Welsford sought solace in an unusually large bite from the remnant of his last plug of "store tobacco," Joyce handed an ugly-looking shell to Huntington who slipped it into the breech as Potter opened the block, Pennie took the lanyard, and I squatted behind the gun with one hand on the elevating screw and aimed at that part of the building visible, while Jones behind me moved the trail to left or right, as I indicated. In a few seconds I was satisfied, gave the screw a turn to lower the muzzle, and stepping from the piece climbed on top of the parapet to the windward of the gun in order to observe the shot, yelled "Fire" to Pennie, and the ball had begun. I had forgotten to place my hands over my ears and was almost deafened by the crash within a few feet of my head. A fraction of a second later I saw a burst of flame and smoke from the upper part of the building and saw the bricks come tumbling, down. Jumping down at once from my exposed position, I landed on the back of a Cuban patriot who was lying behind the parapet and put him out of that battle, the first casualty in the siege of Cascorra. My shot had been a bit higher than was intended, but had done its work. As the gun had roared out and the smoke was seen pouring from the building, the Cubans all about the town raised a great yell of "Cuba Libre!" We rushed to the gun and soon sent in another, a centre shot that blew a lot of earth-filled bags to smithereens and made a fine hole. We had begun to wonder whether there was to be a fight or not, as not a shot had been fired in reply, but now the storm broke, and a fine blizzard it was. The air was suddenly full of those peculiar popping noises that we were soon to know so well, leaves dropped from the trees, there were odd movements in the grass, a patter against the opposite side of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our shelter was distinctly audible, and a bullet struck the tire of one of the gun-wheels with a sound like a blow from a hammer. The nervousness of waiting was over, the fighting blood in us mounted quickly, and with yells and cheers and amid the enthusiastic "Bravos!" of the near-by Cubans, we sprang to the gun and for a short time loaded and fired so rapidly that the barrel of the piece became badly heated. The parapet afforded excellent protection for those who were behind it,but the exact position of the gun was indicated by its smoke, so that an uncomfortable number of bullets came through the gap left for it. We could see only the roof of the church, and could not easily bring to bear on it on account of its angle from the parapet, but the men in the trenches around it made out our exact location from the smoke and soon began to take an interest in the proceedings. We were partially protected from their fire by the right wing of the parapet, though the ground all about us was made exceedingly dangerous. Less than a minute after the enemy had opened fire, a Cuban infantryman standing near us had his attention called to blood trickling down his once white trousers, and sank to the ground, calling on most of the saints in the calendar. The man had received a flesh wound, being shot through the thigh, but was so excited that he did not know it, thinking that some one had accidentally struck him. I have known of several similar cases. As I was aiming the gun for about the twelfth shot, I felt a hard blow on the sole of my left foot and made a fall that afterward cost me no end of chaffing and inquiries as to whether or not I had at some time been one of the ornaments of the theatrical profession. A bullet had split the sole of my left shoe and knocked off the heel, but had inflicted no more severe injury than a considerable bruise. Occasionally a man was hit and carried away, but despite all the uproar there were but few casualties. And so this strange little battle went on for an hour, now fast and furious for a few moments and now almost dying out for a like time. So far it had been a contest between about eighty Spanish infantrymen and a handful of men with a cannon. The Cuban infantry had not yet opened fire, as there was no satisfactory target for them and there was danger of hitting their comrades scattered around the town, and the Spaniards in the redoubt could do nothing but listen to the sound and fury, as the tavern was in a direct line between them and our position. The building which had at first been our target had been almost reduced to rubbish, and we were firing low in order to make hits on the trenches around it, but it was unsatisfactory work, as there was no way to ascertain the effects of our shots owing to the intervening grass. Several times we dragged the gun from behind the parapet and took shots at the church, with no other effect than to damage the building somewhat and to draw an increased fire from its defenders.

We had accomplished all we could from our present position, so I walked over to General Gomez's head-quarters, distant about four hundred yards, and suggested that we keep up a slow fire during the remainder of the day and that at night a new parapet bearing on the church be built. This was agreed to, and I started on my return to the gun. On the way I walked over to where our ammunition-mules were standing to see how they were getting on. A couple of them had been slightly wounded, and while I was looking them over, one big fellow received a Mauser bullet through the nose. He was cropping grass at the time, and for a few seconds shook his head vigorously and then went on eating. We Americans took a great interest in those mules, having been told by the Cubans that they were "countrymen" of ours, as they had been taken from a sugar plantation the owner of which had bought them in the United States.

The gun had become so heated by a rapid spurt of firing toward the last, that the breech-block had expanded to such an extent that it could not be worked. The mechanism was taken apart and thoroughly oiled, but we finally had to resort to pouring water on the affected parts, a very slow process, as the supply had to be brought from some distance, and naturally was not cool. The Spanish fire had died down to an occasional volley, and our "battle" was beginning to drag. We sat around behind the parapet discussing the incidents of the day, and about every half-hour sent in a shell just to let our friends the enemy know that we were still on the job.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At dark we returned to our camp near head-quarters and I had a long talk with the general, who expressed his keen appreciation of the way we had done our work. He was apparently in doubt as to the next step to take. I took the liberty of telling him that he would never take the town unless he was willing to throw in his infantry just so soon as we had destroyed the church. It must have seemed abominably cheeky for a man just out of his first fight to be giving advice on military matters to a man who had been under fire before he was born, but no offence was taken. The general explained that while his men had captured some small towns by surprising and rushing the garrisons, they had never yet made an assault on men on the alert in good trenches, protected by entanglements, and he feared that they were not equal to it. A repulse, he said, would badly demoralize them. He felt that they could take the church and tavern positions, but with the redoubt bearing on both still in the hands of the enemy, no advantage would be gained. His men could not successfully assault this, the real key to the position. It was evident that the promised parapet bearing on the church would not be built that night.

The second day was a repetition of the afternoon of the first, a shot about every half-hour at either the tavern or the church and an occasional volley from the trenches in reply. That evening we Americans talked the matter over, and Jones and I were delegated to say to the general that if he would have a good position constructed that night from which we might effectively shell the church, and give us an hour in the morning in which to destroy that building, we would gladly lead an assault on that and the tavern positions, fixing two hundred as the number of men required for the enterprise. It was our theory that if we made the dash the Cubans would follow us, and that once in the shelter of the trenches, we could not be driven out by fire from the redoubt, and if the eighty men in the latter made a sortie against us, which was unlikely, their work would quickly be occupied by a force kept in hand for the purpose. In view of the successful assaults made subsequently by the Cubans at Guaimaro and Las Tunas, I have not the slightest doubt that we would have succeeded, though at heavy cost. Several Cuban officers, hearing of our proposal, volunteered to assist in leading the attack. At one time the general came near yielding, but finally came out with an abrupt "No," telling us that we were madmen. He gave us the cheering information, however, that he was going to order the construction of another parapet for the gun, much nearer to the trenches around the ruins of the tavern, where our view would be unobstructed by grass and brush, and that he expected us from this new position literally to blow the dons out of the ground. Jones and I maintained a discreet silence until out of earshot, and then made a few unprintable remarks about the turn affairs had taken.

Among the officers serving with the insurgents was General Avelino Rosa, a Colombian, exiled for political reasons from his own land. He was a man brave almost to rashness, but exceedingly unpractical. General Rosa was in direct command of the force of infantry and dismounted cavalry surrounding the town, and had worked some of his men nearer and nearer to the tavern position by taking advantage of inequalities of the ground, and during the second day of the bombardment had livened matters by exchanging shots at short range with its defenders. He had reported to General Gomez that by taking advantage of the cover afforded by a ravine we could obtain a position within two hundred yards of the tavern, where we would be in full view of the trenches and could undoubtedly destroy them. He was ordered to construct the necessary parapet that night. This in itself was an extremely ticklish operation, but the material was prepared at a distance and placed in position as quietly as possible. The work had to be carried on intermittingly, as at the slightest noise the Spaniards opened up with volleys. The parapet was completed just before dawn, having cost the lives of several men. It was very short, extending only about eight feet on each side of the opening left for the gun. The upper part had been built across the top of the opening with a hope of affording some protection to those actually handling the piece. Before daylight a detail dragged the much-abused Hotchkiss quietly into the ravine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Never anywhere have I seen the equal of what was poured into us during the hour that we held this position.—Page 396.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and along it until we were directly opposite the new position, when it was hoisted out, the unavoidable noise drawing a fire that killed one man. I felt morally certain that we could never serve the gun from here, but it was agreed among us that whatever might occur, we were not to show the white feather or ask to be allowed to get out. Months afterward Pennie and I, visiting the ruins of Cascorra, paced the distance from our parapet to the trenches and found it to be two hundred and sixteen yards. Here we were protected from the fire of the church by intervening buildings, but, to the dismay of all concerned, it was found after it was too late to remedy the defect that we were exposed to fire from one corner of the redoubt. So far, the smaller gun, the two-pounder Hotchkiss, had not been used, but on this same night a position was constructed for it about two hundred yards to our left rear, and placed under charge of Jones.

We waited in our new posts until it was thoroughly light before opening fire, but not so with the enemy. With the breaking of day the Spaniards made out the exact location of the little parapet, the construction of which had drawn their fire during the night, and opened on us hotly, but without result, as we were in the ravine a few yards to the rear of the gun, where also was a strong infantry support under General Rosa. When it was thoroughly light we crawled out of the ravine on all fours, and sent in a shell that landed squarely on the low line of earth-filled bags that capped the low parapet of the Spanish trench, exploding with a bang that sounded almost as loud to us as the report of the piece itself. The men at the two-pounder were awaiting the cue, and almost immediately we heard its sharp crack, and a shell whistled past us. We had fastened a rope to the trail of our gun, and immediately dragged it behind shelter to be reloaded. Again it was pushed up to the gap and fired. The Spaniards were replying furiously, and the worst of it was that their bullets were all coming close down to the ground, and were aimed at the gaping porthole which they could so plainly see. It has fallen to me to participate in a good many fights in Cuba and the Philippines, but never anywhere have I seen the equal of what was poured into us during the hour that we held this position. The air was fairly alive with the sound of bullets, and their patter against the side of the parapet was so incessant that it would have been impossible to count them. The bark on near-by trees was cut to ribbons, and small bushes on our front were destroyed. After a few shots from our gun, the head cover connecting the tops of the two wings of the parapet was blown to pieces, a result that should have been foreseen, as the barrel of the piece was not sufficiently long for the muzzle to clear the parapet. Under such circumstances, aiming the gun, the only part of its service which was required to be done while it was exposed, was enough to try the nerves of any but a wooden man. Fortunately this was the work of but a couple of seconds, the target being so plain and so close at hand. In an attempt to keep down the Spanish fire, our infantry supports opened vigorously and added to the racket and confusion, but under the circumstances could not be expected to accomplish much, the enemy being too well sheltered. We were in a bad box, and I am sure all hoped to be ordered out of it soon. We were tearing up the tops of the Spaniards' trenches, but their fire was not diminishing, and they were constantly repairing the damage by filling bags of earth in the trenches and placing them in position without exposing themselves.

The fight had lasted about three-quarters of an hour when I noticed some thirty Spanish soldiers, the first I had ever actually seen, leave the redoubt and dash for the tavern trenches. They covered the ground by short rushes, throwing themselves prone about every sixty yards. At first it was thought that they were going to attempt to rush our position, improbable as such an enterprise seemed, but it was merely a reinforcement for the worn-out men who were making such a gallant fight against us. I attempted to take a shot at them, but the gun missed fire.

I was aiming the fifteenth shell when a bullet struck one of the trunnions almost at my nose. My nerves had been getting pretty shaky from several narrow escapes in sighting preceding shots, and I must confess that I threw myself flat on the ground and rolled to cover. Joyce jumped over me, quickly sighted the piece, and sprang from the gun. The imperturbable Pennie, lying on the ground and smoking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taking the trail-rope, we made a quick run.

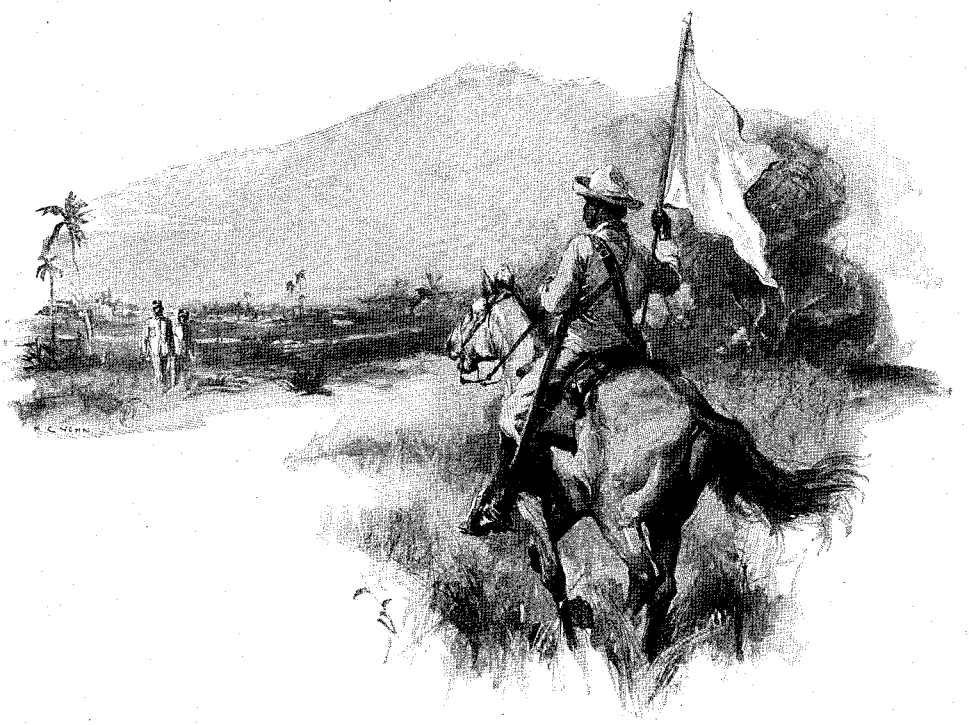
a cigarette, jerked the lanyard and fired the last shot from this terrible death-trap. General Gomez had delegated to General Rosa the necessary authority to discontinue firing from this position whenever he thought best, and the latter, who was near at hand, ordered us to take cover in the ravine, abandoning the gun for the time being, although it was in no danger of capture, owing to the proximity of strong supports. Now that they had put the gun out of action, the Spaniards concentrated their fire on the Cuban infantry and inflicted several casualties. It was necessary to recover the gun, so in about half an hour three of us crawled stealthily out of the ravine and wriggled our way to it. Taking the trail-rope, we made a quick run, and despite a hot fire reached the ravine and tumbled down the bank with little ceremony, pulling the gun after us with such haste that it landed up side down in the bottom. The two-pounder, being in a less exposed position, continued to fire at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intervals during the day, but with practically no effect, owing to the small size of its projectiles.

I reported to our chief, and half expected a wigging because we had been unable to slaughter all the Spaniards in the trenches, but on the contrary was very kindly received, General Rosa having made a somewhat glowing report of what we had done.

That night two Cuban non-combatants, despite the vigilance of the Spaniards, succeeded in escaping from the town and came to our camp and were brought before the general, who abused them roundly for having remained under the protection of the enemy while their countrymen were undergoing the dangers and privations of the field. They were a very abject pair, and told all they knew about conditions in the town, and some besides. The garrison were badly worn out by the constant vigilance imposed, but apparently were well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and were improving their defences every night. They also stated that an assault was momentarily expected. There had been about twenty casualties so far, all except one from shell fire, whereupon we amateur artillerymen patted ourselves on the back at the first opportunity. The first shell of the fight, taking them by surprise, had killed three men in the tavern.



We saw two officers leave the redoubt and proceed on foot to meet the bearer.—Page 399.

Early the next morning, the fourth day of the siege, the general sent me with General Vega to look for a position from which we could fire on both the redoubt and the church. For the time being he was through with fighting his artillery at long pistol-range, and quickly approved when informed that we had chosen the low ridge east of the town, this being about fifteen hundred yards from the redoubt, and eighteen hundred from the church. It had the further advantage that a shell clearing the redoubt would almost certainly land in the much-battered tavern position.

The two-pounder was left where it was to amuse our friends in the tavern trenches, and I was ordered to take the larger gun around the town to the ridge. The dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tance was so great that it was not considered necessary to construct cover. About noon we opened, landing the first shell squarely in the centre of the work, and until dark fired slowly, as our ammunition was now running low. Occasionally, just to vary the proceedings, we paid our respects to the church, though I managed to miss it a couple of times, the end instead of the sides being toward us. The Spaniards were not inclined to expend much ammunition on us at this distance, and kept up a slow fire, evidently using their best shots for the purpose, as their shooting was fairly accurate. We suffered no casualties here during the two days that the ridge was occupied, though the gun was struck once. Our infantry support, which had had the unhappy faculty of catching bullets meant for us, was some distance to the rear and flank, and consequently out of danger. A portion of the Cuban infantry still held onto the ravine near our old artillery position, and kept up a useless fusillade.

The next day, for the first time, the general visited the gun while it was in action. On one occasion, just as it had been laid, he looked through the sights and jokingly remarked that we must be trying to shoot over the target, and said he would try his luck. He gave the screw a sharp turn, lowering the muzzle, and then himself pulled the lanyard. The shell ripped up some of the scenery about three hundred yards short of the redoubt, but the reader can rest assured that nobody thought of laughing. I relieved the strain by assuring the general that the cartridge must have been defective.

About the middle of the afternoon he came again, accompanied by his entire staff, and we realized from the looks on the faces of all that something was about to take place. The general, sitting on the ground a few paces from us, dictated a letter to his secretary, and after it had been copied, signed it; a Porto Rican major in the Cuban service, a gallant fellow whose name I cannot now recall, mounted his horse, and holding aloft a white flag, trotted toward the redoubt. Some time previously instructions had been sent to all the Cuban detachments to cease fire. The appearance of the Porto Rican in the open was the signal for a hot fusillade directed at him, despite the flag of truce. For a time it seemed inevitable that he must be hit, but he never faltered. We had about concluded that the enemy would not recognize the flag, when his fire died out, and we saw two officers leave the redoubt and proceed on foot to meet the bearer. They met about four hundred yards from the Spanish works; the plucky officer delivered his letter, and was compelled to sit on his horse with his back to the enemy's position until a reply from the Spanish major could be delivered, when he galloped toward us. That night a member of the general's staff showed us the correspondence. General Gomez's letter was a brief and courteous communication complimenting the commander of the garrison on his heroic defence against such great odds, and suggesting that he had done all that duty demanded of him in that respect, and ended by demanding his surrender, assuring him that he and his officers and men would be as well treated as the limited resources of the Cubans would permit. The Spaniard's reply was equally courteous, but stated that he would defend his post to the last extremity. A short time later firing was resumed, but this sort of fighting had become pretty monotonous to all concerned, and not much spirit was shown on either side.

One of the bits of information brought to us by the two non-combatants who had escaped from the town, was that the garrison of the church position, with the exception of those actually on duty in the trenches, slept in the building at night, taking it for granted that we could not then use our artillery. The result was an order for me to sight the gun at the church very carefully before nightfall, station a guard over it, and have the piece fired at ten o'clock. I did not exactly like this task, as it savored somewhat of assassination, but carried out my instructions. It was subsequently learned that this shell killed and wounded four men.

The siege had now lasted five days, and practically nothing had been accomplished except to kill some Spaniards, damage their works considerably, and all but wear out the garrison. There were only about thirty shells left for the twelve-pounder, and a hundred shell and canister for the smaller gun. A supply for both guns had been sent for to a *deposito* far away in the woods of Santiago province, but could not arrive for some days.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next four days the artillery was out of it, but the infantry kept the town closely invested, and denied sleep and rest to the harassed defenders. During this time one of the few Cubans remaining in Cascorra was caught trying to sneak through the insurgent lines at night. The next day he was tried and condemned. As the trembling wretch was led through our camp to die it made us sick at heart, as did many an event of like nature afterward. But any American who will read of the cheerful manner in which his ancestors hanged each other during the fighting between patriots and Tories in the Carolinas and Georgia in our Revolution can throw mighty few stones at the Cubans or any one else. Another tragic incident was the trial and execution of an insurgent officer. We could never get the straight of this, as our comrades were very loth to discuss the matter with foreigners, but it was rumored that he was found to have been in correspondence with the Spanish authorities in Puerto Principe.

In the early days of the investment, without our knowledge, the Spanish commander had sent a sergeant through our lines at night, and this man by the greatest resource and courage, travelling by night and hiding in the woods by day, had succeeded in reaching the railway line north of Nuevitas, whence the news that Cascorra was undergoing siege was telegraphed to General Castellanos, the commander of the district of Puerto Principe in the city of that name. The result was that one day a mounted messenger dashed into our camp and brought the news that a large column was en-route from Puerto Principe, and was being observed and harassed by a small force of cavalry. During the siege various organizations had joined us from near-by parts of the island, and the general now had about fifteen hundred men. He ordered us to expend at once all the remaining artillery ammunition on the town, not with any hope of taking it, but to do as much damage as possible before its impending relief. We begged that we be allowed to save what little we had left and use it in the fight with the advancing column, but he would have none of it. So that night a parapet, the best we had yet had, was constructed at the astonishingly short distance of one hundred and eighty-three yards from the tavern trenches. The brief fight there the next day until we could expend our thirty shells was in a milder way a repetition of the third day. The Spanish fire was hot, but not so well directed. Nevertheless, at such short range it was serious work. Three men were killed behind our short parapet, and toward the last I heard a bullet strike Joyce, and turned around just in time to hear him say with the utmost self-possession: "Well, this reminds me of a little

The infantry followed and attacked their rear-guard repeatedly.—Page 401.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story." A man who can make such an off-hand remark as a bullet tears a big hole in his thigh probably deserves the palm for self-possession. We had a hard time carrying him out under fire. He was sent to one of the lonely hospitals in the bush, and so missed our great victory at Guaimaro, but was back to duty long before Jiguani. A few more shots and the twelve-pounder was through. That night the rain poured in torrents, the Cubans were drawn from about the town and concentrated a mile to the westward, all except a small escort for the two-pounder, which enlivened the night by fighting until its last cartridge was gone. The next day we remained in a sodden camp. The siege of Cascorra was over, but every hour couriers raced madly into camp with news of the whereabouts of the column of two thousand five hundred men with ten guns under General Castellanos. The next day was an eventful one, but is not a part of this story. The guns were sent away under escort, but we artillerymen at our request were allowed for the time being to join the cavalry as volunteers, and were provided with carbines. Couriers came in faster and faster, and finally we heard the crackle of rifle-fire to the westward as the Spanish column came on, brushing aside the tormentors hanging on its flanks. Then came the clash, the battle of La Machuca. There was no hope of preventing the relief of the town, but the general was determined to make the Spaniards know that they had had a fight, and he certainly accomplished that purpose. The day was a perfect one and the entertainment of the best. For three hours the Spanish volleys and the rattling irregular fire of the Cubans made a pandemonium, added to by the booming of the Spanish batteries. A thin film of smoke drifted above the tree-tops, and all was excitement and noise. But the Spaniards broke through and entered the town. Certainly visitors were never more welcome. They camped there that night, and the Cubans fired on them incessantly. It is a safe guess that not one of them had a wink of sleep. The garrison was increased, the ammunition supply replenished, and the defences improved, and on the evening of the next day the column issued from the town on its return, and the Cubans were promptly upon them. They made a few miles before nightfall and bivouacked, peppered all night by their tormentors. The next morning about three o'clock they resumed the march. The whole fifteen hundred of us were drawn up on both sides of the Camino Real to give them another fight, but the column turned to the north-westward, passed our left flank before our dispositions could be changed, and headed for the railroad between Las Minas and Nuevitas. The infantry followed and attacked their rear-guard repeatedly, while five hundred of us mounted men, under the general himself, hung onto their left flank. It was a lively and exciting day. A few shots would grow into a heavy roll of fire, to die out in a few moments, and begin again in another quarter. And so we swept along all of a beautiful day. Just after dark, as they were going into bivouac, the last clash with the rear-guard occurred. The next morning the mounted men made a savage attack on the advance-guard, and a lively scrimmage ensued in which we had three killed and sixteen wounded. Poor Potter, one of Pagluchi's wards, had both legs shattered and had his horse killed under him, and spent the next year on his back in one of the lonely hospitals. He never returned from Cuba, but became a resident of Puerto Principe, where he lives to-day.

The Spaniards reached the railroad on this forenoon, and we marched eastward to meet General Calixto Garcia, and in combination with his force to more than wipe out the failure of Cascorra.

[The third of General Funston's papers, "The Fall of Guaimaro," will appear in the November Number.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPRESSION OF THE KING'S FUNERAL

By Mary King Waddington

LONDON, Tuesday, *May* 17, 1910.

WE arrived Sunday night, having had a long crossing in spite of the smooth sea and blue sky. Almost as soon as we left Calais we got into a fog—most curious—a belt of low-lying thick white mist and bright sun overhead. It grew thicker as we got near the English coast. Our fog whistle sounded all the time and whenever it stopped we heard others near us—most disagreeably near—and we just crept along and got to Victoria two hours late. Elsa was waiting for us, but had not been there since five o'clock, as they telephoned the station-master, who said the boat was late owing to the fog, and he would let them know as soon as the train left Dover. Hilda's most hospitable house was filling. Her son arrived about an hour after us, having also had a thick fog, and her brother, Maurice, British Ambassador in Spain, was twelve hours late. He was, of course, obliged to come for King Edward's funeral.

I found various letters and despatches from the Earl Marshall's office and the French Embassy, saying I would certainly receive an invitation for the funeral service at Windsor, but there seemed to be a doubt for C.'s.

We started out early Monday morning to walk across the park to the Harcourts', in Berkeley Square, to see if they had been able to do anything about the invitations. We found them both just arriving from Nuneham, where they had gone to spend a quiet Sunday. He looked tired, as if he had been doing too much. He has a great deal on his shoulders, as all the details of the procession and lying in state pass through his office, and the constant changing of plans, inevitable when so many people and so many sovereigns have to be provided for, must be most worrying. I wanted very much to see the lying in state at Buckingham Palace. I thought it would say more to me than the official function at Westminster Hall. Besides, I was afraid of the crowd at Westminster. There were to be no privileges of any kind. Every one must pass in the file—dukes and costermongers walking side by side. May H. advised me to write to Sir Charles Fredericks, Master of the Household, and to take the letter myself to the palace. I wrote it at once in her boudoir. They called me a taxi (which are fast replacing the time-honored hansoms) and C. and I drove to the palace.

It was Whit-Monday, bank holiday, and there were people everywhere, almost all in black or purple. Scarcely a color to be seen. A silent, respectful crowd was standing around the palace. We first wrote ourselves down for Queen Alexandra, the Empress of Russia, and Queen of Norway, then drove around to the equerries' entrance; found there an old servant who knew me. He said Sir Charles was there—he would take the note up at once. We waited a few minutes; many people were coming and going. Then the servant reappeared; said Sir Charles was upstairs and took us up. As we passed through all the rooms and corridors I knew so well and where I had so lately seen King Edward receiving his guests with his charming, courteous manner—it seems impossible to realize that that chapter was closed and that we should never see him again.

Sir Charles was waiting for us in the gallery with one or two English friends, members of the Household, and took us at once to the Throne Room. The coffin, slightly raised, was standing at one end of the room; an altar behind it with two silver candlesticks; a cross and vases and wreaths of flowers. There were no flowers on the coffin, two wreaths, one on each side, resting against it. The coffin was covered with a white pall, which had been used for Queen Victoria's funeral and had been embroidered by the ladies of the Royal School of Art of Old Kensington. It was almost hidden by the Royal Standard draped over it. On the top was the iron crown (the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crown of England) from the Tower. On a cushion, lower down, was the King's royal diamond crown garter, sceptre, and orb. The flag of his company of the Grenadier Guard at the foot. At each corner of the coffin stood a Grenadier in full uniform, facing *outward*. Sir Charles told us it was an old English custom; the soldiers were supposed to guard the coffin from any attack or desecration. They stood perfectly motionless—their heads bowed over their muskets as if in silent prayer. Two officers, also in full uniform, stood on each side of the room at a little distance from the coffin. They are relieved every half-hour; they began by standing an hour but could not continue it. I can't imagine how they could stand even for half an hour. They are so perfectly still, like statues.

It was a wonderful sight—the simplicity of it—so beautiful. No decoration, no black draperies, nor silver stars, nor tapers, nor masses of flowers—nothing but the coffin with its flags and crowns. The great King lying there peacefully in his last sleep, guarded by his faithful Grenadiers. It was very quiet; no one but ourselves, one or two English, and an Indian prince. The corps diplomatique had defiled before the coffin earlier in the day.

As we came out we met the relieving squad coming in, marching slowly, their arms reversed and with that peculiar heavy tread of the English slow march. We met more people, all in deep mourning, coming up the stairs and across the court, going, evidently, to have a last look at their King.

We went to Marlborough House before we came home to write our names. It is the only house in England to-day where a flag flies top-mast. There were soldiers and royal carriages going in and out. Many people, some foreigners—suites probably of the royalties who are arriving every day—were also writing their names.

A royal carriage drove out, as we were standing there, with Mr. Roosevelt inside. He only arrived this morning—had already been to Buckingham Palace with the corps diplomatique, and had just been received by the King and Queen.

We went back to the palace this (Tuesday) morning to see the procession start for Westminster Hall. We were told to be there before ten o'clock, as it would be impossible to cross the lines of troops later. There were people everywhere—long black lines perfectly grave and silent; many more were dressed in black, and all the cab drivers had crape bows on their whips. We drove into the court, where a stout policeman immediately stopped us, but the sight of our pass from the Master of the Household made everything right. Troops were already assembling in the court. We were shown at once upstairs, where we found Sir Charles in the gallery. He was in full uniform and was much too busy to attend to us. He gave us in charge of a page (the English royal page always amuses me, as he is usually a stout, bald-headed, middle-aged gentleman), who took us upstairs to a charming room on the front of the palace, directly over the great gate-way. We heard afterward that it was the sitting-room of King Manuel of Portugal's apartment. It was full of heavy, handsome furniture (we found some of the chairs difficult to move), and was most carefully arranged, particularly the writing-table with paper, pens, cards, telegraph forms, and pencils of every description.

We had some time to wait, but did not mind it. We were so interested in seeing the troops pass. All down the mall as far as we could see the road was lined on both sides with Grenadiers. It looked like a long stretch of red walls. Every now and then staff officers in brilliant uniforms and waving white plumes would gallop along between the lines. Sometimes a squad of policemen would cross—sometimes a royal carriage—and always behind the red wall a dense black crowd surging and wavering when the soldiers backed in upon them.

After we had been there some little time one of Queen Alexandra's Maids of Honor whom we know very well came in and she showed us a great many people; also borrowed a newspaper from one of the pages so that we might see the order of the procession. She was in very deep mourning—a crape veil down to the hem of her dress behind and a long one of chiffon in front and no white anywhere. Our black was perhaps too light—plain black cloth—but we had understood we need only wear crape at St. George's Chapel. C., who had only been once before in London, for three days in August, was much interested in everything. The Life Guards looked splendid on their big black horses (black devils, as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Egyptians called them when the regiment went to Egypt and the enormous beasts were landed from the steamer). The Highlanders and Beefeaters from the Tower made a fine patch of color. A detachment of sailors, in straw hats, drawn up in front of the big gates, looked almost like boys in the midst of the bearskins and helmets of the soldiers. We saw the royal carriages —all scarlet and gold—drive in, and one felt the emotion of the crowd when the empty gun-carriage came in and disappeared inside the gate-way.

About eleven o'clock a company of Grenadiers, who had been drawn up just in front of the central gateway, moved forward a little and one of the officers came in front holding the colors, which looked very heavy, with both hands straight out in front of him. It is the youngest subaltern in the regiment who has the honor of carrying the flag. He stood motionless for nearly half an hour, and exactly as the clock struck half-past eleven he lowered it in salute, the flag lying on the ground at his feet, and at that moment the gun-carriage with the coffin and royal emblems and drawn by artillery horses moved slowly out of the big door. It was the same carriage that had taken Queen Victoria to Windsor. The minute-guns began, the famous bell, "Big Ben," of Westminster, tolled, and the muffled drums and bagpipes added their mournful notes. King George, in full admiral's uniform, walked directly behind the coffin between his two oldest sons; a little behind, the Duke of Connaught, looking very handsome and soldierly, with his son, Prince Arthur; then came the King of Denmark and a Russian grand-duke and other foreign princes who had already arrived. After the kings and princes came a brilliant group of equerries, aides-de-camp, and gentlemen of the household, all in uniform with decorations.

The Grenadier officer who had raised his flag as the gun-carriage passed out of the great gates of the court-yard, lowered it again in salute, and Queen Alexandra's carriage appeared. A splendid equipage, rather like the fairy coach of our childhood, all scarlet and gold, with glass sides and four footmen standing behind. It passed out very slowly. We saw the Queen quite distinctly. She was dressed entirely in crape with the white widow's cap, and we saw her face very well through the veil, which seemed of a lighter crape than the long one behind. She was perfectly composed—very pale—her face looked like a mask, as if she had braced herself for a supreme effort. The Dowager Empress of Russia, Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), and Princess Victoria were with her.

In the second carriage was Queen Mary with two of her children and the Queen of Norway. Then followed five or six state carriages with the other princesses.

We waited till the whole procession moved off, hearing the strains of the funeral march in the distance, and as we came downstairs we crossed many people in deep mourning who had evidently been seeing the procession from different rooms in the palace. I felt as if I were in a dream—every window was shut—one did not hear a sound; and all these black-robed figures moving noiselessly about in the galleries, which I had always seen full of light and flowers and a happy brilliant crowd, seemed unreal. It was a most melancholy impression.

Maurice told us the arrival at Westminster Hall was very striking. The great doors opened wide, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England, and all the officers of state waiting to receive the coffin. He saw Queen Alexandra quite well; said she looked beautiful as she passed into the hall.

I went for a drive with Hilda in the afternoon—the streets were interesting. *All* the shop-windows black and stands covered with purple being put up all along the route where the cortège will pass on Friday. Black and white and purple draperies hanging everywhere. Royal carriages with red liveries constantly passing as kings and princes are arriving every hour almost. Hyde Park looked like an enormous camp. They are putting up quantities of tents in the park as there is not sufficient accommodation in London for the immense body of troops that will be assembled the day of the funeral. We dropped C. at a cousin's for tea and were glad to go home.

C. came in at seven quite pleased, having "assisted," as we say in France, at the arrival of the King of Spain. Maurice came in to tea with his sister Marie where C. was, and suggested that they should both come with him to the station where he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obliged to go to receive the King of Spain. They all took themselves off to Victoria where a crowd was waiting outside, the royal carriages and purple carpet on the platform showing that a sovereign was expected. Maurice passed in at once but the young ladies were left in the crowd, when happily a Spanish secretary, who Marie knew, appeared and insisted on their coming inside and taking their stand on the purple carpet. There were only three other ladies—the ambassadress and two secretaries' wives—I fancy the young man thought it would be a good thing to have a few more people to await his King. In a few moments King George in civilian dress, with his oldest son, the Duke of Cornwall—a little sailor—appeared on the platform; then followed in rapid succession the Duke of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg (mother-in-law of the Spanish King), and the English gentlemen who are attached to his suite. C. thought King George looked very well and the little sailor quite sweet—a round-faced shy English boy—but the King told Maurice he was tired—"these sad days were also very busy ones—there were so many things to be thought of."

The royal train arrived very punctually. The two kings embraced, King Alfonso kissed his mother-in-law's hand, who embraced him on both cheeks. There was a few minutes' talk and some introductions on the platform and the party drove off—King Alfonso to Kensington Palace where he is staying with Princess Henry of Battenberg. The royal equipages are very smart and well turned out. And the red liveries with the band of crape on the sleev makes a great effect.

Thursday, 19*th May*.

It is still divine summer weather. Such a blessing for the people who are standing hours in the line to see the public lying-in-state in Westminster Hall. We hear wonderful experiences from some of our friends who waited three or four hours in the crowd, advancing an inch at a time. No one jostled, no one was impatient, no one spoke. They say it was an extraordinary sight—the line was three miles long. Our young cousins went at six this morning and saw very well. They got back at half-past nine.

We could not make up our minds to attempt such a fatiguing performance, much as we wanted to see it, and had given up the idea, when a message came from "Lulu" Harcourt, saying he would take us in by the parliamentary entrance (at the last moment they decided to allow members of Parliament to take in two persons at a time), if we could be at Berkeley Square by half-past ten. We went, of course, and he took us down in his carriage, which passed everywhere. Circulation anywhere near Westminster for private individuals was almost impossible. It was a magnificent sight. The doors wide open—the catafalque in the middle of the fine old hall, which dated from William Rufus, almost over the place where Charles the First heard his death sentence. It is the first time for many years that a British monarch has laid in state publicly, and it was a splendid frame for such a pageant. The catafalque, with the coffin raised much higher than in Buckingham Palace, was a gorgeous bit of color. The high candlesticks threw down rays of light on the flags, jewelled crown, and royal emblems. All around stood officers in full uniform, their white plumes and scarlet tunics standing out well from the gray walls—only one figure quite black in face and uniform, an Indian officer, standing motionless.

What was, however, more striking than the coffin, with its brave show of royal pomp and power, was the silent black mass of humanity that flowed into the hall from the upper door—dividing as they came near the catafalque into two lines, which framed it in a living wall of mourning. There were all sorts and kinds in the crowd, some quite old men and women, working people, and some quite of the upper classes. Some of the women were crying; one or two knelt but were not allowed to remain long by the police, who gently but firmly urged people on. One quite old woman was holding up a big boy seven or eight years old—one saw her poor thin arms shaking with the burden. The whole floor was carpeted so there was no noise and the impression was extraordinary.

I think C.'s appreciation was right. She thought it a wonderful sight and a splendidly arranged function, but to her there was nothing religious in the scene. She would never have felt like kneeling and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making a prayer—whereas, at Buckingham Palace you felt the majesty of death. It was impossible not to kneel before what remained of King Edward.

While we were lingering a moment some one shook hands with me. It was Monsieur Cambon, our ambassador, who was piloting the French mission, which had just arrived—I couldn't see M. Pichon, but I made out General Dalstein, Military Governor of Paris—a fine, martial figure standing out tall and erect in the crowd.

We waited some little time outside (as Harcourt had people to see) and met various friends. We saw some curious details. A young officer in full uniform, evidently going to replace another on duty, drove up in a brougham. He was bareheaded when he got out of the carriage and was followed by a servant carrying his helmet, which he could not put on in the carriage—the plumes are so high. We also heard a nice-looking old couple, from the country, earnestly beseeching the policeman to let them pass. They had arrived at four in the morning, had had no breakfast, and were exhausted. The man replied that he had not had any breakfast either, but that he could not make any exceptions.

We drove about again all the afternoon. The streets are full—stands in every direction. We inquired at St. George's hospital the price of one seat, as we wanted one for our French maid, who is very small and couldn't possibly see anything from the sidewalk. A *standing* place, *not* in front, was five guineas, and she would have to be there at seven in the morning, which, of course, was impossible, as she had to dress us both for Windsor. We heard of a balcony at Rumpelmeyers' in St. James Street, where there were places for six people, for which was paid two hundred guineas. I am sure places were to be found easily and quite reasonably on the other side of the park near Paddington, but the difficulty would be to get over.

There is one touching popular demonstration all along the route that the cortège will take to-morrow. Thousands of laurel wreaths—made by poor people and sent from all parts of England—are hung on the masts that are on each side of the road straight away to Paddington. One or two ladies have taken charge of the distribution. The wreaths are sent to them and they will see that all arrive. Some have bows of black or purple ribbon; some a little paper tied on—evidently an inscription of some kind but we couldn't see from the carriage. We made a final turn in Hyde Park. There are two or three different sets of tents and everybody busy putting up tables, sheds, etc., for kitchens and washing. We walked about a little—the afternoon was lovely, the red hawthorn in Kensington Garden quite beautiful. We ended at Kensington Palace, as we wanted to write ourselves down for Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Royal carriages were standing in the court, sentinels at the gate, and three or four enormous footmen in very handsome red-and-gold liveries in the hall of Princess Henry's apartment, evidently the King of Spain's servants.

We were rather anxious about our cards for St. George's Chapel. Nothing had arrived. Mine and Francis's had gone to Paris, and though I had explained it all at the Embassy there was so much confusion at the Earl Marshall's office that mistakes might very well be made. We were much pleased when we came in to dinner to find all the cards for the special train at 11.50—seats in St. George's Chapel and invitation to lunch at the Castle in St. George's Hall after the ceremony. Maurice dined with us. He had seen lots of people, including the Emperor of Germany, in the distance. Harcourt told us rather an interesting thing when we saw him just before dinner. They sent him word from the Earl Marshall's office this morning that the German Emperor wished to go to the lying-in-state at Westminster Hall and that they would like him to have the file stopped for an hour, from three to four, so that his Majesty could make his visit quietly and without being crowded. He said he would give no such order—that it had always been said that the lying-in-state at Westminster was for the people—that every one must take chance alike. It was the last day, thousands of people were waiting patiently, and he couldn't add another hour to their weary wait, but that he would arrange that the German Emperor should make his visits quite easily. The Emperor understood the situation and wouldn't hear of the file being stopped, and word was sent to Harcourt that King George and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emperor would come about three o'clock. He met them at the parliamentary entrance and took them at once into the hall, a small space there being railed off for the members and their families. The two sovereigns stood a few minutes in the enclosure looking at the streams of people who were coming all the time and passing silently and reverently around the catafalque. Then King George said they would like to go nearer. Harcourt let down the rope and lifted his hand. Instantly the crowd stood still and waited while the two monarchs knelt before the coffin. He said it was most interesting to see the people who were already in the hall. They didn't know which to look at—the dead King lying there in the midst of his people or the two living ones making a last prayer for the one who had "gone before," having finished his work in this world. When the two came back to the enclosure Harcourt again lifted his hand and the steady, noiseless march past went on.

LONDON, Friday, *May* 20, 1910.

Nothing can be imagined more lovely than to-day. Even in the narrow city streets the glimpses of bright blue summer sky, with scarcely a light flake of cloud, tells us that King Edward has his own weather for his last journey to Windsor. The household was early astir. H. and her party are going to see the procession from the terrace of the German Embassy, and as they have to go some distance round to avoid the troops, they are leaving at seven o'clock. C. and I and our ambassador can take it much more easily as the official train leaves Paddington at 11.20. In ordinary circumstances it is only a twenty-minute drive to the station, but to-day, with the vast accumulation of people and soldiers, there may be some difficulty in getting through the lines even with our pass. As we were quite ready we decided to start a little before ten.

M. looked splendid in his uniform and grand cordon. It is a pity that collars are suppressed for to-day. He has one beautiful one which would have made a great effect. C. and I wore long black cloth dresses; had bands of crape on the body, crape veils down to the hem of the dress behind and long chiffon veils edged with crape over our faces.

We had no difficulty in getting to the station. Officers and soldiers and big omnibuses filled with soldiers were going the same way. The tents in Hyde Park glistened in the sunlight, and we passed through black walls of people—all most grave and quiet. They had certainly been standing there for hours. All the stands along the route were full—every one in black. We arrived at the station about 10.30 and thought it would be better to take the first train that started. It would always be interesting at Windsor. We met Lady Harcourt, dressed also in deep mourning, and all went down together. We were not quite sure if our cards would do for an ordinary train, but M.'s tall figure and glittering garments smoothed all difficulties.

The country looked lovely and all the way down people were seated in the field. Children in clean white pinafores with black ribbons in their hair, or black bows on their straw hats, were tumbling about on the banks among the daisies and buttercups, waiting to see the train pass. Windsor looked magnificent as we came near, with its fine old towers standing up grim and gray against the deep-blue sky. There were many boats on the river—one or two excursion steamboats filled with people. Evidently many had come down even before us. There were foreign officers walking about on the platform and a very foreign-looking group of twelve or fourteen men in high hats, dress coats, white ties, and tricolored scarfs. We found out that they were the deputation of the Municipal Council of Paris and Biarritz, who had come over to pay their last respects to the monarch they were always so delighted to welcome to France.

Windsor was alive with troops and people—all the windows and balconies filled—every one in black—a long line of Grenadiers keeping the road and steep hill up to the castle clear—behind them a compact mass of people peering through the very little space between the soldiers who stood almost shoulder to shoulder. The police passed us through the line and we walked up the hill through the great archway into the court-yard, St. George's Chapel facing us.

Already quite a number of people were assembled. They had piled up wreaths and crosses of flowers outside—hundreds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were sent, and they made a splendid effect of color between the smooth green grass and the old gray walls. Some of our party thought there was too much color, that it looked almost gaudy. I didn't. There was already so much color in the extraordinary blue sky and the young green of the trees and grass. It seemed all in keeping, as if Windsor was doing her best to welcome her King.

The chapel looked too beautiful—no decoration of any kind—nothing but the old gray walls and tiers of seats covered with purple velvet running up each side—the big nave quite empty to leave room for the procession to pass. There were not many people—a few ushers and gentlemen of the household showing every one their seats. We found our places at once in the first section, close to the choir—one of the young men of the household, a nephew of Prince Radolin, had charge of them. We told him we wanted to go out and walk about a little as we had a long wait, over two hours, and he promised he would keep them. I told him I would complain to his uncle, the ambassador, if he did not take care of us, but he remarked smilingly that the sea was between them—he could not do him much harm. The sun was very hot when we went out, but we established ourselves in a shady corner near the entrance, from where we could see every one who came in. There was a constant movement of troops and court carriages, black-robed figures, men in every uniform under the sun—the judges a striking group with their black gowns, colored facings, and curly white wigs—one jet-black gentleman, his face emerging from the stiff gold-embroidered collar of his uniform, and people everywhere—on the roof, on the grass behind the soldiers—all quiet and perfectly well behaved. We saw all the diplomatists—heads of the missions (no young ones were invited)—come, and then went back to our places about twelve o'clock. The chapel had filled up. Many—women in deep mourning and men in uniform—had taken their places. The side doors were open—the sunlight streaming in over the tops of the trees, but there was no sound of life anywhere. We didn't hear any footsteps on the thick carpet and the women all looked like phantoms gliding in—some quite inside who had places in the choir—some clambering up to their seats—heralds in their gorgeous scarlet-and-gold garments—members of the household—pages—ushers—under masters of ceremonies—all in uniform, standing about seeing that everything was ready. A prominent figure was Sir Walter Parott, organist of St. George's Chapel and a personal friend of King Edward. He dined one night at Windsor when I was staying there. He was dressed in his official robe as doctor of music—a white moire gown with crimson facings and collar. We saw various people we knew. The men in plain black clothes seemed almost conspicuous among all the uniforms. Mr. Pierpont Morgan and some of King Edward's French friends—Prince Murat, M. de Breteuil, Marquis du Lau, and one or two ecclesiastics, were the only ones.

Exactly at one o'clock the cannon began to fire every minute and the bells to toll. The long procession of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—ending with the choristers—passed slowly down the nave to the great doors. Every one rose as they passed and the women put down their veils over their faces. Very soon we heard the distant strains of the funeral march coming gradually nearer. There was no other sound except the stamping of the horses' feet and the word of command to the soldiers. Suddenly it stopped—there was the dull roll of the muffled drums and the long wailing note of the bagpipes and three or four sharp whistles. I did not understand but C. did, being an admiral's daughter. She said that means the marines are lifting the coffin from the gun-carriage—their work was done. Then the procession moved up—a great number of heralds, gentlemen at arms, officers, and members of the household, some stopping in the aisle and making a wall of color through which the white-robed figures passed, the choristers singing the beautiful words of the burial service, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

There was no organ—nothing but the voices—Sir Walter Parott standing in the gallery beating time—the tears running down his cheeks. Just in front of the coffin came the Lord Chamberlain and steward—Lord Althorpe and Beauchamp—walking backward with their white staves of office in their hands—then the coffin,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carried by the Grenadiers, the white pall and the Royal Standard covering it—the crown, sceptre, and orb were carried on a cushion behind. Directly after the coffin came King George in full uniform, leading Queen Alexandra by the hand—a slight, graceful figure, veiled in crape, her face just visible through the veil, the blue ribbon of the garter gleaming through the black draperies. Then followed the German Emperor—an erect, soldierly figure, also in uniform—leading the dowager Empress of Russia, looking very like her sister, Queen Alexandra, only not quite so tall. She, too, was covered with crape and the blue ribbon of the garter. They were the only ladies in the procession. Queen Mary and her children were seated in the royal pew in the choir or inner chapel. Then followed all the kings—a stately procession. Some of them, the kings of Denmark, Greece, and Norway, very tall. The two Southern monarchs, Alfonso of Spain and Manuel of Portugal, interesting—one always wonders what their future will be. The King of Portugal looks so young—a round child's face—a big boy that his mother might still spoil as in a school-room. It was impossible to distinguish all the archdukes and princes who passed and the special envoys.—Mr. Roosevelt I saw quite well in his plain black, but only the head of M. Pichon, our special envoy. There was not room in the choir for half the procession. The aisle was filled with officers and envoys in every variety of uniform—the Chinese in light blue embroidered garments, and a very tall dark man with a long beard and high pointed cap who looked like an Armenean bishop. I never saw such a splendid effect of color. All the aisle—as far as one could see—was a mass of gold and scarlet and light blue—ribbons of every bright color—swords and epaulettes shining in the sunlight. It was quite wonderful. We were so near the choir that we heard every word of the service.

What impressed me more than anything else was just at the end—after the coffin had been lowered into the vault (and I can't exactly understand why, as I am not English)—the Garter King at Arms advanced a few steps and read very slowly and distinctly the proclamation announcing the death of "His most High—most Mighty monarch, King Edward VII by the Grace of God"—then a pause and he read a second proclamation announcing the accession of King George in the same old-fashioned terms. There was a longer pause. He advanced a few steps saying in a loud clear voice like a clarion—"God save the King!"—the words rang through the little chapel and one or two old officers near me were crying quite frankly and wiping away the big tears. One felt that the people would have liked to respond but they could not—the words fell on an open tomb.

As soon as the royalties had left the choir we went in. It looked very dark and mysterious, lighted by candles, and black-robed figures still in the stalls, the banners of the knights of St. George hanging over each stall. A silent procession was passing out past the open vault where the coffin was. It had been lowered about six feet. I saw it quite plainly—nothing on it but the Royal Standard—the crown and sceptre—all the emblems of royalty taken away. Every one bowed and courtesied as they passed all that was left of their dead King who had done so much for his country during his short reign—not quite ten years.

We lingered a few minutes in the side chapel where Prince Eddie is buried. It was filled with flowers as was a tent put up in one of the court-yards. The air was heavy with the scent. We followed the crowd to the castle, going up the big staircase where Queen Victoria's statute stands and into St. George's and Waterloo Halls, where luncheon had been prepared for all who had been invited to the ceremony. Very handsome, with quantities of servants, and everything one could possibly want to eat or drink. The sovereigns, princes, and special envoys were lunching with King George. Of course one saw a great many people. All looked as if they had lost a personal friend. I talked with one or two of King Edward's special equerries whom one had always seen with him in Paris or Marienbad, and all said the same thing, that his death was sudden and a surprise to every one; also that he met it like a man and so pluckily—making a good fight till his breath and heart failed—feeling he had still so much to do.

We found our ambassador surrounded by various friends and colleagues. I was glad to see the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Mar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall) who looked very well in his uniform. I thanked him for all the trouble he had taken about our invitations. He said he was very glad we had received them as they were so overworked at his office it was not possible that some mistakes should not be made.

After a short time there was a general departure. The great quadrangle was filled with carriages to take the guests to the station, where special trains were waiting which started as soon as all the places were taken. People were still sitting in their places—on the stands outside—to see the kings and queens start for London. Already there was a difference—less tension—people were walking about, talking in their ordinary tones—quiet always, but not standing—in the hush of expectancy, waiting to see their King pass up the hill through the great gates of the castle for the last time.

PARIS, *May* 28.

I never saw such a magnificent tribute of loyalty as the whole nation paid to their King. For fifteen days he filled the heart and mind of every one. There was no distinction of politics. All were Englishmen and all mourned their great loss. I found a very genuine sympathy when I got back to Paris. At a large dinner I was at (all French) two or three days after I returned there was but one opinion as to his great qualities and of all he had done for his country. And one man, an ambassador, said, "Not only England but the whole world was the better for his reign. His death is an immense loss to France." He knew the country and the people well and was so wise in his way of dealing with them. Of course his friends were in the Faubourg St. Germain and the clubs, but he knew all the leading men and politicians of the Republican party, appreciated their cleverness, and always wanted to meet them when he came to France. He knew perfectly well that Paris salons and clubs did not represent the opinion of France, and though one could not expect him, as King, to have much sympathy with a republic, he was sympathetic and helpful as a friend, as he knew quite well it was for the interests of both countries to be on good terms and to work together.

He loved France and all the people loved him and were delighted whenever he came. I always thought he reminded them of their beloved Henri IV. To me, personally, it is a real sorrow. He was a steady friend to me for forty years—never failed me and always did what I asked him when it was possible. So many times I have had something to say to him when he was busy or preoccupied. I had only to say, "May I speak to you, sir, for five minutes," and instantly he gave me his attention and did what he could. One of his great qualities was the courteous, interested way in which he received people. Any one at all prominent in politics or literature or anything of any class or nationality could always have access to him. He put them at their ease at once and made it not only possible but a pleasure to them both.

Some people, especially his own subjects, were very frightened of him—were too shy to speak or express an opinion. I remember seeing him one evening talking to a lady of high position who was half paralyzed with shyness. When he moved off he said to me: "I did my best, but I can't make conversation entirely alone when I never get an answer—the subject must naturally drop."

I could tell a hundred instances of his kindness and desire to give pleasure. One night at the Foreign Office in London, at a very large, crowded party, I was asked if I could present an American girl to the Prince (as he was then). I did not think it would be easy. The Prince was not well—he had hurt his knee and walked with a cane, and looked tired. He was sitting with a group of royalties and ambassadors, and it did not seem a propitious moment for an introduction. However, I was willing to try, particularly as the young lady was a goddaughter of President Lincoln. I said to the United States Minister: "Show me your young lady—tell her to stand a little forward and I will see what I can do." I went back to my place near the royal group and asked one of the English ladies what she thought. I must say she was most discouraging, but while we were talking Princess Christian heard a little of what we were saying and asked me what I wanted. I stated my case and said I could not make up my mind to ask the Prince as he looked tired. "I will see what I can do," she said, and a few minutes later she left her place and went to speak to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prince. Almost instantly he got up, walking with his cane, and came over to me. "What do you want me to do, Madame Waddington? Who is your protégée?" "Not mine, sir. A godchild of President Lincoln, who is in London for a day or two, and whose great desire is to see the Prince of Wales." "Pray, bring her to me." I made a little sign to the young lady, who was standing on the outskirts of the "circle"—not in the least shy. She came forward. I named her, saying she was the godchild of Mr. Lincoln. The Prince shook hands with her—talked a few minutes—said she ought to be proud of her godfather, and then added: "Now that you are here you ought to walk about a little and see some of the rooms and the people." "Thank you, very much," she replied, looking straight at him with her big blue eyes; "but I don't want to see anything else. I only wanted to see the Prince of Wales, and now that I have seen you and talked to you I don't want anything more." He was much amused and she was quite satisfied. The corps diplomatique were quite aghast at such an unconventional proceeding, and two or three of the colleagues asked me who the young lady was who had been signalled out for such an honor.

The last time I saw King Edward was here just two months ago, when he did me the honor of breakfasting with me on his way through Paris to Biarritz. We were a small party of friends, and my two little grandsons, aged five and three and a half, were of course much excited by the prospect of seeing a king. The eldest one is called William after his grandfather, who was for ten years French ambassador at the Court of St. James. They were dressed in their white sailor suits and were standing on the wood-box in the anteroom when the King came in. He noticed them at once, asked Willy what his name was and said it was a very honorable name to bear and shook hands with them both. The baby was a little shy and did not speak, but Willy remarked casually, "I take a cold bath now every morning." "Quite right, my boy," said the King. "You could not do a better thing." I said: "We have a very good English nurse, sir, who brings them up very hardily and don't let them cry when they are hurt." He turned at once to Nanna, who was standing behind her boys, and shook hands with her, saying: "You are quite right, nurse; that is the way to make men of them." It was one of those spontaneous, kindly things he did that made people love him. He was charming that day; gay, easy, and did not seem preoccupied with the state of politics in England.

I took leave of him at the head of the stairs, thanking him for the great pleasure he had given us, and his last words were: "I shall write to the Queen and tell her I have seen you and perhaps you will write to her." I certainly did not think I should never see him again; and even now, with the sound of the funeral march still in my ears, I can scarcely believe it is true.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

THE PHI BETA KAPPA POEM, HARVARD, JUNE 30, 1910

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

All day long in the city's canyoned street,
Through a forest of watching folk on either side,
I saw a river of marching men, like a tide
Flowing after the flag: and the rhythmic beat
Of the drums, and the bugles' resonant blare
Metred the tramp, tramp, tramp of a myriad feet,
While the red-white-and-blue was fluttering everywhere,
And the heart of the crowd kept time to a martial air:

O brave flag, O bright flag, O flag to lead the free!
The glory of thy silver stars,
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth,
Shall bring the world a second youth
And draw a countless human host to follow after thee.

II

Old Cambridge saw thee first unfurled,
By Washington's far-reaching hand,
To greet, in Seventy-six, the wintry morn
Of a new year, and herald to the world
Glad tidings from a Western land,—
A people and a hope new-born.
The double cross then filled thine azure field,
In token of a spirit loath to yield
The breaking ties that bound thee to a throne.
But not for long thine oriflamme could bear
That symbol of an outworn trust in kings.
The wind that bore thee out on widening wings
Called for a greater sign and all thine own,—
A new device that spoke of heavenly laws
And steadfast lights to guide the people's cause.
Oh, greatly did they hope, and greatly dare,
Who bade the stars in heaven fight for them,
And set upon their battle-flag a fair,
New constellation as a diadem!
Along the blood-stained banks of Brandywine
The tattered regiments were rallied to this sign;
On Saratoga's plain it fluttered bright
And jubilant to hail the hard-won fight;
O'er Yorktown's glorious scene
Of victory it flew serene;
And when Manhattan saw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The last invaders' line of scarlet coats
Move down the street, and fill their waiting boats
And sullenly withdraw,
The flag that proudly flew
Above the rattling drums and shrilling pipes,
Heading the battered line of buff and blue
Along the winding highroad of Broadway,
Was this that leads the great parade to-day,—
The glorious ensign of the stars and stripes.

First of the flags of earth to dare
A heraldry so high;
First of the flags of earth to bear
The blazons of the sky;
Long may thy constellation glow,
Foretelling happy fate;
Wider thy starry circle grow,—
And every star a state!

III

Pass on, pass on, ye flashing files
Of men who march in militant array;
Ye thrilling bugles, throbbing drums,
Ring out, roll on, and die away;
And fade, ye crowds, with the fading day!
Around the city's lofty piles
Of steel and stone
The lilac veil of dusk is thrown,
Entangled full of sparks of fairy light;
And the never-silent heart of the city hums
To a homeward-turning tune before the night.
But far above, on the sky-line's broken height,
From all the towers and domes outlined
In gray and gold along the city's crest,
I see the rippling flag still take the wind
With a promise of good to come for all mankind.

IV

O banner of the west,
No proud and brief parade,
That glorifies a nation's holiday
With passing show of troops for warfare dressed,
Can rightly measure or display
The mighty army thou hast made
Loyal to guard thy more than royal sway
Of law-defended liberty.
Millions have come across the ocean-foam
To find beneath thy shelter room to grow,
A place to labor and a home;
Millions were born beneath thy folds, and know
No other flag but thee;
And other, darker millions bore the yoke
Of bondage in thy borders till the voice
Of Lincoln spoke,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And sent thee forth to set the bondmen free.
Rejoice, dear flag, rejoice!
Since thou hast proved and passed that bitter strife,
Richer thy red with blood of heroes wet,
Purer thy white through sacrificial life,
Brighter thy loyal blue wherein new stars are set.
Thou art become a sign,
Revealed in heaven to speak of things divine:
A sign of Truth that dares
To slay the lie it sheltered unawares;
Of Courage fearless in the fight,
Yet ever quick its foemen to forgive;
Of Conscience earnest to maintain its right
And gladly grant the same to all who live.
Thy staff is deeply planted in the fact
That nothing can ennoble man
Save his own act,
And naught can make him worthy to be free
But practice in the school of liberty.
The cords that hold thee firm on high
Are faith in God supremely wise and just,
The only sovereign of the earth and sky;
And never-failing trust
In human nature, full of faults and flaws,
Yet ever-answering to the inward call
That bids it set the "ought" above the "must";
In all its errors wiser than it seems,
In all its failures full of generous dreams,
Through strife and struggle rising without pause
To self-dominion, charactered in laws
That pledge fair-play alike to great and small,
And guard the rights of each beneath the rule of all.
These are thy halyards, banner bold,
And while these hold,
Thy brightness from the heavens shall never fall,
Thy broadening empire never know decrease,—
Thy strength is union and thy glory peace.
Look forth across thy widespread lands,
Let all thy stars to-night be eyes
To see the visionary hosts
Of men and women grateful to be thine,
That joyfully arise
From all thy borders and thy coasts,
And follow after thee in endless line!
They lift to thee a forest of saluting hands;
They hail thee with a far-off ocean roar
Of cheers; and as the echo dies,
There comes a sweet and moving song
Of treble voices from the childish throng
That runs to thee from every school-house door.
Behold thine army! Here thy power lies,
Dear flag: the men whom freedom has made strong,
And bound to worship her by willing vows;
The women greatened by the joys
Of motherhood to rule a happy house;
The vigorous girls and boys,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose eager faces and unclouded brows
Foretell the future of a noble race,
Rich in the wealth of wisdom and true worth!
While millions such as these to thee belong,
What foe can do thee wrong,
What jealous rival rob thee of thy place
Foremost of all the flags of earth?

V

My vision darkens as the night descends;
And through the mystic atmosphere
I feel the creeping coldness that portends
A change of spirit in my glowing dream.
The multitude that moved with song and cheer
Has vanished, yet a living stream
Flows on and follows still the flag:
But silent now, with leaden feet that lag
And falter in the deepening gloom,—
A weird battalion bringing up the rear.
Ah, who are those on whom the vital bloom
Of life has withered to the dust of doom;
These little pilgrims prematurely worn
And bent as if they bore the weight of years;
These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?
Is this the ghost of that insane crusade
That led ten thousand children long ago,
A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,
Yet pressing on through want and woe
To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?
Nay, for a million children now
Are marching in the long pathetic line,
With weary step and early wrinkled brow;
And at their head appears no holy sign
Of hope in heaven;
For unto them is given
No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.
Before their strength is ripe their shoulders bear
The load of labor, toiling underground
In dangerous mines, and breathing heavy air
Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound
To service of the whirling, clattering wheels
That fill the factories with dust and noise.
They are not girls and boys,
But little "hands" who blindly, dumbly feed
With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.
Robbed of their natural joys,
And wounded with a scar that never heals,
They stumble on with heavy-laden soul,
And fall by thousands on the highway lined
With little graves, or reach at last their goal
Of stunted manhood and embittered age,
To brood awhile with dark and troubled mind,
Beside the smouldering fire of sullen rage,
On Life's unfruitful work and niggard wage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are these the regiments that Freedom rears
And trains to serve her cause in future years?
Nay, every life that Avarice doth maim
And beggar in the helpless days of youth,
Shall surely claim
A just revenge, and take it without ruth;
And every soul denied the right to grow
Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe.
Bow down, dear land, in penitence and shame!
Recall thine ancient oath, so nobly sworn,
To guard an equal lot
For every child within thy borders born:
These are thy children whom thou hast forgot!
They have the bitter right to live, but not
The blessed right to look for happiness.
O lift thy liberating hand once more,
To loose thy little ones from dark duress;
The vital gladness to their hearts restore
In healthful lessons and in happy play;
And set them free to climb the upward way
That leads to self-reliant nobleness.
Speak out, beloved country, speak at last,
With simple words that all must comprehend,
As thou hast spoken in the past,
And clearly say:
My power shall defend
The coming race on whom my hopes depend:
No Moloch of the Market shall despoil
Their youth of promise: on my sacred soil
No child shall bear the crushing yoke of toil.

VI

Look up, look up, ye downcast eyes!
The night is almost gone:
Along the new horizon flies
The banner of the dawn;
The eastern sky is banded low
With white and crimson bars,
While, far above the morning, glow
The large and liquid stars.

O bright flag, O brave flag, O flag to lead the free!
The hand of God thy colors blent,
And heaven to earth thy glory lent,
To shield the weak, and guide the strong
To make an end of human wrong,
And draw a hundred million hearts to follow after thee!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

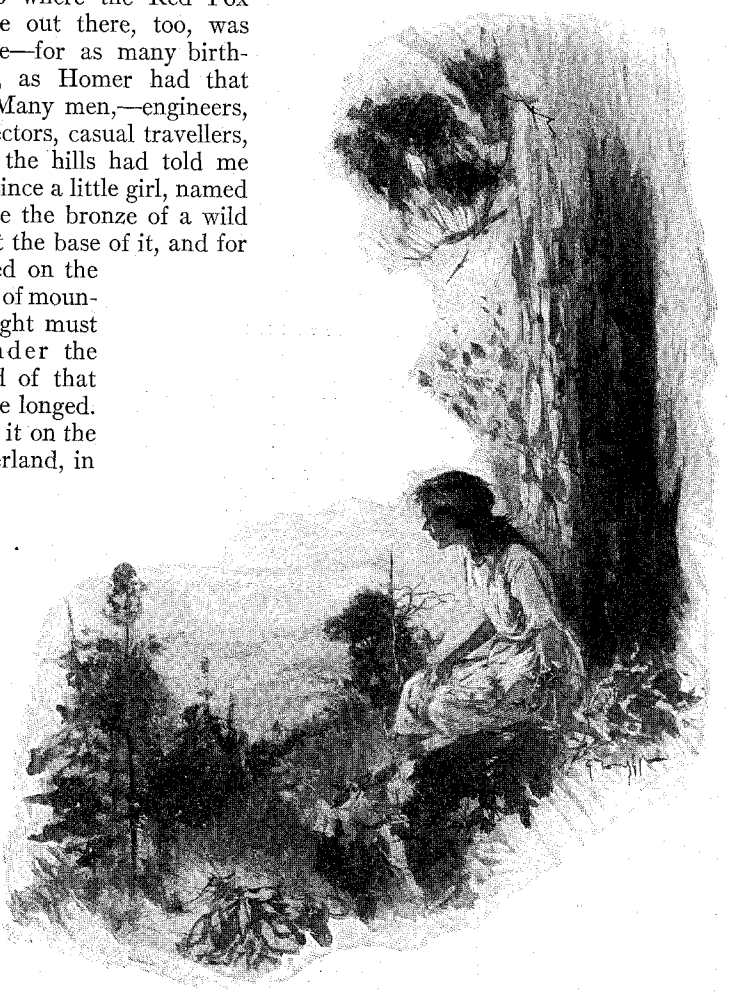
ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

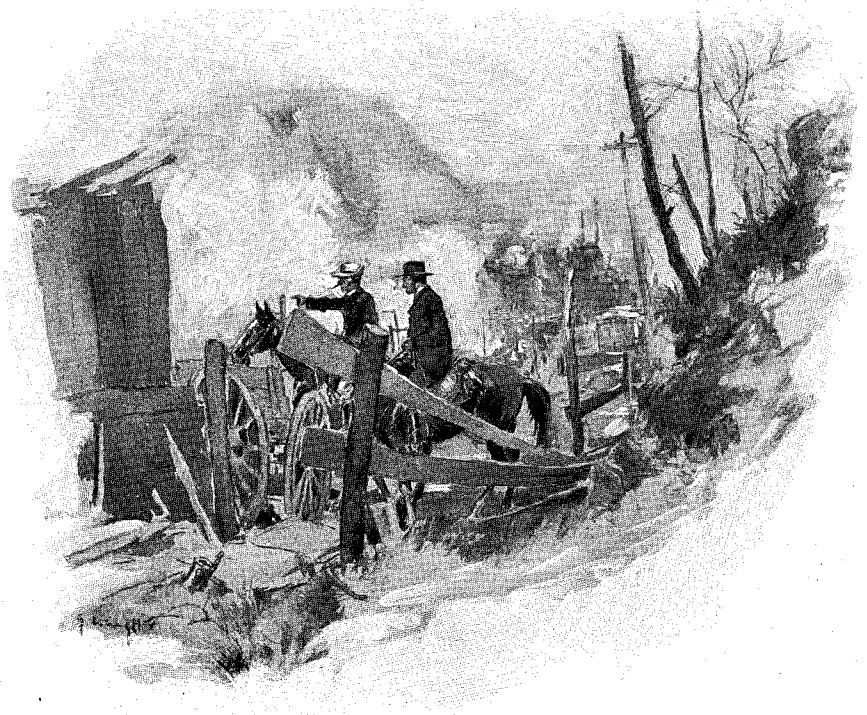
ONE more straining climb, and we drew rein on the crest of the Big Black Mountains. Beyond us the great masses of the Cumberland lay in majestic sleep, and the land agent pointed to one sweeping depression in its outline:

"That's the gap where the Red Fox lived." Somewhere out there, too, was the Lonesome Pine—for as many birthplaces, apparently, as Homer had that Lonesome Pine. Many men,—engineers, land agents, prospectors, casual travellers,—coming in from the hills had told me where it has stood since a little girl, named June, with hair like the bronze of a wild turkey's wing sat at the base of it, and for the first time looked on the limitless blue waves of mountains that she thought must run on and on under the sun to the very end of that world for which she longed. This man had seen it on the crest of the Cumberland, in Dickinson, or wild Buchanan, that man in the lawless Pound; this one at the head of this creek, and that one again in the Crab Orchard on top of The Little Black or towering on the very summit of the Natural Tunnel that was driven through a ridge of lofty cliffs by a little stream of water so that only the tracklayer's hand was needed to build the railroad that runs through. I understand, moreover, that the stranger coming up from Cumberland Gap has that pine pointed out to him through the car window; but as for myself I had heard of it so long ago that I had forgotten from whom, and about it I had only a



A little girl, named June, . . . sat at the base of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Where John Hale was wont to turn toward Black Mountain.

vague memory that it lifted itself, if still alive, somewhere in the wilds north-west of the Big Gap that cuts through the Cumberland here in the south-west corner of Virginia. I had gone down the tortuous rocky way of Hell-fer-Sartain; I had gone up to the very source of Kingdom Come; now I was on the trail of the Lonesome Pine.

II

March was opening gently, and so I should see it, as the story puts it, "giving place with sombre dignity to the passing burst of spring." Past June's boarding-house and John Hale's office my way had led, close to the old shingled school-house where the little girl went to school, and on almost under the shadow of the big beech where was her little play-house. Then into the mouth of the great gap which was bleak, gray, and suffused with misty blue, and on past Calaban's moonshine cabin to a clangy little town whose houses clung like swallow's nests to steep hillsides where John Hale was wont to turn toward Black Mountain and the pine of dreams. Looking for the real pine, I kept on to another little town where Talt Hall (alias Rufe Tolliver) "killed him a policeman." There I swerved to the left of the county seat, where Rufe paid the death penalty for that killing and the Red Fox swung from the same scaffold and turned toward the wilderness of the Pound. A land agent was with me as companion and guide—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, whose voice was slow and whose face was smooth-shaven and creased with tiny wrinkles of humor that meant a kindly heart. Where, in years gone by, we had ploughed through mud knee-deep between this town and the county seat, the agent and I ambled comfortably along a macadamized road built by the government as an educatory suggestion—but only for a few miles: for soon we turned up a little stream that is called Guest's River, and the road of ages was again ours. Up that sluggish, steep-banked, narrow little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stream, past mines and smoking coke-ovens and through cleared bottom-lands to the first sign that it was Saturday afternoon—and the first sign of the chief occupation up that way—three men squatted on the roadside, their faces flushed, their eyes stupid, and their heads wagging foolishly—moonshine! At the next house the agent stopped and rode to the rear of it and back to me again. "Get any?" I asked, and he smiled. "Was offered a dram."

The little valley spread out into a prosperous-looking farm and then narrowed again. To the left of the road two women sat on the porch of a little cabin.

"Where's Sam?" shouted the agent, and one of them cried back cheerfully:

"Oh, up the river thar a-suckin' a bottle as hard as he can suck." A few rods on we met several boys afoot—all flushed.

"A-suckin' a bottle as hard as he can suck."

"They've been after it" said the agent, who seemed to know everybody personally, though, of course, everybody in the mountains says "how-dye-do" to every passer-by.

"Don't mind if I give you away?" he asked presently. I knew what he meant, for the mountain community, like all others, resents being pointed out in print as unusual, or peculiar, and I had already had my troubles.

"Not at all."

"Well, if you get into trouble, I'll do your fighting for you." I knew he would and on that trip I knew he would have to, for I had long ago given up carrying a pistol: it is useless for the stranger against the odds, one is less apt to get into trouble, and more inclined, as the mountaineers say, "to talk the other fellow out of it." The agent, too, was unarmed.

"I got tired of carrying a gun. No need for it anyhow. I've always treated these fellows right. I gave them to understand there was to be no trespassing and so forth and they knew I meant it." From the house on the right a slouch-hatted, middle-aged man showed a red-splotched face in the door.

"Hello, Sam!" It was the bottle-sucker the woman characterized down the road. "Heard you were a little out of humor." An old woman and two girls appeared and the girls began to giggle.

"I reckon I'm a-drinkin' myself to death," said Sam cheerily but weakly.

"Can't you do anything with him?"

"No," said the old woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "He ain't got no sense."

"I want to buy that poplar timber," the old man went on, "ef one o' you men can sell it to me."

"Well," said the agent, "if you don't stop drinking, you won't need but just enough of it for a coffin."

"Now that's the truth," said the old woman whose face was tolerant, patient, but genuinely concerned, while the girls giggled again—the condition of affairs seemed to strike them simply as funny and that was all.

"Why, he's been drunk since Christmas," said the agent as we rode on. "And he's full of other poisons than alcohol. The acid of the beer on the worms makes verdigris; the stuff's not clean and it's new. You can't tell how some of it will affect you."

Now I had supposed that moonshining in the mountains was on the wane, and so it is generally: but in that region where local option had cut out competition and the opening of mines had made a flush

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market the trade seemed to flourish and the trail I followed was slippery with the stuff.

"What about the revenue officers?" I asked.

"Oh, these mountain fellows are too sharp for them. They keep spies out all the time—men, women and boys who give signals by hollering, shooting off a gun, or with a horn."

Soon the river separated into three forks, Critical Fork, Devil Fork, and up the third—Bear Pen Fork—we went through dense dark undergrowth and through thick woods toward Fox Gap in the Big Black Mountains.

"A hunter had a fight with a bear up on that spur," the agent went on, explaining the name of the fork. "He was on a scaffold waiting for it. The bear climbed up and got him off and both were found dead—the bear shot and pecked up with a tomahawk and the man torn to pieces. He was buried up there and two oaks have grown together over his grave."

Ahead of us were two boys, a big one and a little one, in the road—each of them whittling with a wickedly curved knife.

"Got any moonshine, Caje?"

Caje hesitated with a badly concealed glance at me, while the little fellow wormed one bare toe into the dirt.

"Oh, he's all right," said the agent.

"I could go back and git it," said Caje slowly. "Take about twenty minutes." The agent nodded toward the little fellow.

"The revenue officers got hold of him and his little brother not long ago to keep them from warning the moonshiners; and that little fellow slipped off to one side and let off both barrels of his shotgun and the still was gone when the revenues went up the hollow." The little chap looked conscious and we left him still modestly worming his toe in the mud —Caje striding along on foot beside us. By and by he pulled a very small bottle from his hip-pocket, thinking evidently that we were hard pressed. "I got a little here, sweetened, fer my own use" he said and passed it up. A wet tongue was enough for me.

At the bend of the road the young mountaineer turned down a ravine and

"I reckon I'm a-drinkin' myself to death," said Sam cheerily but weakly.—Page 419

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in fifteen minutes we saw him coming back with something under his coat.

"What are you going to give him?" I asked.

"Seventy-five cents," said the agent decisively.

"Oh, give him a dollar anyhow. He walked two miles."

"That's nothing to him."

"He'll have to go for more," I urged.

"That's nothing—time and distance mean nothing to these fellows." The young fellow pulled a quart bottle from his coat that seemed to be filled with water, and the following formula was now gone through:

"If you were over in Kentucky now," said the agent, "and wanted a quart of liquor, how much would you give for it?" The moonshiner answered with perfect seriousness:

"This ain't a full quart, but ef it was, I'd *leave* seventy-five cents." The agent drew three quarters from his pocket.

"They keep spies out all the time."—Page 420.

"Well, I ain't givin' you anything. I'm just goin' to play crack-a-loo with that wagon track": and forthwith he slowly and skilfully tossed the coins at the rut in the road, the mountaineer watching him without a smile. We left him there standing by the quarters, and once I started to look back.

"No use," said the agent, "he won't pick 'em up till we are out of sight. He can't swear we gave him the money, we can't swear that he took it—and there you are."

On upward we went climbing toilsomely and in half an hour we were in Fox Gap, fronting those great still masses of the Cumberland and the sweeping dip where the Red Fox—preacher, "yarb-doctor," and murderer—had housed himself and planned the deviltries that had removed him to a permanent but doubtful home.

III

A CASTELLATED bush-covered pile loomed up to our right.

'There's a piece of masonry for you," said the agent, and around it we went and down into the darkening cove, amphitheatrical in shape, densely wooded and steep, with the rolling green of a farm far, far down at its feet. From every point of the heavens clouds were shouldering to the zenith, lightning flashed, and there was a growl of thunder. Blackness capped the cove, rain-drops tapped the leaves, and the horses of their own accord began to hurry.

"Did you ever notice that horses travel better just before a storm?" I asked.

"I have."

"Electrical disturbance?"

"I reckon not," drawled the agent. "I reckon you and I would do the same if we were on foot—to get something to eat and get out of this storm." That storm was coming and we had no sooner slightly fortified ourselves against it with the moonshine than it burst just as we crossed the North Fork of the Pound. The thunder crashed from as many points as the cannon at Balaklava and the lightning flashed the world into sight every minute, it seemed, or zigzagged bewilderingly above us as though Lucifer was again assailing the celestial heights. The horses got frightened now and in the gloom in front of me the agent's horse went up a bank and down a bank and into a wire fence nearly tearing his rider's slicker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from him. "I believe my horse is blind," he shouted cheerfully, and so I went ahead with but better luck. Literally for an hour we travelled by the flashes of lightning, going as far as we could see by one flash, stopping to wait for another one, and then going ahead again. Meanwhile as a trivial detail the rain was pouring and the wind swished it this way and that as though cackling witches were slinging water at us with wet brooms. In time a light glowed far down to the left and no shipwrecked mariner ever saw a more welcome gleam. At the agent's imperious "hello," a door opened.

"That little fellow slipped off to one side and let off both barrels of his shot-gun."—Page 420.

"You've *got* to keep us all night."

The family was just finishing supper, host, hostess, their two small boys and two girls—one dark-haired, peach-bloom in complexion, and comely of figure. The girls were, the hostess said:

"My sister's children. Their daddy hung hisself," she added calmly and aloud. In a moment she was getting our supper ready—corn-bread, fried pork, eggs, and hominy.

"Would you mind not turning over one of those eggs?" I asked. She looked surprised but she did it, and looked at the result critically.

"Well, now, they do look better that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He slowly and skilfully tossed the coins at the rut in the road.—Page 421.

way." The host had been ill with fever all spring but he insisted on going out to take care of our horses. Two visitors came —to learn doubtless even in that storm who we were. We sat down to supper and the hostess alone talked, for the girl was demure, shy, helpful, and silent, and what the hostess said chiefly was:

"Eat all you can—eat all you can." Not a soul had even heard of the Lonesome Pine. After supper I took another dram of the moonshine—to help dry out my clothes—and the agent was right; nobody could tell just what the stuff would do to him. Ten minutes later I stepped out of the house with the agent and reeled into his arms, deathly sick, and I went at once to bed. I was up at daylight all right again, to the same breakfast and the same hospitable cry—"eat all you can, eat all you can." Formality had passed and anybody who pleased said his say. Even the dark, demure one stolidly told her story:

"I found him a-hangin' to a rafter 'bout eight year ago. He got a rope one day and we seed him always a-stretchin' it. One mornin' he told us to go on with breakfast an' he'd be back in a minute. I went out to look for him an' he'd climbed up on a rafter an' jumped off."

"Deranged," said the hostess, and I wondered how often the girl had told the story, for she seemed to take a placid, grewsome satisfaction in the importance with which the incident had clothed her. There was no sadness that forbade a change of subject.

"Any amusements around here?" I asked.

"Might' nigh none," said the hostess. "The boys gits drunk an' the gals git married too early."

"How early?"

"Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen."

"My sister married at seventeen," said the demure one.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"How did you escape?" Her first smile came.

"Reckon I had better sense."

"I tell her not to marry at all," broke in the hostess. "If a gal's got a good home an' can stay there an' be a good gal, she's better off. She don't know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what trouble an' worries she gits into, gittin' married." And there you are—even out in the wilderness of the Pound is the familiar out-in-the-world view.

"He could see a fly across the valley thar with that glass."—Page 425.

"She doesn't care when she falls in love," I said, which I had heard somewhere before, and the girl flushed faintly.

"That's so," she said.

Soon we were in the saddle again going up Phillip's Creek over a ridge and down a steep mountain toward Indian Grave Gap, one of the fabled homes of the Lonesome Pine. There was a lonesome cove down there and a lonesome cabin, but there was no towering pine anywhere, nor had the occupant of that cabin, a typical black-haired mountaineer, ever heard of it, but he had known the Red Fox well and had helped him dig into the Indian chief's grave in the little gap above his cabin. With him leading the way and his three boys following we were soon sitting on the heap of stones that mark the resting-place of the dead brave.

"The Red Fox seed visions you know," said the mountaineer, "an' he tol' me that the sperit of a Injun stepped from behind that tree thar an' tol' him thar was a peck o' gold down in that thar grave. He said he'd guarantee it an' I shorely believed the gold was thar: an' I went to diggin', the Red Fox chiefly a-watchin' *me*. I found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a pipe—a peace-makin' pipe, the Red Fox called it: and then I come to a big flat rock that I couldn't budge, so I stopped an' the Red Fox didn't go on. That was thirty year ago, an' I al'ays meant to git under that rock an' I'll do it yit when I git the time." The agent winked, for if there was one commodity that was drugging that mountaineer's market it was time. Now, as a member of a volunteer police guard over at the Gap I had had the dubious pleasure of assisting at the last obsequies of the Red Fox on a raised platform over which a noose dangled, and this talk was of interest.

"Yes, I know'd him mighty well. I used to go 'round with him an' his big spy-glass a good deal. He could see a fly across the valley thar with that glass. Why, atter he killed them parties you fellers hung him fer, he tol' me he was a-settin' up on the mountain watchin' the folks a-layin' 'em out an' a-countin' the bullet-holes he had put through 'em. I nuver heerd him say nothin' about no Lonesome Pine, but ef thar's anybody who knows whar it is, hit's Uncle Hosey Bowlin." The agent looked up interested, and it developed that Uncle Hosea was an old man of whom I had often heard—who, up in the nineties in age, yet walked to and fro fifteen miles to his county court and would hold a horseman in a jog-trot to keep up with him.

"Uncle Hosey was a-runnin' a ole feller fer the grave a long while ago. This ole feller dug his own coffin from a poplar log and kept hit in his house for four years. When anybody come in to see him, he would git in, fold his hands, and close his eyes:

"'How'd I look?' he says.

"'All right,' I says—'fits fine.' Atter four years he went under in that thar coffin and left Uncle Hosey above ground."

"I just stepped home."—Page 426.

The agent broke in suddenly:

"When was your boy killed?"

"Three year ago." The mountaineer's face showed no surprise at the question—no emotion whatever.

"Who killed him?" There was a glint in the eye now, a tightening of the lips, and two of his boys moved slightly.

"Vanover."

"What for?"

"Don't know. Jus' got hit inter his head an' follered him up till he done it. He lived right thar in that house with me fer two year and I thought him an' my boy was as good friends as could be. I chased him toward Jackson an' passed him in the night.

"Trying to arrest him?" I asked.

"Alive or dead," said the agent.

"Ruther dead," said the mountaineer. "I meant to open on 'em both—t'other feller was helpin' him git away. They was two to one but I didn't figger on that. I'd as soon git t'other feller as Vanover—fer helpin' him git away. Both left the country but I hear he's back here now an' then. But I know hit's a blind to keep me from knowin' jus' whar he is." So this mountaineer had his tragedy and the seeds of a feud were right there ready to sprout, for his boys were drinking in a spirit of revenge which showed in all, apparently—strange to say—without a sign of heat.

"The Red Fox was a peaceable citizen for a long while," the mountaineer said as we were leaving, "but he got to totin' a gun an' keepin' bad company." And as we rode away: "I hear as how Uncle Hosey is ailin' some."

The agent nodded back over his shoulder:

"He pays five dollars a year for the rent of a thousand acres, and I've collected three dollars in four years, but it's a good thing to have a tenant here even for nothing—it keeps people from cutting timber and trespassing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the way the agent halted to make speech with a patriarch whom he called Uncle Tommie and who was languidly hanging over a fence. Uncle Tommie, too, had never heard of the Lonesome Pine.

"Tell us about that fight," said the agent. Uncle Tommie looked sheepish, but in spite of the agent's wink to me he started bravely:

"Well, I went up to Bill's to git some leggin's. I tuk a dram or two and Bill said somethin' an' I up and knocked him down with a chair." Uncle Tommie stopped and, catching the drift of the agent's wink, I asked:

"What did *he* do?"

"Got his gun but I tuk it away from him. I'd 'a' emptied it into him if it had been loaded."

"Did nobody else interfere?"

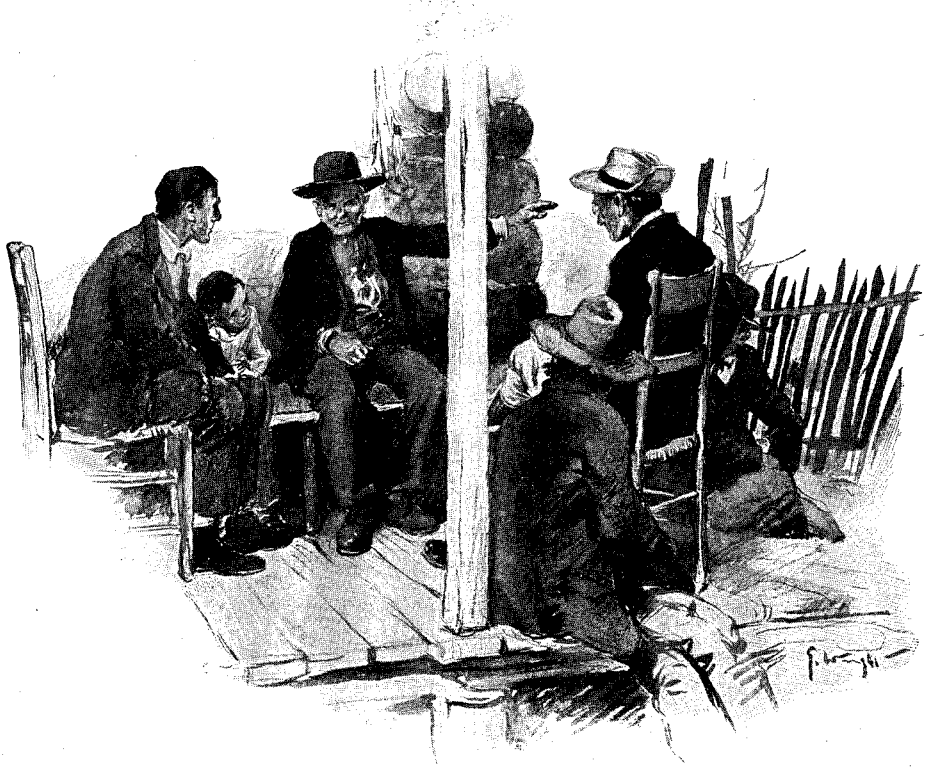
"Oh, yes, his boy stabbed me in the wrist with a jack knife."

"What did you do to him?"

"Nothin'—didn't pay no attention to him. I just stepped home." We rode on —the agent laughing silently, and presently he turned in his saddle:

"Uncle Tommie came back from that fight and said he had left his leggin's. I said I would go for them, and Uncle Tommie poked his head out of the door and yelled after me: 'I left my hat thar too.' An' he just stepped home! He will be telling that story that way as long as he lives."

Winding up a creek for an hour, we came upon a log-house drowsing under apple-boughs, and there on the porch was seated Uncle Hosea with his son, his grandson, a handsome chap, and a neighbor. From all we got a hearty welcome. Uncle Hosey's head was bald on top but long white locks hung down on either side. His eyes were bright blue, his face was mobile and smooth-shaven, and he was perfectly toothless. He was spirited and humorous. His brow was broad, he had a better accent and used better language than the average mountaineer, and he knew what was going on in the world. He was the



"It was on top of the mountain."—Page 428.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first mountaineer I ever saw who claimed descent from Pocahontas, and he reeled off his pedigree fluently. His grandfather was in the Revolutionary War, the tale of which he had heard from him over and over, and he himself entered the Civil War when he was forty-four years of age.

"I'm afraid this is the kind of a dinner you describe in your book."—Page 428.

His father had settled near there in 1795, and he himself had killed deer, panther, bear, wild-cat and had trapped beaver. He had never used tobacco but he drank "all he could git." Uncle Hosea admitted this, he said, to a temperance advocate once:

"The temperance feller said, 'Yes,'" quoted Uncle Hosea,"'an' if you hadn't 'a' drunk nothin', you would have had to be shot on Judgment Day.'" Thereupon the agent pulled a pint of moonshine and Uncle Hosea's eyes sparkled. Having no teeth he put his tongue into the neck of the bottle and withdrew it, guiding the liquor down his throat. Then how his eyes sparkled and how his tongue wagged! An ancient had died recently in the county claiming to have been one hundred and sixteen years of age and Uncle Hosea was indignant.

"Why we was boys together and we went into the war together and we give our ages at the same time then an' he was only four years older than me then, an' I reckon I been agin' as fast as him *since*." Then his grave-faced son took up the cudgels:

"I seen that old man four different times an' each time he jumped his age from six to ten years."

"An' I tell you," chimed in Uncle Hosea, "hundred-yearlings are skase."

I approached the issue now with genuine concern—had Uncle Hosea ever heard of the Lonesome Pine? The old man's brow wrinkled doubtfully and my heart fell and rose as the brow grew smooth again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I nuver heerd o' no Lonesome Pine, but I knowed a tree that old hunters usen to call the Lone Pine sixty year ago." That was close enough for me—I had run that pine to earth at last. It was on top of the mountain, Uncle Hosea said, at the head of a little branch, and stood at the foot of some great cliffs right on the State line. Uncle Hosea had once been hunting with his father and their dog had trailed a bear to a cave near the foot of the pine.

" 'Take holt o' that dog,' pap said, "an' I ketched him by the scruff of the neck. Pap put his gun into the hole an' whistled. The ole bear riz up and pap shot her through the head. We dragged her out an' she had a cub not much bigger'n a gray squirrel. We toted it home and mother put the little feller to her breast an' nussed it. Mother had nussed wolves an' fawns an' most everything, an' she said that little cub put his paws on her breast an' nussed gentler than wolf, fawn, or any baby she'd ever had."

The old farmer complained that his breeches were ragged.—Page 429.

It was good to know that the trail of the pine led back to pioneer days and it was almost uncanny to be talking with a man who had lived them. Suddenly his son turned his keen eyes full on me.

"Didn't I see you guardin' Talt Hall?"

Hall was the Rufe Tolliver of the story —and at his last obsequies, too, I had assisted.

"I was there," I said a little uneasily.

"I remember ye. Talt wasn't half as bad as he was painted."

I let it go at that and put no further shadow on the memory of the deceased.

"I was at the county seat once when you fellers was guardin' Talt," he went on, "an' some dogs chased a cat into the jail. The guards thought the Kaintuckians was comin' an' they was skeered to death. I seed the Red Fox go plumb under a bed." That incident I did not recall but I expressed no doubt of the truth of it and went back to the Lonesome Pine. I would never be able to find it alone, said Uncle Hosea. I wouldn't know it if I saw it, and nobody but Uncle Hosea knew where it was. It was too bad but we had to give up the search then and there; for as the mountaineer who had dug for the bones of the Indian chief said:

"Uncle Hosey was ailin'."

IV

Two months later I took that weary trail again and the artist who draws these pictures was with me—himself bound also for Hell-fer-Sartain and Kingdom Come. We started early one May morning and went miles through snowy dog-wood. For dinner we pulled up at a cabin that had an atmosphere of its own. There were pansy beds and other non-mountain flowers in the yard. The porch was clean, the floor through the open door showed freshly scrubbed, everything was neat as a pin and no company was expected. Then a girl appeared—and it was June! She wasn't quite as pretty, of course, and her hair hadn't exactly the bronze on a wild turkey's wing, but she was as keen, alert, and intelligent and she showed such a disturbing conception of her point of view and of my own that I could not make out which she thought was the more humorous. Dinner was ready and, as we were taking pot-luck, she was apologetic:

"I'm afraid this is the kind of a dinner you describe in your book," she said demurely, and I almost gasped. But it wasn't that kind of a dinner and the girl knew it, and for Hale's sake I hope that June turned out even half so good a cook. Our young hostess had never been out in the world, she said, but she seemed to know it pretty well through her books which she had read with profit not only to her mind but to her speech which was clean-cut and at times startlingly polysyllabic. After dinner the artist took snap-shots of her with his camera, and when he wanted to take her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father as well, the old farmer complained that his breeches were ragged and that he wasn't "fixed."

"Oh, go 'long!" said the girl, "that's just the way they want you." The artist was distinctly impressed:

"I thought you were drawing the long bow about June in that book," he said, as he rode away. "I had no idea that so near the real thing could be alive."

It was curious, but all the way, on the previous trip, I had met scores of men and boys in the road and now we scarcely saw one. There was another reason for the apparent depopulation than the fact that it was not Saturday afternoon. The revenue officers had made a raid up that way since I had travelled it, had destroyed half a dozen moonshine stills, and had captured a dozen prisoners, so that perhaps the good-natured moonshine friend with whom the land agent had played crack-a-loo in the road was now playing the same game with a comrade in a prison cell—but I hope not. One would never have known that there was a drop of moonshine or a moonshiner in the world on that trip, and while we saw no moonshiners we were doubtless seen and watched by many from the bushes.

Late in the afternoon we found Uncle Hosea under his apple-boughs, comfortable, well-cared-for, but still ailing and genuinely distressed that he was yet unable to take us where we wanted to go. Once more, then, I had to turn back on the trail of the Lonesome Pine. I am still waiting for Uncle Hosea to improve, and if he ever gets strong enough, I shall strike that trail again. It may be, however, that the pine which lives only in the memory of that one old man will, as far as any man can know, die with him. But though no mortal eye may see and know it again, may it still stand, "catching the last light of sunset, clean-cut against the afterglow, and guarding the pass under the moon—green among dying autumn leaves, green in the gray of winter trees, and still green in its shroud of snow—a changeless promise that the earth must wake to life again."

REVELATION

By Julia C. R. Dorr

I REARED an altar to an unknown God
  Whom ignorantly I worshipped. To its shrine
  I brought rich gifts, oblations rare and fine;
And in each pleasance where my young feet trod
I sought the fairest flowers that gemmed the sod;
  Plucked roses, lilies, sprays of eglantine,
  Myrtle and amaranth and lush woodbine,
To wreathe the altar of that unknown God
Before whose shrine my heart knelt—justified!
  Yet oft I feared! One night when winds were mute
  And pale stars trembled in the heavens above,
"Tell me thy name, thy blessèd name!" I cried.
  Low came a whisper, soft as silver flute,—
  "Fear not, O child! My only name is—Love!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SILENCE"

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

THE busy, cluttered room was far from spacious, save overhead. Plaster casts stood in its corners and a few death-masks hung on the walls. In its centre a large figure, built up in red clay on a rude framework of timber, rose toward the dingy skylight. About this figure swarmed a number of young people in bedraggled blouses; and in front of it the genius of the place, also in a blouse, worked a bit of wet earth between thumb and forefinger as he explained his conception to a little knot of visitors.

"It will stand in a niche, perhaps. Or within a doorway. Or between a pair of Doric columns. Miss Frelinghuysen, won't you please take that last cloth off the forehead? And, Simcox, you might put another handful of clay on that wooden elbow."

A large, stout girl ran up a short step-ladder, stripped off a soaked brown cloth, and dropped it upon a pile of others that already stained the floor. At the same time a lithe young man perched for an instant, Mercury-wise, on a corner of the castered platform and clapped a pound or two of red clay over the only part of the framework that still protruded.

"There; that's better," declared the sculptor. And the figure, with the last of its beauties unveiled and the worst of its defects temporarily corrected, stood forth for the consideration of the callers.

"*Koloș-sal!*" exclaimed one of the party, clasping his hands and drawing in his breath. He was blond, ingenuous, foreign-looking—a young German baron who had landed only the day before and who had been hurried at once to view the newest prodigies in American art.

"Overwhelming!" murmured the lady

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had brought him, working her ample bosom and quieting down a tendency to wave a black lace parasol.

"*Pyrami-dal!*" pronounced a bohemian confrère from the floor below, a leisured painter who had led up the matron and her party from his own quarters. He threw his slight figure into a stiff pose, placed his forearm across his mouth and nose, and looked out, with an effect of stern sadness, at this first large rough presentation of his friend's idea. The figure itself was in the same posture and promised to speak the last word in the "simplified." It was enveloped from crown to heels in a single large and seamless piece of drapery. Brow, breast, arms, feet—all save the heavily shadowed and inscrutable eyes—were wrapped as in a solemn winding-sheet. "*Ça ira;* oh, most decidedly!" cried the painter, with vivacity. "Vincent, my dear fellow, I congratulate you!"

"Ach!" said the young German, "I see those columns; he is withdrawing through them to the tomb. 'Hail und farewell!' he says, before leaving us for 'that undiscovered country toward whose bourne—toward whose bourne—'" He turned for help to a young woman in a black-plumed hat—a hat like a catafalque.

"Toward whose bourne each mortal must depart," breathed the young woman with rhythmical obsequiousness.

"Bravo!" cried the guide, dropping his pose, clapping his lean hands, and giving the *improvisatrice* a sudden smile. The sculptor shuffled his feet.

"At present," he said, "we offer you little more than life-size. Whether we ever reach the really heroic or the colossal depends, of course, on——"

There was a sudden sharp jingle behind a green burlap curtain. "Miss Foster, won't you see what the telephone wants? Depends, of course," he resumed, "on fortune and circumstance.—Well?"

"It's the Girls' Industrial Club, over in Passaic," reported Miss Foster, removing a smear from the receiver. "If they can choose between 'Modern French Sculpture' and 'Donatello's Contemporaries,' they'll take the French Sculpture."

"Very well. Will some one please make a note of it? Saturday, at eight-fifteen. Simcox, you'll see about the slides?"

The young German still stood entranced. "He pauses for a moment within that dark doorway—a yawning portal which is soon to schwallow him op. And before he yields this pleasing, anxious being to—to decay—he—he——"

"*Pyrami-dal!*" pronounced a bohemiam confrère.

"Leaves the warm precincts of this cheerful shop
And casts a longing, lingering look our way,"

completed the painter, with a triumphant glance at his rival in the poetical art.

The outer door opened suddenly, and a shabby boy in an official cap entered with little ceremony. "Vincent!" he called, extending a thumb-marked envelope.

"Here," said the sculptor. "Put it on my desk, Miss Frelinghuysen. I suppose it's about that special meeting of the Art Commission—I believe I am to speak." He returned to the figure. "Columns and a doorway—yes, I think I favor that idea, myself. Really, I need the help of your imagination. To ask you to judge of my design without accessories, without space

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and perspective, and from an undersized, half-finished sketch—I'm not sure I ought to have let you see it at all!" he declared, with a sudden frank compunction.

"If this is only an undersized sketch—!" cried the painter.

"I jumped straight from that," said the other, indicating a tiny figure, scarcely more than a foot high. "I have full faith in the idea," he added gravely.

"Yes, you have your idea, and you have your sketch. But"—drawing a step nearer his friend—"have you your—your 'patron'?"

Vincent shrugged—an eloquent, deprecatory No.

"Ah! waiting for the right man to die?" the other went on incorrigibly. Miss Frelinghuysen performed a complicated grimace. It contrived to convey reproof.

"He must be some one who was good und great und distinguished," began the young German, with a serious eloquence. "Some one who has noply ended a nople career——"

"Toward whose bourne each mortal must depart," breathed the young woman.—Page 431.

"Thank you," said the sculptor gratefully.

"Yes," chimed in the painter, "we must have some one who was fully worthy; some one who appreciated art and was fired with a high ambition to have his name and fame handsomely perpetuated in enduring marble——"

"Or granite," said the elder lady.

"Or bronze," suggested the younger.

"Or gold and ivory," amended the painter, suddenly veering from his earlier notion.

"Marple, marple," said the German baron seriously.

"Bronze!" insisted the younger lady, setting aside her deference and bobbing her catafalque: "the dark mystery of the great Beyond."

"Granite!" insisted the elder, again struggling to control her parasol: "the utter inexorableness of Fate."

"Gold and ivory—" began the painter, throwing out his arms to compass a chryselephantine hugeness. But he saw his friend's face, and stopped.

There came a knock at the door. Vincent was glad to answer it in person.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said a penetrating female voice, "but I wonder if Bertie Foster would lend me her alcohol lamp. I'm trying to have a tea, and the janitor's wife has cleaned me up till I can't find a thing——"

Meanwhile the young students continued to swarm about the figure. One filled in the dubious area around its feet; another tooled some technique into the robe; a third fiddled over the thumb. None but the master himself might touch the eyes, the forehead, the great fold of drapery above it—for here resided, potentially, all the mystery and solemnity toward which the whole collective endeavor moved. Vincent, returned from his needy neighbor, sent a homing glance toward that most significant passage in his creation.

"Going or returning," he said, with a smile, "our friend will speak no word."

"So stark! So mute!" intoned the matron, embroiling her gloves over the handle of her parasol.

"So much to be told us!" murmured the young lady of the plumes. "Yet not one word of warning, of consolation!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He is in—inhibited," pronounced the young German scientifically. "But that he is forbid, he could a——"

"Indeed he could!" cried the painter, with a mock shudder.

Another knock at the door, an address that was humble yet urgent. Miss Foster, who opened this time, gave the visitors a glimpse of a tangle of black hair above an anxious, middle-aged face. "Can we use the 'Count' to-morrow?" she asked Vincent, in behalf of a dependent who possessed nothing in the world besides an invalid wife, four children, and an admirable torso.

"No; some time next week," replied Vincent. But the anxious face refused to retire, and the voice persisted in a broken jargon vibrant with entreaty: the need of an "advance" was in the air. "You'll find a dollar in the third left-hand drawer," murmured the sculptor to his assistant.

Before the door could be finally closed, a soprano voice, some distance down the corridor, rushed through a rapid chatter of words, to the accompaniment of a vigorous galopade on a piano, toward an "effective" finale:

"'*Adieu donc pour toujours, adieu donc pour toujours . . . .*
Pour——tou-JOURS!'"

Miss Foster shut out at once the forlorn model and a smart patter of obligatory applause. Now came a little volley of observations from the painter's small party—all in that general tone of résumé which heralds a departure.

"So deep!"

"So mysterious!"

"So sublime—and so cruel!"

A second volley—the scattering fusillade of courtesy.

"That nymph is charming."

"That bust really possesses character."

"That group is most ably, admirably composed."

A third volley—taps.

"We have enjoyed these few moments so much."

"This has indeed been a precious privilege."

"We have already encroached too long on your valuable time."

The party moved toward the door. One backward glance, by way of parting tribute, toward the new work which had brought them there.

"It is a grand thought. It is worthy of a fine title. How"—their guide's hand was almost on the door-knob—"how do you intend to call it?"

The artist smiled wanly.

"Its name," he said, "is—'Silence.'"

"Here's a column or so . . . . about somebody who has just died of apoplexy at the Hotel Gotham."—Page 434.

II

HORATIO VINCENT, at the age of thirty-five, was just coming into his own. He had passed through the period of portrait busts and park fountains and soldiers' monuments to expand in the larger and fairer realm of the ideal. All his more recent subjects exacted the homage of capital letters. His attention went to such big concerns as Fate, Humanity, the Soul; and the latest of his doings dealt, as has been seen, with the Mystery of Death and Futurity. In most cases labor had been its own reward; but once or twice some conception of his, not having been too utterly lofty and vague, had produced "practical" results. And he was hoping that this "Silence" might do the same.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gertrude Plant was hoping along with him. No, Gertrude was not the young woman under the catafalque; that bird of passage had never appeared before and never appeared again. Gertrude did not at all run to ostrich plumes. She habited herself in a compromise between "dress reform" and "art nouveau," and went in for cool grays and sad browns and exotic embroideries. Miss Frelinghuysen and Miss Foster and the other girls would look her over covertly yet carefully whenever she came in—which was twice or thrice a month—to see how the Great Ideas were getting along. Sometimes they quizzed, and sometimes they copied. But they all understood that Gertrude's hopes were paramount to her clothes, and that the clinching of a single big commission would bring to fruition the fondest hopes of two faithful hearts. Let but the Silence be broken by the scratching of a pen busy over a big check, and Felicity would turn her face toward both.

Yes, they were all waiting, as happy-go-lucky Templeton had so bluntly intimated, for the right man to die.

Miss Frelinghuysen kept the death-masks and read the obituaries. During the past fortnight she had been reading assiduously, for the "Silence" had been cast in plaster and was now not only ready to look at but was also ready for the bronze-founder or the marble-cutter. She was running over the morning paper when Gertrude Plant dropped in to view the figure in its latest stage.

"Faugh!" exclaimed Miss Frelinghuysen; "how the rich cling to life!" She turned the leaf. "Here's a column or so, however, about somebody who has just died of apoplexy at the Hotel Gotham. He's from Kentucky. 'Reuben H. McEntee, of Lexington, the well-known stock-breeder and turfman. . . . Owner of Leonie K., 2.03¼. . . . Prominent on the Eastern circuit. . . .' Well"—with a deprecatory glance toward her chief—"this is hardly work." Miss Frelinghuysen descended from her stepladder, threw away her *Times*, and lumbered over to a "Thistledown" which represented a private speculation of her own.

While Alicia Frelinghuysen went on with her problem of communicating an airy elfin abandon to so many pounds of plastina, Vincent and Gertrude, standing side by side, were taking a long look together at their "Silence." They saw it, greatly enlarged, dominating a long stately avenue of tombs and funereal cypresses. A band played a dirge; a multitude bowed in hushed and reverent awe; and an impassioned orator recalled the gifts, graces, and services of some great personage who had lately passed into the Shadow. Nor were the gifts and graces of the artist ignored—as they so frequently are. "In this magnificent statue," our pair heard the orator shout, "we have the very incarnation of the mystery of life and death. Rich in honors and achievements, our dear friend and leader has passed into the beyond. To-day he KNOWS—but may not speak. . . . Ah, would that those lips might be unsealed, that those eyes, dark with mysterious Knowledge . . . . But the dread reign of silence remains unbroken. . . . !"

Neither of the pair gave one thought to Reuben H. McEntee; yet a month later the executors of Reuben H. McEntee stood in Vincent's studio.

The one was a banker; the other was a prosperous tobacco-grower. Miss Frelinghuysen found the first lank, and the second pudgy; neither, as she muttered disdainfully, was at all "sculpturesque." Nor did either know anything about art; and each took a jovial satisfaction in the fact that the other was as ignorant as himself. The will of their dead friend had devoted toward the fit monumental marking of his grave a sum that might amount to some twenty thousand dollars; and the responsible spenders of so considerable a fund might well reconcile themselves to their ignorance of graven images.

Vincent set his jaw and went to work on them. He would have preferred to immortalize a different kind of eminence. He blew up his figure to all sizes; he provided it with all sorts of backgrounds and accessories; he hinted at the co-operation of architects and of landscape-gardeners; in indignant desperation, he worked his hands, his smile, his shoulders, his whole vibrating aura. But all to small purpose: these two hard-headed business men cast over everything the pall of a jocular doubt. The figure before them seemed singularly bald and bleak. Where was its anatomy?—all wrapped up in a big blanket. Where were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the folds of this blanket?—absent, though surely the funds at their disposal ought to secure a fair number of creases and ridges. Was any one statue enough? Might they not be expected to provide something with a statue on each corner? They began to hint about a granite contractor, in Louisville, who would do them a fair-sized temple, with several effigies of suitable character, for eight thousand dollars or so. Vincent's intimation that he might expect twelve or fifteen came to them with a distinct shock.

The one was a banker; the other was a prosperous tobacco-grower.—Page 434.

He had stood up to them less from a desire for their distinguished patronage than from a determination to defend his precious Idea. "I don't much care," he said to Gertrude Plant, in describing this first interview, "whether they take it or not. I almost hope they won't. In fact, if it wasn't for you, dear girl . . ."

Just as they had contemplated together the unveiling of the "Silence" itself, so now they co-operated in a vision of the man to whom this glorious creation was to be dedicated. They saw a long, lean figure in black broadcloth and a slouch hat; he wore a goatee, and had a cigar stuck offensively in one corner of his mouth. Stop-watch in hand, he stood high up, with others of his kind, in a gaudy little pavilion, the master of hippic revels. Then they took off his long coat—though they left him the cigar—and sent him flying round the track in his shirt-sleeves, behind some two-year-old harnessed to a "sulky" . . .

"Odious!" exclaimed Gertrude Plant. "Thank heaven, we have never had to have him here!"

"If we had never had to have those others, either!" returned Vincent.

He waved off the Kentuckians with a gesture of tragic protest. How could they be expected to appreciate such a triumph of severe selection, of studied simplification? How could they understand that, by very virtue of this simplified severity, his tomb would detach itself from all other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tombs, would infallibly focus upon itself the attention of every spectator, learned or simple? As was she of Melos among Venuses, so would be this monument among monuments. But those barbarians had gone on in a loud, off-hand way, and they had gone out in a loud, off-hand way. They would think it over; they would take counsel; they would enlist the services of some competent critic, if one, by good chance, were found. . . .

"Oh, I have had 'competent critics'!" Vincent declared to his Gertrude. "They come from stone-yards; they do notices for 'art journals' you never heard of in all your life; they——"

"Hush, dear!" said Gertrude. What indignity, what humiliation he was undergoing—and all for her sake! And now—the ground being cleared for her own activities—she launched out upon a comprehensive review of the multiplied crudities and ineptitudes and downright asininities with which her long haunting of this and other studios had stocked her memory. Vincent glowed; and together they condemned Mr. Bird Hascomb, of the Stockbreeders' National Bank, to the lowest circle of art's inferno.

But Mr. Hascomb saved himself—for a time, at least. It occurred to him to carry his problem to the vice-president of the metropolitan bank with which his own bank was in correspondence, and this person, by some happy chance, was also a director of the Art Museum.

Well, Alonzo Wetherington Wygant accompanied Hascomb and his coadjutor to the studio. The "Silence" now stood before a provisional background which suggested more or less successfully the architectural possibilities of the scheme. Wygant was immediately and eloquently in Vincent's favor. He was in the artistic swim; he always joined joyfully in the *dernier cri;* he was ever ready to take the last excesses of any contemporary art movement without blinking an eyelash.

"Why, Hascomb! Why, Prickett!" he cried, flouncing his bushy side-whiskers and twirling his eye-glasses, "this is the very thing you want! Seize it at once! What has delayed you? What have you been thinking of? Nymphs with each curl accounted for? Angels with every feather numbered and certified? Faiths and Hopes with polished bracelets and undercut lingerie? I trust not! I trust not, indeed! Why, this grand, noble, simple, self-explanatory thing would reflect the greatest credit on your dead friend and on your own artistic taste. Here we have a clear and direct and straightforward presentation of one of the great rock-resting fundamentals of human existence. Nothing frivolous; nothing superfluous; all bespeaks a grim majesty that no word of mine . . ."

Despite the needlessness of his own words, Mr. Wygant went on improvising with charming fluency for ten minutes more. The two visitors from Kentucky were impressed, and almost convinced. Wygant, on leaving, whispered a word in Vincent's ear. "Make it fifteen, at least; people respect only what they pay for." Wygant dealt habitually in large figures—for him twice fifteen would have been a bagatelle. Vincent resolved to summon all his force and to compel his halting tongue to name Wygant's figure.

A week later, the figure had been named, and the executors, though with some misgivings, had tentatively accepted the artist's idea.

III

A MONTH passed and the matter still remained more or less open. An architect had been called in and had proved himself fluent. A landscape-gardener had been summoned and had shown himself eloquent. Each had his idea. The architect wished to subordinate the figure to an extensive monument; and the landscape-gardener desired to engulf the monument in a vast park. They had to be reminded that even the most extensive cemetery-lot is not boundless. It was Mrs. Shurtleff who told them so.

Mrs. Shurtleff came from Kentucky. She was a firm-faced woman of fifty-five. For years she had been Mr. McEntee's housekeeper, and she was down in his will for a good-big sum—a disproportionate one, as others of the heirs felt. She had done much to lift the burden of loneliness that had afflicted her employer's last years; and now and again her housewifely arts had agreeably made good the shortcomings of Saratoga and Sheepshead Bay. If there was to be a monument, she must have something to say about it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She had come a long way, and she had not come to remain silent. Her cue was that of a high expressiveness. She felt, in fact, the cloaked presence of Dubiety. She had no idea of presenting a simple front through whose few rectangular doors and windows any one might gaze into the privacies behind: no, hers the task of rearing a vast and complicated façade whose ornamental intricacies none should penetrate. Action, motion, flutter, glitter—thus was the average eye to be dazzled and defeated.

Though she talked much and well, as she sat there in rich and mournful black, certain lacunæ still persisted. No widow developed; no children. But the studio refrained from inquiry; the less it positively knew, the better it was satisfied. Yet Miss Foster, who admired statesmen, would have welcomed a term in the State legislature; and Miss Frelinghuysen, who was warm-hearted, would have given glad acclaim to the faithful support of some struggling college or asylum. But no such credentials were forthcoming. Reuben H. McEntee gained little as the soft, bright, glancing words piled up. In the end he remained but the well-known turfman and the dear friend of Clarissa Shurtleff.

Mrs. Shurtleff had formed a lofty and elaborate ideal. It called for all the florid definiteness of a bridal trousseau. It demanded the interlocked pomp of panels, urns, carvings, balustrades. Not a single big idea, but a mass of little ones; and it was on this basis, productive of verbal opportunity, that she did her talking. The young ladies, despite the brilliant, bedizened loquacity of her discourse, soon seized her essential quality. They declared among themselves that she had no real right to say anything in the matter, and unobtrusively turned their backs upon her; and Gertrude Plant, coming one day to the studio door and hearing within the soft, rapid, even flow of the woman's speech, refused to enter and took refuge, for half an hour, with a miniaturist farther down the hall. If she scorned Reuben H. McEntee as a detached figure, she detested him in the light of his social and domestic relations. And as for the creature who had come in to unsettle a matter already settled—well, silence indeed were best, if it were possible.

"So that's the thing, is it?"—Page 438.

"Be patient; be civil!" Vincent had begged her. "It's all for you, dearest. It's disagreeable, I know; but can we let things fall through, now?"

One morning, a week or two later, there was a noisy rat-tat-tat on the studio door. Before any one could answer it, the door opened and a young man strode in. He was a wild-eyed, slapdash specimen, and he announced, in a tone not wholly devoid of truculence, that he was Gerald McEntee, of Cincinnati, and that he wished to know about the monument.

It soon became apparent that the press, on both sides of the Ohio River, had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

busying itself with the demise of Reuben H. McEntee, with the manner in which he had bestowed his considerable fortune of three million dollars, and with the adventures of his executors in the art circles of the East. "Reuben H. McEntee was my father," declared the young man fiercely. "I shall have something to say in this affair —and so will my mother and sisters!"

Young McEntee's eye swept hawklike over the room. "So that's the thing, is it?" He pointed at the shrinking figure with a brown, sinewy finger: it was impossible that any one should pronounce the word "thing" with a more stridently contemptuous emphasis, or that any finger should shake with a more passionate and incredulous disgust. Then he turned his sharp, fierce eye on the artist; Vincent felt that he was viewed as little better than a conspirator—he had combined with certain flagrant and rascally persons to rob a son of his rights. He, in turn, saw this young man as one of the contentious brood of a "common-law" wife. Gerald McEntee would have his say, it was easy to foresee, about the rôle played by Clarissa Shurtleff, and about the integrity of Messrs. Hascomb and Prickett. He himself should not be the only rascal to be pilloried.

McEntee continued to glare about the place. He seemed almost too outraged for coherent speech; and he may have been a bit embarrassed by his novel environment. But Vincent, with an inner ear now attuned to finer things than mere speech, heard everything he thought. "Such a sum for such a work as that? Are you a madman? Are you a thief? Do you think I shall stand calmly by and let such creatures as you and Hascomb work your will? Can you believe that my mother and her children, after years of disgraceful neglect, will submit to such further injury as this?" Glance and gesture made much of this internal discourse as plain to Vincent's assistants as to himself. Miss Foster frowned; Miss Frelinghuysen began to titter. Simcox, who was sprinkling a bunch of clay nymphs out of a big watering-pot, looked loyally at the master, set down the implement on the muddy floor, and gave his shirt-sleeves a further roll. "I can do it," his look said.

Vincent made a gesture of dissent. He was occupied with a vision of Gerald McEntee's mother, and as the picture was founded upon the only data available at the moment—those furnished by her son—it was not flattering. The room was enriched by the presence of a woman whose dark iron-bound visage flamed with a vulgar determination. She was there to urge, to clamor, to contend, to expostulate. She made the room ring; and she might be relied upon to make other rooms ring. His ears tingled; his head swam. . . .

"But why am I wasting words on *you?*" cried the son of Reuben H. McEntee. If his stress on the word "thing" had been contemptuous, his stress on the word "you" was abysmally insulting. "I'll do my talking in Kentucky! I'll do my talking in the courts of Kentucky! That will dispose in short order of Hascombs and Shurtleffs and lumpy plaster images! You will learn mighty soon and mighty plain that——"

"Yes, yes, do your talking in Kentucky," said Vincent, motioning him toward the door. The violent young man, with one rabid glance, threw himself out, and Vincent dropped into the nearest chair. He put his hands up to his ears. He had presumed to evoke Silence; and Silence had produced, for her first-born, Clamor; and Clamor, as something told him, had but begun its lusty career. Yet he only said:

"Simcox, why did you set down the sprinkling-pot? Was it to turn on the fire-plug?"

Simcox grinned, but grinned speechlessly; enough had been said.

IV

Ten or twelve days later another young man presented himself at the studio—a trim, alert, self-confident chap who lost no time in naming the newspaper he served. Vincent often entertained the angels of the press, and one more or less of these celestial visitants mattered little. He gave them news paragraphs, synopses of his art talks, photographs for reproduction: they had space to fill and he had reputation to make —one hand washed the other. But though he knew most of the people who "did" art, he was unable to place this particular youth. Indeed, the new-comer confessed himself the reverse of informed, and threw himself ingenuously on the artist's mercy. Vincent always preferred modest ignorance to bumptious ignorance; it also pleased

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him to find this particular newspaper disposed to give a little more attention to matters of art. It was a sheet which treated news with a rich violence for the populace; it industriously turned the happenings of the current day into a certain crude sort of fiction. Now, happily, it was welcoming art in another form. Vincent, who was nothing if not a born evangelist and propagandist, welcomed with generous enthusiasm so fine an opportunity to widen the field of his influence. His eagerness was militant in many places besides Passaic.

"Tell me what it is, and all about it!" said the young man, with engaging directness, as he stood before the figure. "We're not always 'wise' to everything—we have to handle too many sorts of things for that."

Vincent warmed over again the phrases which he had employed, during many Saturday afternoon receptions, with various earnest women, old and young, and with occasional painstaking elderly gentlemen, handsomely dowered with leisure.

"I see," said the visitor, nodding eagerly. "And it commemorates Mr.——?"

"Mr. McEntee, of Kentucky."

"Ah, yes; yes. A judge? An educator? An—*an eminent statesman?*"

The talk inevitably became personal—increasingly personal—exclusively personal. Before Vincent fully realized it, his ingenuous caller knew as much as he himself knew—in fact, much more—about the Bluegrass Millionaire (as the old fellow was doomed to become known) and about

Three columns it ran—three sickening columns.—Page 440.

his domestic concerns, and about his executors, and about the new tribe crying aloud for justice from Cincinnati, and about——

"Oh, how could I have talked so much!" poor Vincent was moaning in self-accusation, twenty-four hours later.

"You didn't," declared Miss Frelinghuysen stoutly. "He knew three-quarters of it before he came. We have just put in the 'heart-throbs' and the 'human interest.'"

"Heart-throbs won't help us with Hascomb and Prickett," moaned Vincent.

"Perhaps they won't," admitted his assistant soberly.

For there had been much in that newspaper report to sober the most light-hearted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three columns it ran — three sickening columns of inflated, repetitious verbiage, and nearly three-quarters of it all had been put direct into the mouth of Horatio Vincent. It was he who, in *propriâ personâ*, told the shabby, hapless tale. Oh, the maddening reiteration of those quotation-marks as, brace after brace, they opened a new paragraph! And the two-column cut of his admirable photograph of the figure in candid, clear-cut plaster had come out as a mere black amorphous smudge!

"No, it won't help with Hascomb and Prickett," Vincent had declared. He was right. It didn't.

The afternoon papers took up the theme. Friends quizzed; visitors smiled; rivals sniggered. Vane Templeton let loose a girandole of airy impudence. The amount of printed chatter became prodigious. Vincent sighed for a hermitage in some limitless desert. His own "Silence" had become profaned and hateful; only the merciful silence of Nature could poultice his wounds.

Much of this miscellaneous gossip and comment must have reached the executors. Their joint letter, when it came, was in Hascomb's hand. In civil paraphrase—"Oh, can't he say it and have done?" cried poor Vincent—it explained that legal and financial considerations made a final decision at present impossible. The letter rambled on, with a touch, here and there, of the oratorical classicism still dear to the South; but it gave plain hints that somebody had talked too much, and it ended with an intimation that if the opportunity were presently seen to turn the work to other account, that opportunity had best be embraced.

"They're glad to get out of it," Vincent declared that evening to Gertrude Plant. "They've never felt sure of themselves, anyway."

"I am glad to have them out of it," she replied bravely.

Vincent thanked her, but he felt disappointed and resentful. He had thought to raise a chaste and severe temple to Silence, and this lovely structure had been overwhelmed by an avalanche of mere talk. And that talk was far from over. Indeed, it was scarcely begun. Booming reverberations from Kentucky were already in his ears. He heard the jargoning of lawyers, the jangling of court machinery: a flood of charges, appeals, demurrers, exceptions, perorations, as the tribe from Cincinnati fought for its rights under Reuben H. McEntee's will—or outside of it. Presently he heard his own voice mingling with the others. The attorney for young Gerald was toying with him just as he himself had often toyed with a handful of clay. "Please state the precise circumstances under which ——" Or, "Kindly repeat the exact words that were employed when——" Thus spoke the smiling, teasing lips, while he, a man of peace, a devotee of the quiet life, flushed, fidgeted, stammered, and felt himself ridiculous. The face changed; another inquisitor, aflame with professional ire, hectored him on behalf of Clarissa Pamela Shurtleff. "Can you be perfectly sure that any such thing was said?" Or, "Are you ready to swear under oath that such an incident actually took place?" He felt himself sinking into bottomless mortification as the whole court united in regarding him for the paltriest fellow in the world.

His next Saturday reception brought a crowd, a jam. Half the world happened in to drop a part of speech the more upon the verbal cairn under which the "Silence" now lay buried. The studio put on its most gallant front. Defeat; defeat; but the little garrison would march out with arms and colors. Vincent wore his best frock-coat; Miss Frelinghuysen set forth tea and vanilla wafers; and Gertrude Plant, along with her mother, faced things till the end. Among the callers who crowded the narrow room was Alonzo Wetherington Wygant.

Mr. Wygant felt himself a much-injured man. The Southerners had wounded him in his tenderest point—his connoisseurship. He pronounced their course to be both indelicate and ungrateful. He aired his grievance to many, and more than one listener felt, with him, that he had been abused.

But Mr. Wygant possessed a good deal of resiliency, and he could easily bound from one thing to another. He had not come alone; he had brought with him an art-loving friend—one inclined to purchase, if purchase would but render the purchaser conspicuous. Wygant transferred his al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legiance from the "Silence" to that group of nymphs which had been living for some weeks under wet rags and the watering-pot, but which had recently emerged into plaster.

"George," observed Wygant genially, "how would those young persons, done in marble, look on your lawn at Greenwich? None too bad, say I." And he added that once the sculptor's name were mentioned to week-end guests, not a soul among them would fail to recognize it. "A 'Vincent,'" said Wygant, with simple warmth.

Then he gave the artist his elbow and declared beamingly that mere words had never downed a good man yet—quite the contrary. Then, in a whisper, he added: "Have your nerve!"

"George" was magnificently liberal, and fully "up," on the instant, to a showy stroke. In the thinning throng he exchanged a dozen words with Vincent, and he harassed the last of the lingerers with the complacent boasts of possession. "It will make you a marked man, George," said Wygant, retiring, arm in arm, with his friend.

"Never mind the tea things," said Vincent to Miss Frelinghuysen; "go." "Never mind about me and dinner," said Gertrude to her mother; "go." The two remained alone together in the darkening studio, before the great, mournful, mysterious figure which had been the centre of so many hopes. Fortune had come, finally, if obliquely. They were too happy to speak. Silence, so long deferred, had been reached at last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE

THE CAMPAIGN FOR AN HONEST STANDARD

By Francis E. Leupp

FROM power-sites to pint-measures seems a far cry, yet in pursuit of its conservation policy the government of the United States is concerning itself with both subjects. Before any great question can be intelligently considered, its students must be equipped with terms of precision. While, therefore, one committee of Congress is devoting its attention to mammoth coal deposits and priceless water sources, another has before it a bill to fix the size of a berry basket. This contrast simply illustrates two extremes of the same principle; for the policy of conservation, broadly interpreted, means the avoidance of waste, whether in large or in little things; it covers not only the husbanding of the undeveloped natural resources to which posterity must look for its means of subsistence, but a more reasonable cost of living for our own generation. On Poor Richard's theory that the penny saved is the penny earned, the conservation of human energy by minimizing its wanton expenditure is as important in a way as the protection of a mineral bed or a spring-fed lake; and when we learn that every strawberry sent from Florida to Massachusetts must be repacked before it is offered for sale—because the pottle in which it travels north may be of any size the shipper prefers, whereas the statutes of the Bay State prescribe the size of the box or basket in which it shall be exposed in the markets there—we can understand why Congress takes cognizance of so apparently petty a business.

To learn that the law demands that a certain receptacle shall hold an honest quart or some specified fraction thereof does not help us much unless we know what a quart is, and for a definition we turn to the Office of Weights and Measures in Washington. In the old times, this office occupied a small space in the building rented for the Coast Survey, where the metallic standards were kept under lock and key and the correspondence regarding them was carried on. Its chief beneficiaries were the custom-houses and mints. To-day it forms an important part of the national Bureau of Standards, which has a home of its own on a picturesque wooded knoll a little way outside of the city. The bureau is lodged in a group of buildings not only adapted for the preservation of our recognized standards of length, cubic contents, and weight, but equipped with laboratories and machinery for ascertaining new and exact units of force, resistance, conductivity, tensile strength, elasticity—in short, of substantially every quality of matter which, in scientific research and the practice of the useful arts, calls for accurate definition. Its director, who worked out and set going the present organization, is Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, formerly a professor of physics in the University of Chicago. Besides a record of scientific attainment and a conspicuous talent for administration, he has a happy gift for gathering about him a corps of young investigators as well charged with rational enthusiasm as he is.

Until about ten years ago, the United States had the unenviable distinction of being the only great nation without such a bureau. As a result, American manufacturers of scientific apparatus were obliged, in order to compete with their foreign rivals, to send their products abroad to be tested and certified. It was probably such galling admissions of inferiority which did most to spur Congress into providing an independent establishment for this country. Our Navy Department is no longer compelled, in order to insure itself against deception in the candle-power of the incandescent lights it buys, to send them to Germany for standardization. In the single matter of the purchases of paper for the public printing, which amount to a million

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dollars a year, the bureau has already saved the government hundreds of thousands, by changes it has effected in the specifications on which bids are invited, and afterward frustrating attempts by contractors to furnish something inferior to the standard fixed. It is rendering like aid to all the purchasing agencies of the government, and, for a fair compensation, to private business concerns.

Whoever has seen anything of sick-rooms knows the indispensable part played there by the clinical thermometer. One of the first steps the bureau took was to invite thermometer-makers everywhere to send in specimens of their wares for comparison, and a strange condition of things was disclosed. So wide a diversity of standards obtained within the industry that it would have been possible for a fatal disagreement to occur between three or four physicians called into consultation on a delicate case, if they carried thermometers made at different factories. The discovery wrought a revolution, and now most American makers of clinical thermometers send them to Washington for test, accepting as their common standard that fixed by the government; while the prudent retail purchaser demands with his thermometer a certificate issued by the bureau either approving the accuracy of the instrument or stating the amount of correction necessary in reading it. The most progressive manufacturers, indeed, have been steadily improving their machinery under the guidance of the bureau, so as to turn out a higher average product.

Not only clinical thermometers, but many of other kinds, are sent to the bureau for test and correction. The importance of this privilege to the business world may be guessed from the case of a thermometer submitted by a New York concern, where an error of one-sixteenth of a degree made a difference of fifteen thousand dollars paid in one year for coal purchased on the basis of its calorific value.

In such lines of manufacture as steel, glass, and porcelain, there are processes where one vital factor is a temperature too high to be gauged by any mechanical thermometer. To miss this pivotal point by never so slight a fraction of lack or excess may completely transform the character of the fused material. That means waste through spoiling, a heavy aggregate increase of running expenses for the factory, possible delays of months in the completion of the work, and an added cost to the consumer for the finally perfected article, because it has to be sold for enough to pay for the many failures as well as for the one success. A few years ago, the decision when the desired temperature had been reached was a matter of shrewd guesswork, or at best of cultivated instinct; and operatives who could "read the fire" commanded high salaries. All this uncertainty is disappearing before the bureau's experiments in optical pyrometry, which are now making it possible to measure the heat of the fire by the quality of the light it sends forth.

Among other undertakings of popular interest has been the research required in providing for the utmost precision of the volumetric apparatus used in administering minute quantities of high-potent drugs like antitoxins; for the correction of photographic lenses to insure their greater fidelity of reproduction; for ascertaining the trustworthiness of gas and water meters of various types, the strength of cloths, leathers, and twines, and the durability of building materials. These are but a few of many, but they will convey some idea of the latitude of this department of the bureau's work.

Returning to our ordinary weights and measures: most of those employed in the United States were brought bodily from England. There, in the earlier days, they differed even in the several counties; but by degrees, as intercourse between all parts of the kingdom grew more intimate, it became necessary to find some units which could be nation-wide in their use, and rooted in governmental authority. Into the American colonies had been introduced many of the local standards, so that, when our present Union was formed, each State had its own system, and in the country at large there was chaos.

All the wiser heads among the fathers recognized the importance of bringing about some orderly plan, and Washington, Adams, and Jefferson repeatedly called the attention of Congress to the power conferred upon it by the Constitution to "fix the standards of weights and measures." But the jealousy with which the States were guarding their individuality would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have made it politically embarrassing for any law-maker to press a programme which might force upon one State the surrender of its own standards in favor of those of some sister State. So it was not till 1830 that Congress, having had its notice sharply drawn to inequalities in the methods pursued at different custom-houses, investigated the whole subject and enacted a law prescribing for the use of the Treasury Department the avoirdupois pound, the English yard, the wine gallon, and the Winchester bushel familiar to our generation. Six years later, it directed the Secretary of the Treasury to deliver to the governor of each State a complete set of these standards.

The States so generally responded that the pound, yard, gallon, and bushel are now for the most part uniform throughout the country, but the exceptions are too serious to be ignored. In some States, for instance, the gallon of certain materials is defined in pounds: twelve pounds of honey being a legal gallon in Nebraska, six and one-half pounds of kerosene in Kansas, seven and one-half pounds of linseed oil in Ohio, and eleven pounds of sorghum molasses in Indiana. These weights do not agree with the gallon fixed by Congress at two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches. In other cases the old ale gallon of two hundred and eighty-two cubic inches is legalized, while in a few States the old ale or milk gallon is the legal dry gallon, though about five per cent. larger than the corresponding unit derived from the Winchester bushel.

The bushel itself still varies widely in the measurement of particular commodities. Thus, a coal bushel ranges through six States all the way from 2,419½ cubic inches to 2,748—a difference of more than one-eighth—and like variations are found in the lime, coal, and coke bushels. Coal is sold in some States by the ton of 2,000 pounds, and in others by the ton of 2,240 pounds; but the greatest vagaries appear in the liquid barrel, which swings from twenty-nine gallons in New York to forty-two gallons in Texas. It is plain, therefore, that there is room yet for some reforms which will enable the purchaser in one State to know what he is buying in another without an elaborate calculation in decimals.

Nor are the existing standards traceable to an origin so stable that they could be verified promptly by a scientific process. How many women, buying a yard of ribbon, know that they are measuring the length of the arm of King Henry I of England, who established that standard in 1120? The inch, from which most of us construct the yard, was not invented till nearly two centuries later, a statute of the reign of Edward II defining its length as that of "three barley-corns, round and dry." As the English had by that time become absorbed in agriculture, or commerce in its products, this industry furnished another unit in the reign of Henry III, when, though the penny was made the common basis of weight, its own stability was insured by the requirement that it should weigh the same as thirty-two wheat-corns taken from the midst of the ear!

The eccentric pedigrees of our inherited standards will account for the welcome accorded to the French plan for measuring off a quarter of one of the earth's meridians, dividing this into ten million equal parts, and adopting one such part as the unit of length, under the name of the metre; the idea being that, even if all the concrete official standards in the world were simultaneously destroyed by some cataclysm, the scientists who survived the disaster could measure off the quadrant again and re-establish the metre with accuracy. Confidence in this forecast was somewhat shaken, however, by the discovery, when geodetic science had reached a higher stage of precision, that the first measure of the quadrant was so far at fault as to affect the length of the metre by the thickness of a sheet of the paper on which this magazine is printed.

Trifling as the error seemed to the popular eye, it was enough to set the physicists searching once more for an unvarying natural standard. The swing of a pendulum, and a number of other constant media, were considered, but the inquirers appear to have settled finally upon the length of a wave of light, which by general consent offers an ideal solution of the difficulty. The metre, in spite of its slight shortcoming, is so well intrenched that probably no attempt will be made to dislodge it as the unit in daily use through most of the civilized world; but, since the proportional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relation between the standard metre and the wave-length has been definitely determined, the metre can be described in wave-length terms and reconstructed at will; and from the metre can always be worked out the necessary units of bulk and gravity.

Having decided what shall be the standards of size and weight and volume, it remains to enforce a proper respect for these in the daily transactions of life; and here, in spite of all the clamor about the cost of living, it is strange how little the complainants seem disposed to do for their own protection. To stir them to action, the bureau has set afoot an unostentatious but effective campaign of education.

Mrs. Housewife, having ordered a bill of groceries amounting to four dollars and eighty-three cents, tenders a five-dollar banknote in payment. Her change she scrutinizes to make sure that she gets her full seventeen cents, and in honest money; but it does not seem to occur to her to make equally sure that she has received sixteen ounces in every ostensible pound of butter, a whole peck of potatoes, or a full gallon of syrup. She fails to notice whether the package of Eatemup Grits she bought to-day is as large as the package she bought a month ago, or to compare the price of Brightfire's Breakfast Bacon, put up in those dainty little jars, with that of the bacon she used to get by the pound. And when, at the close of the semester, she is footing up her domestic expenses and sighing over their continued increase, she lays all the blame upon the apparently moderate advance in the price-list, instead of charging part of it to her own confusion of prices with values, gross with net weights, and trade with standard measures. Doubtless she would be shocked to learn that every barrel of flour she buys lacks four pounds of its professed weight; yet that very fact has developed in the District of Columbia, whose people, consuming three hundred thousand barrels every year, spend forty-two thousand dollars for flour which they never receive!

Investigations made or inspired by the Bureau of Standards show that the manufacturers of a certain breakfast food who, before the enactment of the pure food law, used to stamp each package with its putative weight, have quietly ceased to do this. Not one purchaser in a hundred suspects, till his attention is called to the change, that he is not buying in a package as many ounces as of old; yet as a matter of fact there has been a shrinkage of more than thirty per cent in its weight, and an increase of fifty per cent in its pound price. Indeed, the package used to-day can be set down bodily inside of the package used two years ago, with plenty of room to spare. The other day a housekeeper who had paid a dollar for a sealed and labelled pail of lard, took the empty pail to market and had it refilled by weight at a cost of only fifty-six cents. One brand of bacon is sold in packages for forty per cent. more than the cost of the same grade open on a butcher's stall; the corresponding disparity in dried codfish sometimes amounts to more than sixty-two per cent.; and there are varieties of crackers which, bought by the box or in bulk, show a difference in cost of one hundred per cent.

This is no disparagement of package edibles as such. A great deal is to be said for them in spite of any degree of comparative expensiveness. In point of selected excellence, appetizing appearance, cleanliness, economy of space, and convenience of pantry storage, they are far superior to the carelessly kept and roughly handled goods dug out of a barrel with a scoop, or chopped off with a cleaver, or poured from a box into not-too-well-kept scales. Tenants of apartments appreciate their condensed form and their readiness for immediate use; and most of us who have become fastidious in our tastes will continue to buy the more costly articles in defiance of the economists. The prime consideration is that every one should know what he is buying and how much he is paying for it.

The reform movement, after several years of effort, is still sporadic; but all big reforms begin with germinations in separated spots, the growths gradually expanding till they merge and cover the whole ground. We see such a process now under way in New England, where the ceaseless activity of Massachusetts is making itself uncomfortably but wholesomely felt in neighbor States hitherto apathetic. In 1891, for example, the Massachusetts legislature enacted a law proscribing milk jars and bottles which fall short of their pretended meas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ure. The first year's inspection showed that nearly half the receptacles then in use were deficient. What happened? As soon as a batch were condemned, they were bought by the junkmen and shipped into Connecticut or Rhode Island, where there was no statutory bar to their use. One hundred thousand short bottles thus found their way into Rhode Island alone. When the people of that State awoke to the imposition, they procured from their legislature a law to stop it, and all the short bottles were promptly dumped into Connecticut, a small surplus continuing their westward travels till they invaded New York.

It took Rhode Island fifteen years to become indignant enough to act for its own relief: communities are large bodies and move slowly. Yet they are, after all, only aggregations of individuals; and every mail brings to the Bureau of Standards evidence that individuals here and there are beginning to appreciate the need not only of definite laws on the subject of weights and measures and a vigorous administration of them, but of such uniformity in both laws and administration that false standards driven out of one State shall not find refuge in another.

A physician complains that he recently ordered several gross of one-ounce round prescription bottles of a glass factory, and received bottles holding six drachms, not eight. Three-ounce bottles of medicine he found to contain only two and one-half ounces. He has discovered that in the sale of crystalline medicines, what passes over the apothecary's counter for an ounce is really only four hundred and thirty-two grains, not four hundred and eighty; also, that the pint bottles in which beer and malt liquors are sold contain as a rule twelve ounces instead of sixteen, while the quart bottles show an even worse shortage.

A Maine woman who raises squabs in order to keep her invalid husband supplied with what he needs, carries the birds to market herself, weighing them before starting. The weight the marketman places upon them governs, however, and, as it is always short of hers, she goes home every time with less money than she is entitled to.

A dealer in oil and olives, doing business in Philadelphia, has to pay for his goods on hogshead measurement gauged in New York, where the importations are entered. When he sells them again, it is by his own measurement in broken quantities, and the sum of his sales never equals what he is charged for in New York.

The fruit merchants of Massachusetts, who are behind the movement for a federal definition of a berry basket in inter-State commerce, are not the only representatives of their trade who are anxious for compulsory uniformity in the measures of fruit packages. An enormous business is done in Western apples for Eastern markets; a reduction of the number of apples in a box from fifty to forty-eight means a saving of four per cent. to the producer; hence the shipping interests are resisting the efforts of the retailing interests to have the inside dimensions of an apple-box regulated by law.

In the paper industry, leading manufacturers and dealers are seeking a satisfactory basis for the measurement of their commodity, so as to reconcile trade phraseology with fact in any transaction. One dealer, speaking for a large association, complains that the manufacturers, in handling most grades of their product, wrap the article sold in a coarser grade of paper, often so heavy that the wrapping alone makes two or three per cent. of the total weight of the package. "A customer," he says, "buying a bundle of fifty-pound paper, may receive forty-eight pounds of the paper he has purchased and two pounds of the coarser grade, but he is billed and pays for fifty pounds." This is a trade custom, so encysted that it may require a great deal of time and effort to pry it out; but the significant point is that the desire to get rid of it is now active within the trade itself.

One branch of the bureau's educational campaign is carried on through a national conference on weights and measures which meets yearly in Washington under its auspices. Facts brought out in the discussions there, if they can be accepted as typical, indicate a deplorable laxity in the petty trade of the people, if nothing worse. The delegates who cite them are men charged in their own communities with the custody of the local weights and measures and with the execution of the laws relating thereto. Even in the States where regulation is most stringent, it appears that confiscations include, to this day, spring-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balances with sliding fronts, dry and wet measures with false sides or movable bottoms, "five-pound" boxes of creamery butter which hold only four pounds and eleven ounces, "ten-pound" pails of lard which contain only eight pounds and three-quarters, and the like.

Some States make elaborate provision for the legal measurement of the great natural products which are piling up fortunes for a few persons, while leaving the hand-to-mouth element no defence against the hucksters who sell them their daily supplies. Several communities in which electrical power is in common use for domestic purposes are without laws for its measurement. A few cities have far eclipsed most of the States, in adopting ordinances to forbid the sale of small fruits and groceries by the "cup," "can," "bag," or other indefinite measure liable to mislead ignorant customers, and placing fines upon the sale of vegetables and fruits in boxes or baskets faced with a quality of goods deceitfully superior to those found in the lower layers.

More ingenuity is expended on counterfeit weights and measures than on counterfeit money, it is safe to say; and a great deal more than, applied to an honest purpose, would make the fortunes of the inventors. The driver of a wagon delivering kerosene oil to retail customers was caught reducing the capacity of a five-gallon can which he used for a measure—and which had been officially inspected and marked on the outside as of full capacity—by setting up inside of it two blocks of wood as large as building bricks, and bracing these against opposite sides, where they would be hidden by the shoulders of the can, by forcing a slender stiff stick lengthwise between them. Coal has always been a favorite medium for the practice of fraud. The variance between the 2,000-pound ton which is legal in most of the States, and the 2,240-pound ton which is legal in others, is confusing, and the difficulty of weighing so bulky a commodity is prohibitive for the ordinary householder, whose only protection lies in dealing with merchants of established reputation. One shrewd fellow in Washington, D. C., carried on a thriving business for a long time by soliciting small orders from his friends at less than the customary price and delivering 1,000 pounds as a half-ton, instead of the 1,120 to which his customers were entitled under the local law.

In some cities the street pedlers use a balance of German manufacture. In Germany it is forbidden because it is recognized as so potentially iniquitous an implement, and it is made for export to those countries where, as in ours, the standard laws are uncertain or lax. One of our American labor-saving devices, however, is quite as bad. This is a cheap "computing scale" used by many a small tradesman on the pretext that, as it tells him not only the weight of the goods he is selling but what he must charge for them at so much a pound, it spares him thus much mental calculation; but as the instrument is inexact enough to leave always a trifling margin of uncertainty, he feels justified in giving himself, and not his customer, the benefit of that. Another scale, outwardly of the conventional pattern, is so constructed that the weights will weigh true or false according to the position in which they are set on their plate; and one, specially designed for use in a hardware store, is connected with a magnet concealed under the counter, and so placed as to exert its influence on the pan in which nails and similar metal goods are weighed.

Even the best of scales can be used by an unscrupulous dealer for bad purposes. He may appear annoyed by the rattling of the pan against its iron holder, and slip an innocent-looking wad of paper under it; or, if he keeps a small and not over-nice butcher-shop, he may leave the pan unscoured, so that, by successive weighings of fat meats, it accumulates on its inner surface a thick smear of grease. For this smear, as well as for the folded paper, the customer pays for an extra ounce or so at the rate charged for his groceries or his meat. And what do these trifles signify? In a city where the inspectors have to visit ten thousand shops annually, it has been estimated that half of them contain at least one scale which is short-weight by an ounce, and that a reasonable average use of such scale would be forty times a day. Counting three hundred business days to the year, the loss to the purchasing public in that period would amount to three million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the larger part would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fall upon the class of small purchasers least fitted to stand it.

The growth of the conferences in attendance and interest shows a marked improvement in public sentiment everywhere on this question of the honest measure. States which had lost or mislaid the standards presented to them by the Federal Government have hunted these up; some which kept theirs in out-of-the-way places have provided for their more convenient storage; others which had left theirs to suffer damage by exposure and neglect have had them readjusted and brought into regular use. Co-operation for a common end which means a pecuniary benefit to all the people has brought about a neighborly feeling between State officers who once stood aloof; and their nightmare bogy of "centralization" has been exorcised by the discovery that the authorities at Washington are making no effort to usurp tyrannically the police powers of the States, but rather trying to aid the States in making those powers effective for good.

The final result of the agitation will, of course, be complete uniformity all through the country in matters affecting weights and measures. Whether it will take the shape of a general remodelling of State laws and methods to conform to some scheme pronounced by the conferences to be most feasible, or whether the whole business will be voluntarily turned over by the States to the Federal Government, remains to be seen. Possibly a middle ground may be preferred, Congress prescribing in positive statutory terms a system of standards and units which must prevail in all transactions, and providing for the prosecution of offenders engaged in inter-State commerce, but leaving each State free to punish malfeasance committed within its own exclusive jurisdiction. The one great essential is to have an accurate and unchangeable basis for all business involving questions of quantity, and a terminology which shall mean just the same thing in Arizona that it means in Vermont.

Nor is the ideal of uniformity merely national. The interest long felt throughout the civilized world in the establishment of a universal system of standards is evidenced by the meeting, in 1870, of an international conference at Paris to consider certain phases of the subject. The Franco-Prussian War had a depressing effect on the attendance that year, but at later gatherings the business made such progress that the French Government, on whose initiative it had been started, set apart a plot of ground about two acres in area, in the Park of St. Cloud, just outside of Paris, declared it neutral territory, and dedicated it to the uses of an International Bureau of Weights and Measures. A universal metre and kilogramme were adopted by the conference of 1889, and stored in a subterranean vault on the premises, where they are accessible only when three independent officers with different keys come together. Exact duplicates of these standards were distributed among the governments represented at the meeting.

The neutralized head-quarters of the International Bureau stand on the same footing as the High Court of Arbitration at The Hague and the office of the Universal Postal Union at Berne; and the movement which culminated in its foundation was as spontaneous, and grew as naturally out of the needs of the world in our generation, as these other great monuments of advanced civilization. Nay, back of its economic phases, notable as these may be, lies one yet broader and more important. Standardization on a world-wide scale points to the symmetrical union of industries all over the earth; greater facility of commercial intercourse, and hence more of it; the elimination of a thousand misunderstandings, once the most fruitful source of controversy; and the cultivation of closer ties, based on better acquaintance, between the people of the chief producing nations. In brief, it may, under the right direction, become a powerful factor in the establishment of universal peace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Aruimi Type.

A Congo Boy.

A Congo Girl.

THE REAL AFRICAN

By Herbert Ward

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SCULPTURES BY MR. WARD

CENTRAL AFRICA is a land of strange and fatal enchantment.

There is an inexpressible charm in picking one's way through localities that have never before been visited by a white man; seeing strange types and hearing new languages. To be alone in the very centre of the African continent, where nature and human nature are alike in a crude state; to be far away in the midst of a primitive people whose nature is wild and uncultivated—people who are simple, savage in ignorance, timid and ever fearing for their lives; to be the one delegate, as it were, of the modern world in the midst of countless thousands of human beings whose minds are the minds of primitive mankind; to live free from all the petty conventionalities and ramifications of civilization; to be able to forego all the artificial necessities of our modern home life; to give free play to that strong, inward craving for true natural liberty,—these are some of the subtle attractions that inoculate every man of African experience; these are the charms which cast their spell upon all African travellers, and which have held so many of them fascinated for long years.

It has been my good fortune to have passed five years of my life among the savage inhabitants of Central Africa. Entering Africa in the year 1884 under the auspices of Stanley, I served two and a half years in pioneer work connected with the newly formed Congo State. Whilst still in Africa, Stanley arrived with his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, and I was enrolled, in 1886, as a volunteer officer of that expedition and faced once more the far interior.*

I took to Africans from the first. They appealed strongly to my sympathy by reason of their directness, their lack of scheming, and by the spontaneity of everything they did. My confidence ripened as time went on and I found myself imbued with a profound sympathy for African human nature. Of all the aboriginal races with which I have come in contact during my travels in New Zealand, Australia, Borneo, and the Far East, the African appeals to me as being the most transparently human.

* Works by Herbert Ward: "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," "My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the native tribes of the Congo region of Central Africa there exists no form of history. There is no written language. They have no signs or characters; no traditions and no memorials of the past. It is as though an opaque curtain hung behind the living generation, concealing everything that passed before their time. It is considered a bad omen to allude to any one who is dead. Such an allusion is only made by accident, and is immediately redeemed by a snapping of the fingers.

No record is kept of dates. Consequently natives are ignorant of their age. The only epochs that remain marked in their minds are associated with such events as the occasion of a tribal fight or the killing of an elephant.

Their lives are as wild and unchecked as the tangled growth of their primeval forest homes. There is nothing to occupy or to stimulate the mind, which lives, thinks, and acts for the moment. They possess a faculty of indifference, the obvious outcome of the precariousness of their lives.

When not fighting for bare existence, their minds are focussed upon methods of satisfying their animal wants. Despite the present condition of these forest tribes, there yet remain signs of a former condition of superiority. A world of human nature lies hidden beneath their dark, forbidding exteriors. Upon many occasions I have had revealed to me evidences of humane and tender feelings.

Le Chef de Tribu.

The eyes of the Congo forest dwellers are never refreshed by a distant view, and there is no bright sunshine in their country to gladden their hearts, for the sun's rays seldom or never penetrate the eternal forest gloom in which they spend their lives.

With danger lurking behind the trunk of every tree, and with an ever-present fear of capture and death, they live their days and years; they pass through periods of modified joys and sorrows, knowing nothing of the outside world, living without hope and without regrets.

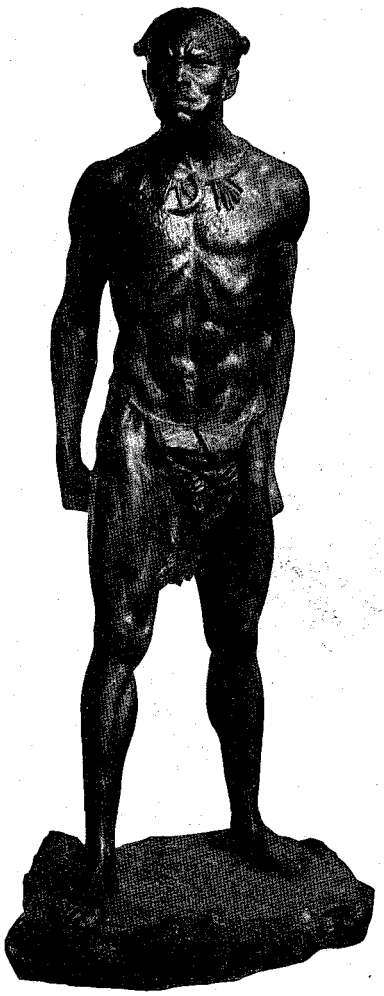
Nothing is lasting in their lives, the keenest heartache, the bitterest grief is soon forgotten. They live only for the present, without prospect or retrospect.

In view of the growth of modern tendencies in relation to questions of socialism and equality, much that is instructive may be gathered from a study of the existing conditions of the life of the African savage. In Central Africa we have a complete object lesson before us of the ultimate results of life under conditions of equality. It would seem that the social state of equality which is observed by primitive mankind is now the aim and ambition of the most highly civilized communities. Social equality appears to be the first and last ambition in the history of mankind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Throughout Central Africa the spirit of enterprise among the people is restrained, not to say crushed, from the fear of exciting the envy and cupidity of their fellows. As an instance:

One who builds a better house than his neighbor's will have his house pulled down forthwith. Should a man exert himself to amass native riches, he courts the enmity of all his fellows and becomes doomed to an early death. Ambition to excel, which is such a natural attribute of human nature, receives no encouragement in Central Africa. Coinciding with this state of life, we find the people living in a state of anarchy and ignorance, without a constitution, without a history, and even without definitely established habitations. They lack even the ambition of conquest, and they are content to pass their lives in a state of mental atrophy.



Defiance.

The extraordinary virility of all the Central African races may be ascribed to the following principal reasons: Firstly, to the plurality of women, for, generally speaking, one finds the number of women is greatly in excess of the male population, the reason for this being that men are so frequently killed in their incessant intertribal battles. It necessarily follows that the strongest and most enterprising of the men is generally the owner of the most wives, and consequently the fittest male becomes the father of the most children.

Their children are like ours. The pleasures of the African child are the pleasures of all children. Their mothers coo to them and use flowery and endearing terms. Whilst still mere babies, after being bathed and laid out in the sun to dry, they toddle about helping to catch small fish or to snare birds, and they play at cooking food in the burning embers of their mothers' fire. Little boys make miniature bows and arrows; they paddle miniature canoes and ambitiously imitate all the pursuits of grown-up people. They have no guiding voice to correct or to curb their natural animal instincts. They are the offspring of parents whose union was merely transitory.

Home life does not exist. Huts are generally built in long rows. Women and very young children dwell together, but the men lead a primitive club life of their own. They have no artificial appliances for comfort. There is practically no reserve or privacy in their lives.

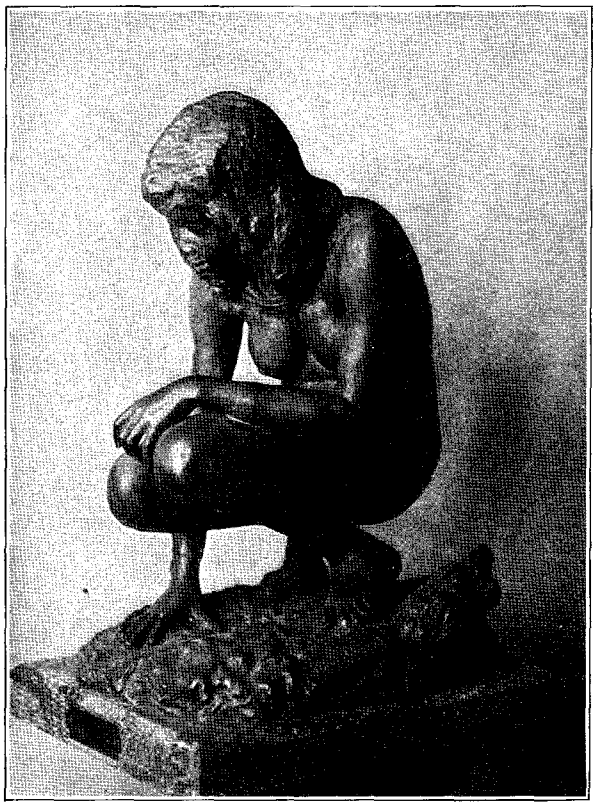
There would appear to be solid foundation in support of the following theory which accounts for the apparent arrest of the intellectual faculties at an early age. Certain it is that Central African children are exceedingly intelligent and quick-witted. The subsequent arrest of the intellectual faculties has been attributed to the premature closing and subsequent ossification of the sutures of the skull, thus arresting the normal expansion of the brain.

The Congo languages may be described as onomatopœic, a word which may be defined as representing a system of coining words from sounds. For example, in the same manner that our children say "Puff-puff" to indicate a train, so the African savages will use the words "Watamba tamba" to describe men who march in large bodies, in imitation of the sound of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

footsteps. "Watuku tuku" was also coined by them to designate white men, because they associated them with the sound of the engines of their river steamers. The first syllable "Wa" in each case represents the plural prefix denoting people.

Their languages are rich and liquid, and contain a preponderance of vowels. The beauty and plastic form of these languages are noticeable, suggesting the softness of Italian, the grace of French, and the precision of English.



A Congo Girl.

The most natural peculiarity of the language is the prevailing use of prefixes in place of suffixes, and an alliteration which amounts almost to rhyme. It is interesting to remember that this euphonious peculiarity is also found in early English.

Soft, pliant, and musical, the language is governed by an alliterative concord. There are but few consonants, of which, in the Lower Congo language, the letter "F" is the most frequently met with. In fact, the missionaries, in setting up type to print their translations of the Scriptures into Kikongo, had to send home an order for an extra stock of vowels and F's.

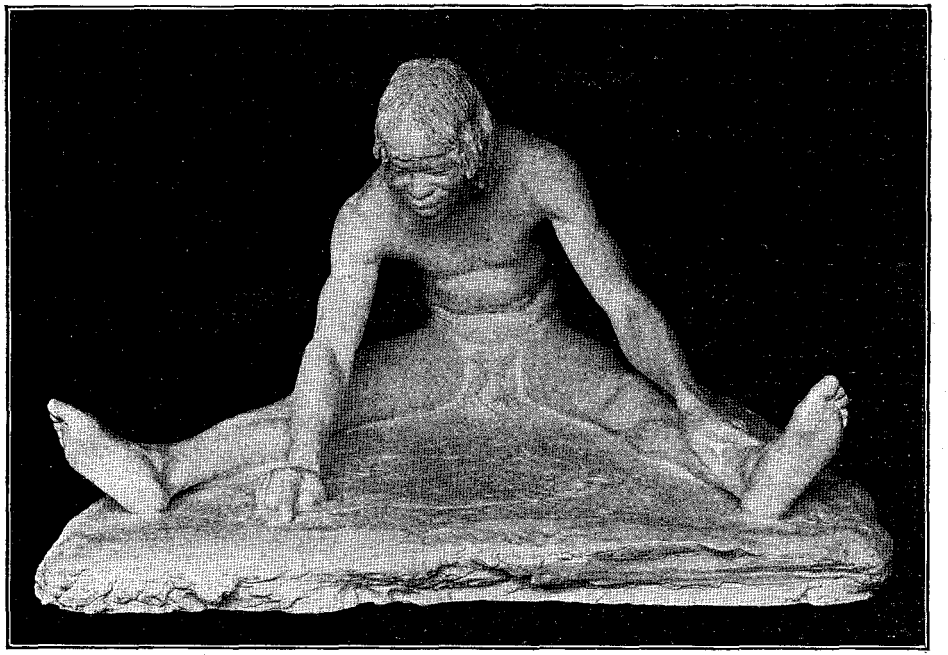
It is a fact worthy of remark that the first sound a Central African baby utters, like our own babies, is the word "Mamma." This same word "Mamma" I have heard uttered on more than one occasion by wounded Africans as a last dying articulation.

Central African natives are naturally eloquent and ready speakers. They are adepts in the use of metaphor. They reason well and they are ready debaters. The sonorous effect of their speech is greatly aided by the soft inflections and the moist euphony of their language.

The best illustration of the naïveté of Central African character occurred to me at a place called Manyanga, situated in the cataract region of the Lower Congo. It was during the hottest part of the day, and I was sitting on the veranda of my grass-thatched hut gazing upon the troubled waters of the cataracts, thinking of the particularly tragic incident which ended the life of Frank Pocock, perhaps the most tragic circumstance connected with Stanley's memorable travel across Africa in the year 1877. From where I sat, I could see the troubled waters swirling and foaming below the huge rocks against which the poor brave fellow had been dashed to death.

A party of natives returning from a market wended their way toward me, and the spokesman, by every persuasive power of speech, endeavored to sell me a skinny goat for treble its value. The interview ended abruptly, and a few minutes later I was watching the little party embarking in a canoe, paddling their way up-stream, keeping close to the shore, until they attained a point at which it was customary, but at all times hazardous, to steer the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Congo Savage.

A native drawing a fish in the mud.

frail round-bottomed dug-out across to the north bank, a distance of some five hundred yards, through violent and ever-changing whirlpools. About half a mile below this point the water churned itself into foam as it swept over a succession of enormous rocks, and represented a threatening danger to those who crossed the river.

Listlessly, at first, I watched the little party in their wabbling canoe until they had reached the critical part of their journey, the point at which they had to manœuvre their canoe so as to escape the vortex of a powerful whirlpool.

My apathy soon gave way to a feeling of keen apprehension as I observed the frail canoe being carried away, broadside on, in the swiftest part of the channel. The paddlers had evidently lost control, and the occupants of the canoe appeared to be overcome by a sense of impending disaster, for they began to sway the canoe from side to side in their endeavors to aid the paddlers.

By the time I reached the river's bank all was lost, for the canoe had sunk, and in its place were now merely a few black specks bobbing here and there, with occasionally an arm thrown up in wild despair.

In a few minutes all was ended, and the poor fellows who had been drowned were swept away by the terrific force of the stream. To my amazement, I perceived one individual who still kept afloat and who swam bravely back toward the south shore. Running along the river bank I kept pace with him as he drifted, and the tension of watching the poor man's efforts became acute. At the time, it seemed miraculous that the man should have power enough to reach the shore, but he did. My surprise can be imagined when I found that a child, a chubby little boy of four or five years of age, was still clinging around the man's neck.

Overcome by excitement and by admiration for the man's prowess, I aided him to land, and took the two survivors to my hut, where I collected everything I could lay my hands upon likely to be considered valuable in the eyes of a native. At the same time, as I presented the man with modest gifts, I told him that he had that day performed a deed which would greatly please white men. I told him that he was a plucky fellow for having saved a helpless child from imminent death. He replied:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, he is saved. I tried many times to shake him off, but he clung too tight!"

In order to relieve the monotony of my station life, I endeavored to institute an athletic meeting among the natives of the surrounding villages. Such a thing was an entire novelty in the country, where, indeed, the advent of the white man dated but a few months back.

A Congo Wood Carrier.

The chiefs with whom I discussed the matter readily agreed to bring their most powerful young men on the day appointed. They assented to my suggestions with so little surprise as to make it difficult for me to realize that I was introducing to them an entertainment of quite a strange character. Early on the day fixed for the sports I was startled by gun firing. Volleys were fired at regular intervals; indeed, the firing lasted until about ten o'clock, by which time I found my station crowded by between five and six hundred natives.

To provide refreshments for the party I had three large pigs roasted whole, and, in addition to a limited quantity of palm wine, which was scarce at that time, I had my two zinc baths filled with water so as to save my guests the trouble of going down-hill to the stream, which was some three hundred yards away.

I soon discovered that the unanimous wish of the people was to begin proceedings by partaking of refreshments, and although to my idea this was quite contrary to the usual custom followed at athletic meetings, I gave way. By noon provisions were exhausted, and there remained at the bottom of the two baths only a little greasy water where the natives had stooped down to drink after eating their fill of fat pork.

The first item on the programme was a hundred yards race in which every one seemed eager to enter. It was in vain that I tried to persuade them to relinquish their spears and shields; they explained to me that they could run just as well with them as without them.

The starting of this race was a most laborious business; handicapping was out of the question, and the line, when they all stood ready to go, extended for some distance. I had arranged to start them with a pistol shot. After numberless false starts and a good deal of angry wrangling, wherein one-half of the company appeared to lose their tempers and the other half to become sulky, I at length succeeded in getting them off.

Immediately all was chaos. The native idea seemed to be to win by disabling one's adversaries, and the race resolved itself into one wild struggle, in which most of those engaged found themselves on the ground.

The winning post was passed by about fifty men *en masse*.

I at last realized the difficulty of the situation. It was perfectly hopeless to explain matters. Every man who started in the race came to me clamoring for a prize, each one arguing that as he entered for the event he was justly entitled to reward!

Angry words were soon followed by blows, and during the remainder of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afternoon I found myself in the midst of a violent, turbulent mob of people who were apparently bereft of all reason.

The various chiefs next came to me for payment not only for their services, but also for the services of their people who had run in the race, and also for the gunpowder which they had expended in the morning, in order, so they said, to give the affair a good send-off.

It was late that night before my station resumed its normal quiet, and as I stretched myself out for the night, it was with the full conviction that the time for introducing sporting events in that part of the country was not yet ripe.

One day, whilst strolling through a native village, my attention was attracted by the piteous moaning of a woman. I found her lying upon a heap of refuse—banana peelings, sweepings, fish-bones, and rubbish, all seething in the hot sun. The poor creature appeared to be in great distress. Her body was smeared with blood and filth, and the flesh was literally torn from either side of her face, leaving her temples bare and raw.

Les Fugitifs.

In her agony she had clawed and torn her flesh with her finger nails. Her despair was indeed pitiful to behold, and I sought to soothe her, but all in vain.

Turning to a native who was standing by I inquired in the native language:

"What ails this woman? What manner of malady is this? Quickly tell me words to explain this."

The savage shrugged his shoulders, and with a scornful toss of his head he replied:

"That woman's baby died a few days ago. See! She bleeds herself with grief. That is all!"

Grief! The pathos of the scene would have moved a heart of stone. There at my feet was a revelation of savage feeling, of love and grief, of the deep emotions that can be enjoyed and suffered by one even of a cruel, cannibal race. As a mother, this woman had cherished and loved her child; as a savage, ignorant of faith and forlorn, she mourned her infant's death.

The following incident impressed me as being typical of African vanity:

It was in a market place, and the inhabitants of all the country-side were there, buying, selling, haggling; each individual talking incessantly, and quite indifferent as to whether any one listened.

Presently I detected the sound of angry voices. Said the Chief of Fumba to the Chief of Lutete:

"How poor are your people! A chief of people so poor is scarcely a chief at all. Do you not suffer from hunger? Are you not cold at night because you have no cloth? And your dead, is it not hard to place them in the ground without any cloth around their bodies? Your children, too—why, our slaves at Fumba own more wealth than your people of Lutete."

In the course of a heated reply I heard the Chief of Lutete allude to the forthcoming market of Nkandu. Said he:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Your words are the words of envy. At the Nkandu market we will show you that you lie, that your words are not true words. Wait, O Chief! Wait for the next market day."

This little dispute interested me, and I made a point of attending the next market. Everything went on as usual until noon. Suddenly I heard exclamations of astonishment and wonder. Hands were placed over open mouths in token of surprise as the people gazed upon a long procession which slowly wended its way up the hill. These were the people of Lutete, and they had come to answer the taunts of the Chief of Fumba by a parade of their wealth and possessions.

Le Sorcier.

There were probably two hundred men and women, and the chief, who led them in person, was most gorgeously attired. He carried a scarlet parasol, encircled with gold lace. Upon his head he wore an English lifeguardsman's helmet; around his neck he had the wooden circlet of a tambourine with its little brass cymbals jingling, and he wore next to his naked body the scarlet tunic of a militia uniform, which, together with some yards of multi-colored cotton cloth wrapped round his waist, with the ends trailing in the dusty ground behind him, completed his dress. The costumes of his followers were no less amazing in their incongruity, and the whole formed a collection of so varied a nature as would have aroused the interest of a Houndsditch clothier. The parasols of all shades and descriptions; the yards of cloth and cotton goods; the rows upon rows of glass beads which adorned the bodies of the women; the jingling of the bells; the brave show of old flint-lock guns; the queer uses to which some of the garments had been put, all made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

Without a word being said the cavalcade entered the market place and in a most dignified manner they marched through the throng of admiring and dumfounded spectators, only to retire in the same order as they had come, still without uttering a word, whilst we all stood gazing in astonishment and silence as they followed the narrow serpentine path which led them back to their village in the valley below.

A touching incident, illustrating the sentiment of gratitude, followed my efforts to give relief to a suffering baby. Some months later, I was surprised in the middle of the night by seeing a dark shadow cast upon the entrance of my tent. A woman's voice, hushed in tone, said to me:

"Here, O white man, take this egg! Many moons ago my baby suffered. You gave it medicine and it is well. I am a poor woman; I have nothing. But—O take this egg!"

Much touched by her words I arose from my bed, accepted the egg, and placed it in one of my boots for safe-keeping.

The following morning, whilst my caravan was getting ready for the day's march, I gave the egg to my cook, instructing him to poach it for my breakfast. A few min-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Idol Maker.

utes later he returned to me, holding in his hand a broken egg-shell, saying:

"Master, that egg was a bad one!"

As a contrary illustration, I must cite the instance of a man who suffered from a form of skin disease. By dint of simple remedies I succeeded in purifying the man's blood, and, in fact, the patient proved so amenable to my treatment that at the end of a month I told him that he was perfectly cured and might go home.

"Yes, O white man!" he replied. "But what will you pay me? I have been with you many days, a whole moon has passed, what will you pay me for all that time?"

As an amusing instance of African human nature I recall a native who visited me in my tent at dawn. He told me that he knew of the whereabouts of elephants. He led the way. After travelling several times the distance he had previously indicated, I expostulated with him for lying, and refused to go further. It was the early part of the afternoon. He replied:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, you had better come on now! It is further for you to go back to your camp than it is to go where the elephants actually are."

An interesting friend of mine was Luemba, living in the Cataract region of the Lower Congo; he once said philosophically:

"I have worked for white men and have had much hardship. I have been flogged for making mistakes, I have had my pay stopped, and I have seen much trouble. Now I will worship God and live quietly by the side of the Mission Station listening to the missionary, who says that it does not matter whether we be rich or poor, for rich and poor alike enjoy the same chances of going to heaven. What use is it for me to work? No! I will sleep."

In 1886, when proceeding to take command of the Station of Bangala, a populous district of the Congo Independent State, one thousand miles in the interior, I travelled up the Upper Congo on board the sternwheel steamer *Le Stanley*, my companions being Captain Deane, and Dr. Oscar Lentz, a well-known German scientist.

Arriving late in the evening at a village called Lulungu, situated on the south bank, we applied to the people for provisions, for we had on board some four hundred native followers, a portion of whom were Houssa soldiers, these latter being attached to Captain Deane, who was on his ill-fated journey to take command of Stanley Falls Station.

The Chief of Lulungu informed us that his people were in great trouble. They were at war with a neighboring village, and daily they had sustained heavy losses; in fact many of their people had been already captured and eaten, and they feared that they would very shortly be overpowered by the superior number of their adversaries.

We held a palaver, and it was agreed that we should enter into the matter at sunrise.

The following morning endeavors were made to parley with the chief of the hostile village. Spears were hurled at us, and our overtures were treated with derisive yells.

Dividing the two villages a stockade had been formed about twelve feet high, composed of the sides of old canoes which had been split lengthways. The Houssas fired a volley through the stockade, and Deane gave the word to rush forward.

Clambering over the stockade, we fell on the opposite side in a confused mass, during which time the natives continued hurling spears at us, and firing occasional shots from their one or two flint-lock guns.

For several minutes the scene was one of indescribable confusion, and the noise of shouting, shrieking savages had a peculiar awesome effect upon the nerves.

After making two or three plucky stands, the warriors incontinently bolted to seek cover in the high grass of the neighboring swamp. In retiring they set fire to their village, and as a strong wind was blowing, the grass huts crackled and blazed until we found ourselves enveloped in sheets of flame. Stifled by the smoke, singed by the fire, and half-blinded, we suffered considerable discomfort. A few minutes sufficed to convert the village into a mass of charred, smouldering sticks and poles.

The Lulungu people immediately rushed toward the river, calling us to follow. There, attached to stakes, immersed to their chins in the water, we found four Lulungu captives in a pitiable plight. Following the habit of the country, their captors had subjected these poor captives to a process of soaking preparatory to their being killed and eaten.

Throughout Central Africa one finds a remarkable system of communication between villages by means of drum tapping.

It is evidently of very ancient origin, and has been referred to as the forerunner of writing. Travelling through Africa, one's arrival is always anticipated by this means.

The drum that is most commonly used for this purpose consists of the segment of a hard red-wood tree, some six feet long and about two feet in diameter, the inside of which has been hollowed out by means of a small adze-shaped tool. This is a work which occupies much time and considerable patience. One side being left thicker than the other gives the means of producing two distinct tones.

They first "call" the town by a series of taps. They can argue, and they are able even in war time to communicate with their enemies and make terms. This applies more particularly to the riverine tribes who, finding that sound travels better over water, are in the habit of taking their drums to the water's edge. Their signals are repeated from one village to another.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Les Bantus.

Seeing, they see not: and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand.

The drum is beaten by two wooden sticks capped by balls of rubber, and the system consists of irregular taps upon the two notes. In spite of all my efforts I was never able to acquire any practical information concerning their methods. But I can personally vouch for the wonderful accuracy with which they conveyed tidings and doings.

By way of testing their powers I once asked for the despatch of a canoe manned by four men, to be sent from a village on a distant shore. They duly shoved off, and after a few minutes I asked them to telegraph that the canoe was too small, that they were to return, and that what I required was a larger one with an increased number of men. Instantly the canoe returned to the shore, and a larger one set out more fully manned, my order being promptly and perfectly executed.

The natives frequently send word to each other by means of drum tapping, as to the whereabouts of elephants, hippopotami, or buffalo, and calling all hands to go and hunt them. They give the description of the place, so that all can meet together at a given spot and join the hunt.

The natives become greatly excited by the booming of a drum; and it is a curious fact related by natives that chimpanzees in the forest have been noticed to have been affected by the rhythmical beating of a drum.

On my passage home from Africa I travelled on board a Portuguese steamer. When within about twelve hours' steam of the island of San Thomé, which lies on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equator, off Gaboon, we sighted a capsized boat. The weather had been rough, and a heavy sea was still running. We lowered a boat, which proceeded with difficulty toward the derelict. Our astonishment was great when we found that two Africans were clinging to the overturned boat. Soon we had them on board, two forlorn men, who were quite exhausted. After a little rest and nourishment we succeeded in obtaining their story. They were both slaves, belonging to a cocoa plantation. Three days before they had attempted to escape from their cruel bondage in an open boat. Having no knowledge whatever of their bearings they merely rowed, with true African unreasoning confidence, in the direction of the rising sun. They were caught by the storm, their boat was capsized, and they had passed three days clinging to the bottom of the boat without food of any description.

Their survival was the more remarkable from the fact that the ocean in the vicinity of San Thomé is one of the most shark-infested portions of the coast.

We naturally felt great pity for them, and they were the recipients of various presents, including a very handsome clasp-knife.

That same night there was a disturbance between these two men. It was discovered that the man who had received the clasp-knife was deliberately attempting to kill his comrade, and had already inflicted some deep flesh wounds. The trouble arose from a spirit of envy. One man had been allotted a blue blanket and the other a red blanket, and the man with the clasp-knife was envious of his companion's blanket, which he preferred to his own. It was a deadly quarrel over a mere question of color.

Living as we do, generation after generation, in a condition of continuous progression, surrounded by so much that is complicated and artificial in our lives, it is difficult for us to really understand what life means to the African savage who dwells in harmony with wild and unrestricted nature.

With reference to the native's disregard for human life, it must be remembered that the motive does not always proceed from mere malignity of nature. Sometimes it is due to superstition, sometimes to fear. The people are sometimes over-ready to attack through dread of being attacked. They kill lest they should be killed. It is very true that a slight motive is often enough for taking human life, but that does not prevent them—even the worst cannibal tribes—from having a disposition that is in some respects amiable and very easily conciliated and amused.

Human nature is always the same; it does not change. We all know that there are certain qualities indigenous to the human mind. These identical qualities which we share with Africans should surely be regarded, more than they are at present, as bonds of sympathy and conciliation in uniting men's affection for one another.

That "untaught nature has no principles" is a familiar axiom. In the case of the African savages, one is often too ready to estimate them as beings of nature, untaught, a degraded race, without conscience or even scruples. True it is that so they appear, for they have none of those finer feelings or sentiments which are known to us as mercy or charity; but the result of intercourse with even the lowest types affords abundant testimony of their being in possession of an instinctive conscience. It is also true that they are naturally cruel, that they rob and murder and even eat the bodies of their fellow-men; but the fact must not be forgotten that they are not conscious of wrong in so doing. An African savage seldom does that which he feels intuitively to be wrong.

The natives of Central Africa possess a clear intelligence within the limits of their own experience. Under the influence of good example they will surely relinquish their evil customs, for their natures are capable of better things. It is as sure that they will improve under good guidance as it is unfortunately sure that Europeans of an inferior moral and intellectual standard, prompted by greed, who have been thrown among them have, in too many cases, assimilated a double measure of the native's lower qualities. There must be hope for the future of a people who are so amenable to kind and judicious treatment. We should always bear in mind that the savage of to-day serves to indicate to us how far we ourselves have advanced from a similarly primitive condition.

It has been my experience that the longer one lives with Africans, the more one grows to love them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Howard Payne.

Washington Irving.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

[1821–1828]

Edited by Payne's Grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

FIRST PAPER

INTRODUCTION

THE following letters are published for the first time.

In preparing them for publication I have eliminated uninteresting portions, and have introduced only a few explanatory notes, leaving the letters, so far as possible, to tell their own tale.

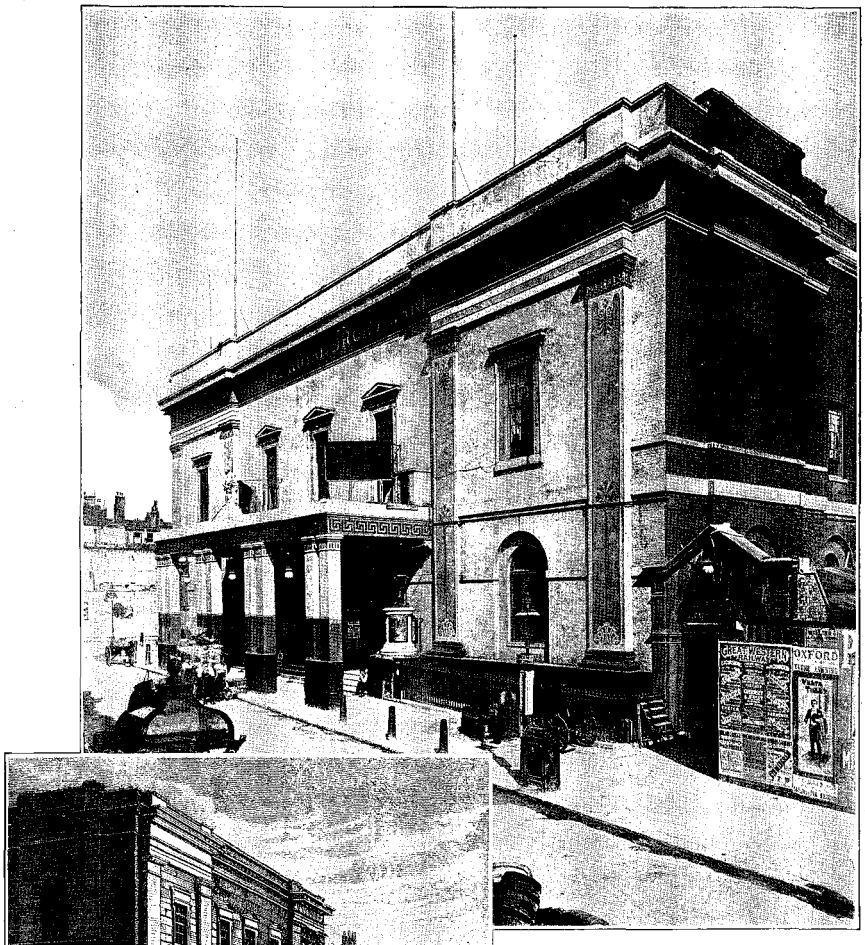
The letters from Irving to Payne came to me from my mother, who was a niece of John Howard Payne, being the only child of Payne's youngest brother, Thatcher.

The letters from Payne to Irving are from letter copybooks which I secured several years ago at an auction sale in Philadelphia of some of Payne's papers.

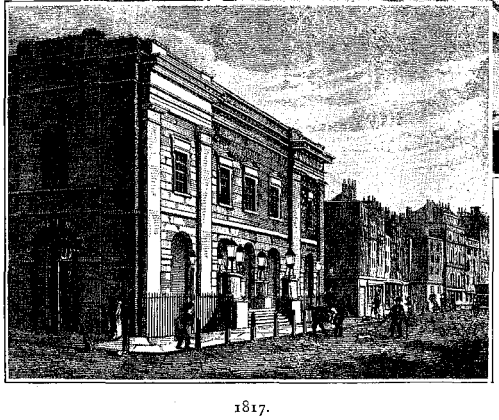
It was John Howard Payne's habit to preserve all letters he received and to retain copies, either written or impressed in special books, of all letters that he wrote, so that when he died in Tunis, in 1852, he left an accumulation of letters besides other manuscripts, which if they could have been preserved intact would have been now of great value and interest.

Of Payne's numerous brothers and sisters only his oldest sister Lucy, the widow of Dr. John Cheever Osborn, and his young-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1906.



1817.

Drury Lane Theatre.

est brother, my grandfather, Thatcher T. Payne, survived him.

The latter was an invalid, and was therefore obliged to attend to the settlement of his brother's estate by correspondence. The result was, his requests for information and his directions as to settlement were ignored, and instead of the furniture and library being sold to satisfy the claims against the estate, everything, including valuable paintings and all papers and manuscripts, was sold or otherwise disposed of, and no accounting ever rendered. In 1864, after the death of both Mrs. Osborn and my grandfather, my mother, who four years before had married my father, Rev. Lea Luquer, began a correspondence with Mr. Amos Perry of Rhode Island, then Consul at Tunis, who thoroughly investigated the whole matter and advised her that the testimony of witnesses then living proved that, although the furniture, library, pictures, etc., had been sold, no manuscripts or letters had been offered at either of the sales, and that although most of the papers had disappeared, he had discovered several boxes of them which had evidently been rejected as valueless. At my mother's request these boxes were for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Talma as Hamlet.
From a painting by I. Lousdale.

Charles Kemble.

R. W. Elliston.
Lessee and manager of the Drury Lane Theatre.

warded to her, and were the only effects she ever recovered from her uncle's estate. In one of these boxes were the Irving letters which form the basis of this article, besides fragments of diaries and other papers.

Early in 1906 a sale of manuscripts, formerly the property of John Howard Payne, was advertised to take place in Philadelphia. Upon investigation I found the collection consisted of some remnants of Payne's most valuable scrap-books, manuscripts, and letters which had been so mysteriously dispersed in Tunis, and that until quite recently they had been in the possession of the late Wm. Penn Chandler, the Consul at Tunis who succeeded Payne. Because of the many years elapsing since these papers had disappeared, it was not possible to recover them by process of law, so I attended the sale and bought such of the letter-books, scrap-books, etc., as I cared for. In the letter-books I found copies of Payne's replies to many of Irving's letters, as well as copies of letters to others on the same subjects, which, taken together, form a nearly complete narrative. I have also introduced a few other letters which help to illustrate the trials and tribulations of play production, about which the correspondence centres.

The translating and adapting of plays for the English stage was taken up experimentally by Irving, but was followed for some years by Payne as a profession, and their association in this work as revealed in this correspondence is an interesting feature of their friendship. This friendship probably began in 1806, when Irving was a young man of twenty-three and Payne a precocious boy of fifteen. Irving had been abroad for two years travelling in search of health, and returned to New York early in that year to resume his place in the coterie of youthful writers and young men about town, of which he was a brilliant member, and which included his brother Peter and his brother-in-law Paulding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Payne had come to New York from Boston the previous year to take a position in his late brother William's business office, which his father's financial difficulties made necessary. Unfitted though he was for business pursuits, his precocious literary and social talents attracted the attention of several men prominent intellectually and socially, and resulted in his introduction into the literary society of the day at an unusually youthful age. It was undoubtedly at one of these "Bohemian" gatherings that he first met Irving. Payne in his dedication of "Richelieu," the play whose vicissitudes are so fully described in these letters, and which was finally produced and published in 1826, mentions their friendship as of twenty years' standing.

John Howard Payne.
From a water-color by Jarvis.

John Howard Payne.
Painted on ivory by Wood.

However, it is not probable that their friendship progressed much beyond the bounds of acquaintance for some years, for in June, 1806, Payne was sent to Union College, and remained there until 1808, when his father's business failure compelled him to leave and do something for the family support. His talents and inclination indicated probable success in a stage career, and having secured an engagement, he made his début at the Park Theatre in New York, in February, 1809. As the "American Roscius" he had great success, and notes in his diary, on the first anniversary of his début, that his profits for the year had been $10,000, which had enabled him to relieve his father's financial difficulties, and at the same time provide himself with a good equipment for his professional career. His popularity, however, did not increase, and although his career was reasonably successful, he determined in 1812 to try fresh fields, and sailed for England to seek his fortune in the London theatres.

During the three years of Payne's life as an actor in America, he undoubtedly renewed and cultivated his friendship with Irving and his brother Peter, for both had a liking for actors and the stage, and it is evident from a letter or two I have from Peter Irving to Payne, just after Payne arrived in London, that their acquaintance at that time was one of cordial intimacy, although Irving had been in England for a year or two.

Payne's career on the English stage was a repetition of his career on the American stage, his popularity not increasing with passing time, for as he grew older he lost something of his boyish beauty, and his talent as a man was not so unusual and appealing as the same talent in a youth.

His diminishing fortune as an actor, therefore, inclined him to other pursuits,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in 1815, on the advice of a friend, he translated and adapted a French play which was successfully produced at Drury Lane, under the title of "The Maid and the Magpie."

For the next fifteen years, until his return to America, he devoted himself mostly to this kind of work, dividing his time between London and Paris, according to the varied necessities of producing and marketing his wares, and the state of his pocketbook.

In 1819–20 he attempted the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and failing disastrously was, in accordance with the illogical system of the time, imprisoned in the debtors' section of the Fleet, until a successful adaptation of a French play "Thérèse," produced at Drury Lane, provided funds for his release.

In 1823 while in Paris under contract to supply operas and plays to Covent Garden, he wrote the libretto for an operetta, "Clari," the music being furnished by Sir Henry Bishop. A song being later required for one scene in the opera, he wrote "Home Sweet Home," and suggested the music which Bishop so well fitted to the words.

So much briefly as to Payne's career up to the time of these letters.

Irving during the same period also passed through many trials and experiences. He had made his reputation as an author by the "Knickerbocker History of New York," published in 1809, which so pleased his brothers that in order to provide means for Washington to fully develop his literary talents, they organized a company with Washington as a sort of sleeping partner, arranging for him to share in the earnings without having to devote much time to business. The company's affairs prospered at first, but were so badly affected by the War of 1812 that Washington Irving was compelled to go over after peace was declared in 1815 to try to help Peter save the company from disaster. This he was unable to accomplish, and they were obliged in 1818 to go into bankruptcy. These matters had taken so much of his attention that for some years Washington Irving had not had time for writing, but when relieved from his business worries, he went back to his literary work with renewed energy, and speedily enhanced his reputation and replenished his coffers by the publication of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," the latter soon after this correspondence begins.

That these two men should have drifted into close friendship is not strange, for they were fellow-countrymen in a foreign land, had mutual friends, similar tastes, and were both striving to make their living by the pen.

The first letter is not dated and there is no clew as to the period when it was written other than that it was at a time when Irving and Payne were both in London, and one of Payne's plays was soon to have its first production.

It is written on a piece of paper torn from a letter to Payne from James O'Leary, which Irving found at Payne's lodgings.

The next three letters were written before Irving began his attempts at play writing, but show his keen interest in Payne's affairs, and his friendly efforts to help the latter on in his literary career.

Payne had gone over to Paris in 1821, as soon as he had compounded with his creditors and had been released from the Fleet. Irving was in Paris also that year until the 11th of July, returning to London for the coronation of George IV.

Irving in his diary mentions Payne as at this time occupying "the first floor of a small house in a garden," and goes with him to call on Talma. He also notes that "Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are very feasible."

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

The letters in this instalment are from Washington Irving to John Howard Payne unless otherwise stated.

DEAR PAYNE:

I find you have many applications for orders, and should feel delicate about applying for any—but I know they cost you nothing & that you are anxious to have your friends present. I mean to get Newton & Leslie to accompany me & make a party to persuade the folks not to hiss. If you can furnish us with orders—so; if not we will go at our own expense & consider ourselves at liberty to hiss as much as we please.

We will call at your lodgings on our way to the theatre, if you have spare orders

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leave them for us. I wish to hold out no menaces; but I have in my possession a cat-call that has been of potent service in helping to damn half a score of new tragedies.

Yours truly,

W. IRVING.

Addressed:
Monsr. J. H. Payne,
Petite Rue de St. Pierre No. 16,
Pont aux Choux,
à Paris.

LONDON, 41 Gr. Marlboro' St.
Augt 1, 1821.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I recd your letter of 16th July about the 23d or 24th but have been looking out in vain for the parcel containing the dramatic piece.[1] It has not as yet come to hand. I had intended before this to have gone to my sisters, in the country but have remained in town in daily expectation of the arrival of the parcel. I wish you would enquire after it, and forward it without delay, to the above address. I called on Hazlitt[2] a day or two after my arrival. He is not the Editor of the Magazine,[3] but writes for it at the rate of 16 guineas a sheet. (I. E. a guinea a page) The Mag: is at present owned by Taylor & Hessey. He told me he would speak to them on the subject, and thought it probable they would be induced to take writings from you, on experiment, at the same rate. Though of course they would not want above half a sheet, say 8 pages from one author per month, as they like to have a variety of styles and authors. He told me he would either call on me or write to me after he had seen Taylor & Hessey. I have heard nothing from him as yet.

As to your wish respecting Mr. Rush[4] I do not know whether I shall ever have an opportunity of talking freely enough with him to make the suggestion. I called on him a day or two after my arrival but he suffered ten or twelve days to elapse before he returned my call; and then talked a few minutes with Mr. Newton,[5] at whose lodgings I am, and took leave before I could come down stairs; making some apology that he had to go to call on some one at Dicks coffee house. He is rather whimsical in his arrangements about visitors and I had not seen him for many months before I left London last year for Paris. I do not care on my own account; having no inclination just now for any society—but I felt chagrined as I wanted to speak on your concerns.

Price[1] is here beating up for recruits. Philips[2] will go out on a regular engagement. Charles Kemble[3] seems inclined to pay America a visit. Price has offered Braham 10,000£ for one year. Braham[4] lends a listening ear and I should not be surprised if he should be tempted to go a year or so hence. Kean[5] having behaved like a fool and a jackanapes in America, and completely quarrelled with his own bread and butter, has come back post haste to London, and resumed his throne at Drury Lane with a flourish of trumpets from Elliston.[6] Both manager and actor have been completely baulked. Kean has failed to draw houses, and in consequence of sudden indisposition, and the advice of his physician, has resolved not to appear again until next winter!

The Coronation Piece at Covent Garden draws bumpers. A show of the kind is now acting at Drury Lane, but I have not heard with what success.

I have heard nothing of the Solitaire—it certainly has not yet been published; but may possibly be in hand. I see that the Surry Theatre has got hold of the pretty little piece "L'auberge du grand Frederick," which pleased me so much just before leaving Paris.

Let me hear from you, what you are about. I stay almost entirely at home, and

[1] "The Borrower," a play which Irving tried to place for Payne in London.

[2] William Hazlitt (1778–1830), essayist and writer on the drama and the stage.

[3] *The London Magazine*, bought by John Taylor and Hessey in 1821, and published by them at 93 Fleet Street and afterward in Waterloo Place.

[4] Richard Rush (1780–1859), United States Minister to England, 1817–25.

[5] Gilbert Stuart Newton (1794–1835), artist and nephew of Gilbert Stuart. He was a very close friend of the artist C. R. Leslie, whom he met in Paris in 1817. He painted a portrait of Irving, having been introduced to him by Leslie.

[1] Stephen Price, American theatrical manager, who succeeded Elliston as manager of Drury Lane Theatre in 1826, which place he held for about four years.

[2] Henry Philips (1801–1876), a famous bass singer who joined the Covent Garden troupe in 1823.

[3] Charles Kemble (1775–1854), the famous actor and manager and father of the no less famous Fanny Kemble. He became manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822, and after many vicissitudes was rescued from his financial difficulties by his daughter's successes subsequent to her début in 1829.

[4] John Braham (1774–1856), a popular tenor singer, who joined the Drury Lane troupe in 1805, and remained with them nearly continuously until his retirement.

[5] Edmund Kean (1787–1833), the eminent tragedian, who after his early trials as a barn stormer leaped into fame at Drury Lane Theatre in 1800, where he continued, except for brief intervals, until his death.

[6] Robert William Elliston (1774–1831), a most versatile and popular actor, manager of Drury Lane Theatre from 1819 to 1826, and of the Surrey Theatre from 1827 until his death. He was notorious for his eccentricities on and off the stage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been but twice out of doors for five days past; yet I am in a dreadfully idle vein. The closeness and thickness of the London air seems to have got into my brain. I wish my self back again at Paris a dozen times a day.

Do not fail to enquire about the Mss. and forward it immediately; as I want to go into the country.

Yours most truly,

W. IRVING.

Same address.

LONDON, *Aug.* 23rd, 1821.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have recd your letter of Aug. 12th. Your piece ("The Borrower") came to hand the day after I last wrote to you; having been lying at the office where the Ambassador's Bag is opened, the packet being considered too large to send by the twopenny post. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to do any thing with it. I saw Elliston the morning after I received it. He read the piece that same day, and got George Lamb[1] to read it. I saw him by appointment the same evening behind the scenes; but he said it would not do. It would be considered an imitation of Diddler.[2] He regretted the thing extremely, as he wished to serve you, and he was particularly in want of a small piece, just at that time, to precede his coronation spectacle. The latter I know to be the case, as to the former you are the best judge. He was extremely civil and put me on his free list. I find by his talk that he has an agent in Paris at a weekly salary. I forget his name.

I then got Miller[3] to offer the piece at the Haymarket (the covent garden theatre being closed). I should have offered it myself in person but Terry[4] has never had the civility to respond to some advances I once made to his acquaintance. I told Miller however to use my name as sending and recommending the piece. I heard nothing further until last evening, though I wrote in the interim, urging a prompt reply. Last evening I recd the piece with a note from Little Miller who says: "I received the Farce from Mr. Terry yesterday. He had previously written to me to say that he had read it very carefully, but that his opinion was that it would not be successful on representation. He regretted this, because they want *one act* pieces at the Haymarket theatre, and I regret it because I should have been glad to have been serviceable to the author."

I know, from other sources, that they are much in want of attractive novelties at the Haymarket.

Hazlitt has gone out of town without letting me hear from him on the subject of the Magazine; though he had frequently promised to do so.

I feel extremely chagrined at not being able to give you more profitable reports; but I hope that the pieces which you have sent to Mrs. Glover[1] may be more successful. Should she be out of town, and the pieces be sent to me I will try to do something with them. I intend leaving town myself however, in the course of four or five days, as I am anxious to see my sister[2] and her family. When I return to town I will let you know; and I hope I may then be able to render you more effectual service. I am terribly hampered and tied up at present; being anxious to get something ready for the press, but not being able to command my time and my mind sufficiently to do anything. I am therefore in that uncomfortable state of being neither able to employ my time for myself, nor to spare it for others. Staying home to write, but not being able to get my thoughts home enough for the purpose.

You suggested in your first letter that I should write something about N. B.[3] in my next work. I have no intention of the kind; but could you not get some interesting anecdotes concerning him, and swell them out, either for a Pamphlet or for a magazine, for the latter I think it would certainly command cash. Talma[4] could give you many curious anecdotes. Those

[1] George Lamb (1784–1834), politician and dramatic critic.
[2] Jeremy Diddler was a character in a popular play "Raising the Wind," by James Kenney, produced in 1803.
[3] John Miller, a publisher of plays. In 1822 Irving writes to Brevoort that Miller "is a most deserving and meritorious little man, indefatigable in the discharge of any commission intrusted to him, and moderate and conscientious in his charges." He devoted himself almost exclusively to American business.
[4] Daniel Terry (1780?–1829), an actor for many years at Covent Garden Theatre. From 1813 to 1822 he acted in the summer at the Haymarket.

[1] Mrs. Samuel Glover, née Julia Betterton (1779–1850), the leading comic actress of her time.
[2] Sarah Van Wart, Washington Irving's next older sister, who was the wife of Henry Van Wart, and lived near Birmingham.
[3] Evidently Napoleon Bonaparte.
[4] François Joseph Talma (1763–1826), the famous French tragedian, to whom Irving was introduced by Payne in April, 1821.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relative to his private life, familiar habits, manners, talk, dress, &c., &c. would be most interesting. All the world knows him as a public character and every scribbler scribbles about him as a politician. Facts are what are most interesting, and the less comments the better—collect all kinds of anecdotes, good bad or indifferent—from all kinds of people—tell every thing you have ever heard or seen—you are on the spot to collect facts. So long as you tell anecdotes no matter how much you tell. Send the Mss. to me, care of Newton, 41 Gr. Marlboro St. and I am sure I can get something for it, if only a guinea a sheet from a magazine.

Let the whole appear candid and good humored; without leaning to either side.

P. S. I shall leave the "Borrower" sealed up, in the hands of Mr. Newton.

Payne to Irving (from a written copy by Payne)

PARIS, *March* 30, 1822.

Washington Irving, Esq.,
Care of J. Miller, Esq., Bookseller,
69 Fleet Street, London.

MY DEAR IRVING:

If I could convey to you any idea of the pleasure it gave me to find you still remembered there was such a being, it would, I am sure, be some recompence for the trouble of which I have unknowingly been the cause. I am so isolated, and my feelings are become so distempered by annoyance, that these electrical thrills of early and national association, are at times the only things that can revive the consciousness that I belong to a world and have my friends and my relations and my country, like other people. "I am unused to any sudden touch of joy and it o'er-comes me."

I only got your letter at noon this day. There is a gentleman going off tomorrow morning at six, and I have only just seen him; (8 in the evening) so, as I must be at his Hotel with my letters at eleven, I must be brief, for which, no doubt, you will feel not a little grateful.

First, with regard to the magazines. I send a M.S.S. which I chanced to have by me. It is a free translation but make no ceremony about it, if you think it wont do. If it will, you can take anything you can get for it, no matter how little. I will write an article on the Theatres and try and send it to you in a few days, as Kenny talks of going over in a week, or so. I think a regular number to be called "The Story Teller," or some name of that sort, might be kept up in a Magazine, making an introduction, and giving a monthly portion to the extent of what I now send.

. . . . . .

The little Tales I have mentioned would be very easily done. You will be able, from the M.S.S. to tell me how much of such writing would make a sheet; and that will be a guide as to measure. I think the little scraps of jeu d'esprit and anecdote, of which every magazine and paper here has at least half a column, if judiciously selected, and thrown into one focus, would make another excellent permanent and spirituelle contribution, to be headed "Flashes" or "Sparkles" or anything you like. The analyses will be more difficult and expensive, as I must first buy the books and then read them, two important operations; and what may be yet more difficult in many cases, I must understand them too, which is more than their writers can, sometimes; but this I will try as soon as I can get a little before hand in money matters.

. . . . . .

You know the history of my correspondence last summer with Elliston. He tried to fool me. I saw his scheme; I insisted on his being explicit, then he became silent. My wants forced me to overlook one or two indignities; and I sent him two pieces which happened to meet his wants at the moment. He took them on his own terms. He was to pay me for a week's work and then employed me three months without pay into the bargain. I gave "Love in Humble Life" for (a promise of) £20 down, and "Adeline" for £30 the copyright and £15 every third night, till it should reach 100 guineas.

. . . . . .

I hope you will excuse me for asking you to call on Elliston for me, and to endeavour to impress upon him the necessity of letting me have my money. I enclose a draft, which, if he makes any difficulty, it would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be well to get him to accept, and perhaps Miller might get it discounted.

. . . . . .

You may also ask for the M.S.S. of "Love in Humble Life" which is my property, and my original M.S.S. of "Adeline."

I have lately got quite intimate at Kenny's and have dined at Mr. Villemel's, where I met *Moore*, who was very civil.

With a thousand apologies,

Yours most gratefully & sincerely,

J. H. P.

Have the goodness to give my little farce of "The Borrower" to Miller to hand to Mrs. Glover.

Addressed:
Monsr. John H. Payne,
No. 25 Rue de la Colombier,
Hotel de la Louisane,
Faubourg St. Germain,
Paris.

LONDON *June* 8th 1822.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have suffered an enormous time to elapse without writing to you; but in truth I am behindhand with all my friends and have suffered such an amount of epistolary debts to accumulate that I am almost in despair of paying even the interest. Miller has no doubt told you long since of the success or rather want of success with Elliston. I called on him twice without seeing him, and being unwell & lame at the time I had to commit the matter to Miller. Elliston did not pretend to dispute your claims but plead poverty and incapacity to pay. The last time I saw him he told me he had been paying you off in weekly sums to Mrs. Glover, so I suppose the debt is liquidated before this. He appeared to be rather sore at your having dunned him through others; & thought it was rather exposing the nakedness of the Land. I do not think it worth your while to deal with him hereafter. As Covent Garden is in new hands you might be able to get your pieces brought out there; & Charles Kemble who is at the head of the management is a gentleman and a man to be depended upon.

The manuscript you sent me I could not get any thing for at the London Magazines to which I applied. They thought the stories had not sufficient interest & point & would prefer something not so merely translation.

Hessey one of the proprietors of the London Mag: would like to have something from you entirely original & would then judge how much he could afford to give per sheet. I could do nothing with the plan you proposed about republishing lithographic plates of Bonapartes history with accompanying details. There has been so much published about Bonaparte that the public is rather sated with the subject; & the expense of the prints &c. would not be paid, by the additional sale.

I had hoped to have received from you the theatrical essay which you promised to send by Kenney[1]; but Kenney has never arrived and whether or no the manuscript is sleeping in his pocket at Paris I cannot say. I should think you might do something very good in that line. I want to see you *swimming without corks*—throwing by translations and reconstructions and writing something from your own brain. A set of essays, tales &c. taken from your own dramatic experience & invention would be more likely to succeed than any thing you could translate.

I have published a couple of volumes[2] lately, which seem to be well received. The getting them ready for the press has been a grievous task for me, as I have been out of health ever since my return to England. The confinement of body & tasking of mind necessary for composition have retarded my recovery and I am still subject to lameness & to inflammation in my legs. I shall leave London in the course of a week or two, for a watering place on the continent probably Aix La Chapelle, and shall see you in Paris towards the latter part of the autumn.

Before I go out of town I will have a talk with Charles Kemble about you, as I am on very good terms with him, and I will endeavour to secure a favourable reception for any thing you may send to his theatre.

With best wishes I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. IRVING.

[1] James Kenney (1780–1849), dramatist. In 1817 he collaborated with Payne in writing "The Portfolio, or the Family of Anglade," produced at Covent Garden Theatre on February 1st of that year. In 1821 he was residing in the offices of the old Chateau of Bellevue, near Paris, built by Louis XV for Mme. Pompadour, and was engaged in adapting French plays for the English stage. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft the actor, whose daughter Fanny was an actress and dramatist. Irving in a letter says, "Kenney is a very worthy and a very pleasant fellow; a thin, pale man, with a gentleness of demeanor and manner, and very nervous."

[2] *Bracebridge Hall*, published in England on May 23d, and in America on May 21st.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. S. I have this moment heard that Stephen Price is just arrived in London—22 days from n. york. Of course on a recruiting expedition—Price means to visit Paris soon.

Early in 1823 Payne was living at "No. 156 Galerie des Bons Enfans, au dessus du Salon Literraire, Palais Royal, Paris," where he wrote "Home Sweet Home" for his operetta "Clari," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 1823.

His success in disposing of "Clari" and two plays, "Ali Pacha" and "The Two Galley Slaves," to Covent Garden in March encouraged him to rent a cottage at Versailles, where he could work undisturbed, using the apartment in the Palais Royal as an office. The cottage had a large garden and the rent was fifty dollars for nine months. Later he gave up his Versailles cottage, and rented apartments in the rue Richelieu No. 89, which he sublet to Irving except for one room which he reserved for his own use when in Paris.

Addressed:
Monsieur Howard Payne,
Palais Royal No. 156,
a Paris

HAVRE, *Sept.* 27th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE

The situation you mention on the Rue Richelieu is very central & desirable—but the price (150 fr) is rather beyond what I wished to go to in the present state of my purse. I shall, however, either take the apartment myself, or find some other tenant for it, so do not let your mind be troubled on that head. I had many doubts as to the apartment on the Rue Basse, on the score of horses, grooms, &c. but why did you not think again of the old womans fragment of a palace in the place du carrousel. However—*n'importe*, I dare say the quarters you have taken will suit me very well—it's near the Biblioteque Royale which is a great convenience in the winter time.

I was on the point of writing to you when I rec[d] your letter—I want to know your address. I forget your number in the Palais Royal (I believe it is No. 156) and I am not certain whether you may not have quit your nest there. Let me know by return of Post as I want to send you the Mss. of *Married & Single*.[1] I shall do the needful with Richelieu[2] in a day or two. I have been much out of sorts, and am troubled with a return of my old complaint in the ancles, which will oblige me to take baths daily. It is but a slight attack as yet, and I hope soon to drive it off—it was that job of writing that brought it on. I must be more cautious in future. Let me know what are the number of rooms in the apartment. I want but two as I doubt whether my brother[3] will come to Paris in the winter. I want a warm southern exposure—as my health requires that my rooms should be free from chill, & dampness. Let there be a good sopha in the sitting room.

I hope you are getting Azendai[4] in order.

If you put your letter before 5 oclock A. M. in the box for the estaffette (which you will find in the Bourse) it will reach me the next morning.

I shall leave this place in the course of three or four days for Paris.

Yours truly,

W. I.

DEAR PAYNE:

I have touched up the song for you and have looked over the married & single of which I have here and there merely altered a word. It may be altered a little in one or two places with advantage but I cannot see on what ground it was declined. It is better than three fourths of the pieces that

[1] "Married and Single," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, July 16, 1824, and is credited to Poole by Genest, who states that Poole adapted it from the French and had a dispute over it with Elliston. The cast was as follows:

Beau Shatterly	W. Farren
Scamper	Vining
Melford	Cooper
Ferret	W. West
Bickerton	Pope
Capt. O'Rapper	Lee
Mrs. Bickerton	Mrs. Glover
Fanny	Mrs. T. Hill
Mrs. Shatterly	Mrs. Jones

[2] "Richelieu," or "La Jeunesse de Richelieu," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre under the title of "The French Libertine," on February 11, 1826, with the following cast:

Duke de Rougemont	C. Kemble
Dubois	Warde
Lamotte	Power
Dorival	Cooper
Comtesse de Fleury	Mrs. Chatterly
Madame Dorival	Mrs. Sloman
Jannette	Mrs. Glover

The name was altered because the French Ambassador was related to Cardinal Richelieu. The play was acted only six nights, because of objections to the plot.

[3] Peter Irving (1771–1838), older brother of Washington Irving, who was his partner in early literary work and later in the commercial enterprise which ended so disastrously in 1818.

[4] "Azendai," a play which was literally translated by Payne and rewritten and adapted by Irving. It was apparently never acted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are accepted and succeed. You have improved & heightened it in your translation. I shall be out of town tomorrow (sunday) and on monday am going to show the wonders of the day to my nephews, but shall be at home until qr. past 9. on tuesday I shall be at home all the morning.

Yours truly

W. I.

Saturday 4 oclock.

Charles Kemble to Payne

Addressed:
Monsieur Payne,
No. 89 Rue Richelieu,
à Paris.

Oct. 10, 1823.

My dear Mr. Payne

I would willingly lend you the sum you stand in need of, if I possessed it; but I am sorry to say, a poorer man lives not in England than myself—which you will easily conceive when I tell you that I have four children whose education drains me of every penny I can scrape together. I have applied to my Co-partners to advance the money; but their answer is—they have it not: and this I know to be true also; for our Houses in spite of all the expense we have been at, this Summer, are very indifferent, and it is but sorry consolation to know that the receipts of Drury have been infinitely worse than ours. If we should improve, which I trust we shall shortly, I will make another application to "The Committee" and I will hope with better success. if your Farce be ready, dont you think it will be better to send it, than wait for Azendai or Richelieu? if "The Committee" like it, I am of opinion, that it stands a chance of being brought out at no distant period. I saw Poole the other day; but he did not say that he was employed about anything for the Theatres. Kenney did not take ill my not seeing him while I was in Paris, I hope—pray excuse me to him on the score of the shortness of my visit and remember me most kindly to Talma. I am, always yours most truly

C. Kemble.

C. G. Theatre,
Oct. 10th, 1823.

About the first of November, Payne goes over to London to try and dispose of the plays in hand, but is obliged to conceal his identity under the assumed name of J. Hayward to avoid his creditors.

Irving sends his letters addressed to J. Hayward, Esq., 22 Lancaster Street, Burton Crescent, or to J. H. Payne, Esq., care of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Fleet St.,
London.

Paris *Nov.* 5th 1823.

My dear Payne:

I rec[d] your unhappy letter from Dieppe & deeply commiserate your situation—but hope by this time you are safe over the channel and over your troubles. Nothing new has happened here of any consequence. Your Lamp case was ably argued before the Justice by Marianne, and compromised for 20 francs—so I think both you and the Lampist got very well out of the affair. I hope you will not get another lamp mania, unless you have a chance of getting hold of the Lamp of Alladin. Your dog dirtied himself out of all toleration so I have sent him into exile. Marianne told me you were to give 15 francs a month to some Dog Landlord on the Pont neuf to take him en pension which was paying enough to support a christian soul and fifteen francs more than the dog was worth—luckily the scoundrel who had the impudence to make such a demand was not at home when Marianne called, so you are saved this piece of imposition. . . . The chimneys smoked and have all been bedevilled by the fumiste, so that I suppose they will smoke worse than ever; being what the French term *perfectionés*. Your room has been painted and papered under the directions of the indefatigable Marianne—& thus your household matters all go on in good train.

I expect my brother in town tomorrow to pass the winter & am turning the Salle a Manger into a bed room for him. I have nearly rewritten La Jeunesse[1] but have

[1] "La Jeunesse de Henry V," as rewritten, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre under the title of "Charles II or the Merry Monarch," on May 27, 1824, with the following cast:

King Charles	C. Kemble
Capt. Copp	J. Fawcett
Rochester	Jones
Edward	Duruset
Mary	Miss M. Tree
Lady Clara	Mrs. Faucit

It was very successful and was for a long time one of the standard comedies at Covent Garden.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made no songs for it. It will be difficult to turn it into an opera I fear—we shall see when you come back.

I have the Roullier[1] and will forward it to Miller by the first opportunity with the other work you mention; but the steam packet has ceased to run from Havre & my brother having left there, I cannot forward them that way. I am in hopes some private opportunity will present in a day or two.

I hope to hear from you towards the end of the week.

Yours very truly,

W. I.

Same address.

PARIS, *Novr* 12th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

Your letter of the 7th relieved me from the most painful anxiety on your account for the long time that had elapsed without hearing from you, and the terrible storms that had taken place in the interim made me fear that some misfortune had happened to you in crossing the channel.

I shall now look forward with a less painful interest to your next letters, to know the fate of the dramatic experiments. Let me know, if Azendai is approved, about what time it will be wanted—I shall write songs for it as soon as I can get in the rhyming vein again. I believe I told you that I had rewritten Henry V—tho' somewhat hastily. It will now I think make a very pleasing drama, with the assistance of a few songs—to make it a complete opera would be very difficult.

I wish you to ascertain whether Kemble has recd the corrected copy of the Freyschütz[2] from Livius[3] & what he feels disposed to do in the matter. I wish Abu Hassan[1] to be offered to Elliston, by Miller, as from Livius. Before leaving London ask once more for the music at Burchills.

I send you the Roulier by the Diligence from the office in Rue notre dame des Victoires—directed to the care of Miller. The carriage will be paid here. It will leave Paris today, to be delivered in three days.

Give my most affectionate remembrances to Leslie[2] & Newton. They must both write to me. Bring with you any thing you can lay your hands on that will be interesting and amusing in new publications &c &c—& that you can beg borrow or steal—but do not buy —I want Newton to send me a copy or two of the engravings from my likeness.

My brother is settled in the *Salle à manger*, now converted into a bed room. I hope he will pass a good part of the winter with me.

The tranquility of my hermitage has been a little interrupted of late by my having been discovered by a fashionable acquaintance, and entangled in a succession of fashionable engagements. I have fought as shy as possible however, & hope to extricate myself speedily and creditably; though for the present I have occasionally to put on my silk stockings of an evening.

No letter has come for you from Milan. There are two from England, which I do not think it worth while to send as you will doubtless see every body there you want to see. There is also a letter with the Havre postmark—probably from England.

Marianne presents her homage to you—she will have your apartments ready for you. She says an English lady from the Boulevard du Temple called here with a letter for you which she declined leaving.

Let me know when you may be expected here. . . .

My Brother desires to be remembered to you—Will you tell Mr. Miller that my Brother received the parcel which he sent to his care at Havre—containing the Ms. of the Freyschütz for me. He would have replied to Mr. Miller, but thot it unnecessary to put him to the expense of postage merely to acknowledge the receipt of the parcel; as it was probable I would do so from Paris.

[1] "Roullier" or "Roulier," a play also alluded to by its English name "The Waggoner."

[2] "Der Freischütz." Five versions were produced in London in 1824, as follows:
English Opera House, July 23d, for second time.
David Theatre, August (adaptation by Amherst).
Surrey Theatre, September 13th (adaptation by Ball).
Covent Garden Theatre, October 14th (adaptation by Barham Livius).
Drury Lane Theatre, November 10th (adaptation by Soane).
The version first produced is said to have been a literal translation and may have been furnished by Payne. The cast was as follows:

Casper	Bennett
Rodolf	Braham
Killiam	Tayleure
Lamiel	T. P. Cooke
Kuno	Bartley
Ottocar	Baker
Agnes	Miss Noel
Ann	Miss Povey

[3] Barham Livius the dramatist.

[1] "Abu Hassan" or "Abul Hassan," a German opera, translated by Irving at Dresden.

[2] Charles Robert Leslie (1794–1859), the artist. He illustrated several of Irving's books and painted his portrait in 1820. He painted Payne's portrait as Young Norval in 1814.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles R. Leslie.

G. Stuart Newton.

From an original pencil drawing, owned by Charles Henry Hart.

I hope you are housed at Leslies—and wish I were there with you for a day or two; to have a good round or two of talk with Leslie & Newton.

Yours truly W. I.

I wish a copy of the last edition of Knickerbocker—Murray will no doubt furnish it free cost.

Charles Kemble to Payne

DEAR MR. PAYNE:

I return you the Newspapers and with them I send Azendai; which, I am of opinion, would succeed very well in *two Acts* with pretty music; but the subject of which did not strike me as of sufficient importance for three.

Yours always and truly,

C. KEMBLE.

C. G. Theatre
Nov. 18th, 1823.

Henry Robertson to Payne

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.,
at Mr. Miller's,
Fleet Street.

THE COVENT GARDEN
19. *Nov.* 1823.

SIR;

Mr. Kemble having mentioned to the Committee of Management your Tragedy of Richelieu I am requested by them to acquaint you that they shall be happy to produce it, but in consideration of the circumstances of the Theatre not permitting them to pay so liberally as formerly, and the piece being an adaptation from another they regret that it is not in their power to offer you more than two hundred guineas to be paid by 3 instalments for the 3rd, 6th and 9th Nights. The present circumstances of the Theatre will not justify their giving more but they hope they shall have a future opportunity of being able to remunerate your talent better. Will you have the kindness to inform me if you are disposed to accede to this proposal.

I am,
Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
HENRY ROBERTSON.

J. H. Payne, Esq.

Payne to Robertson

[In Payne's handwriting on the blank page of Robertson's letter, but the signature has been cut off for an autograph.]

Answer Thursday Evening 9 o'clock
Nov. 20, 1823.

SIR,

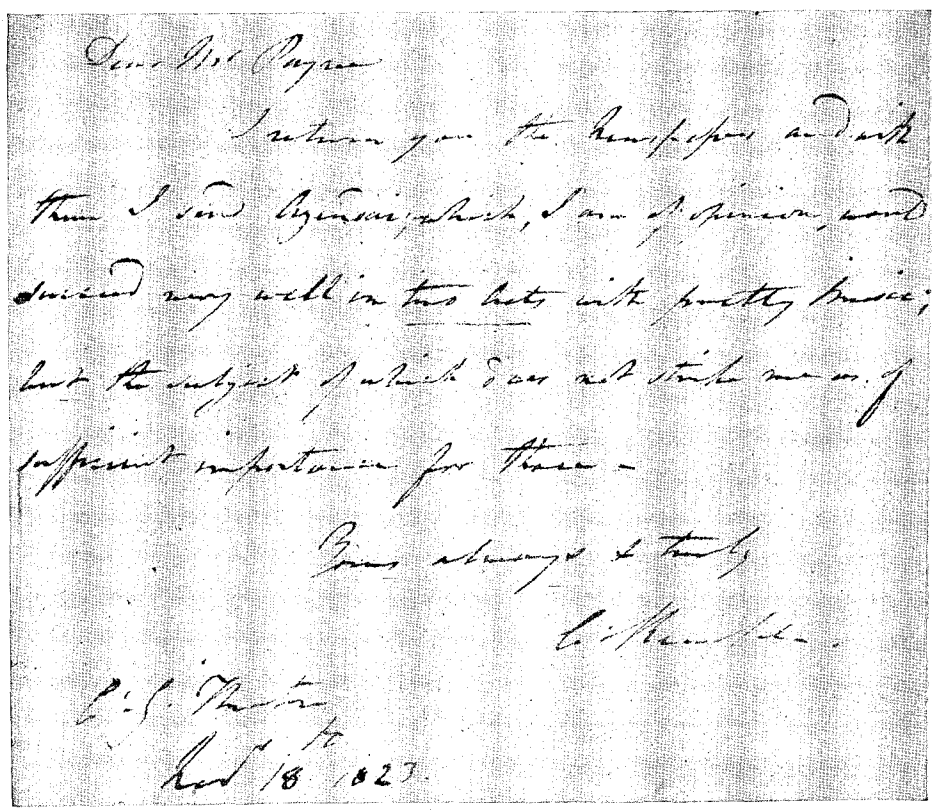
I am this instant favoured with your communication in the name of the Committee of Management of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden I beg leave to re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Kenney.

turn my best thanks for the offer it conveys respecting the Tragedy submitted to their decision.

I am at a loss to understand the bearing of the degree of merit due to the author of a dramatic work upon the question of remuneration from a Theatre. The value of a production to such an establishment in pounds, shillings and pence, appears to me the only point admissible in such discussions. The quality of literary desert is for another tribunal. Still, could I afford to sacrifice the work in question for so *very* much under the allowance established by the law of theatrical custom, I should do so with peculiar pleasure to the Management of Covent Garden Theatre, equally through gratitude for recent politeness and because the character of Richelieu has been moulded with distinct reference to Mr. Charles Kemble, whose talent would give it a value it might no where else obtain. But this sacrifice my circumstances forbid: and I am sorry to add that it will be entirely out of my power to leave the work in question upon any other terms than those which Mr.



From Charles Kemble to Payne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surrey Theatre, Blackfriar's Road.

Kemble did me the kindness to convey, and even then only with the understanding that it appear within three months.

With every acknowledgment of the obliging attention of the Committee,

I have the honor to be

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Fleet St.,
London.

PARIS, *Nov.* 22d 1823

MY DEAR PAYNE:

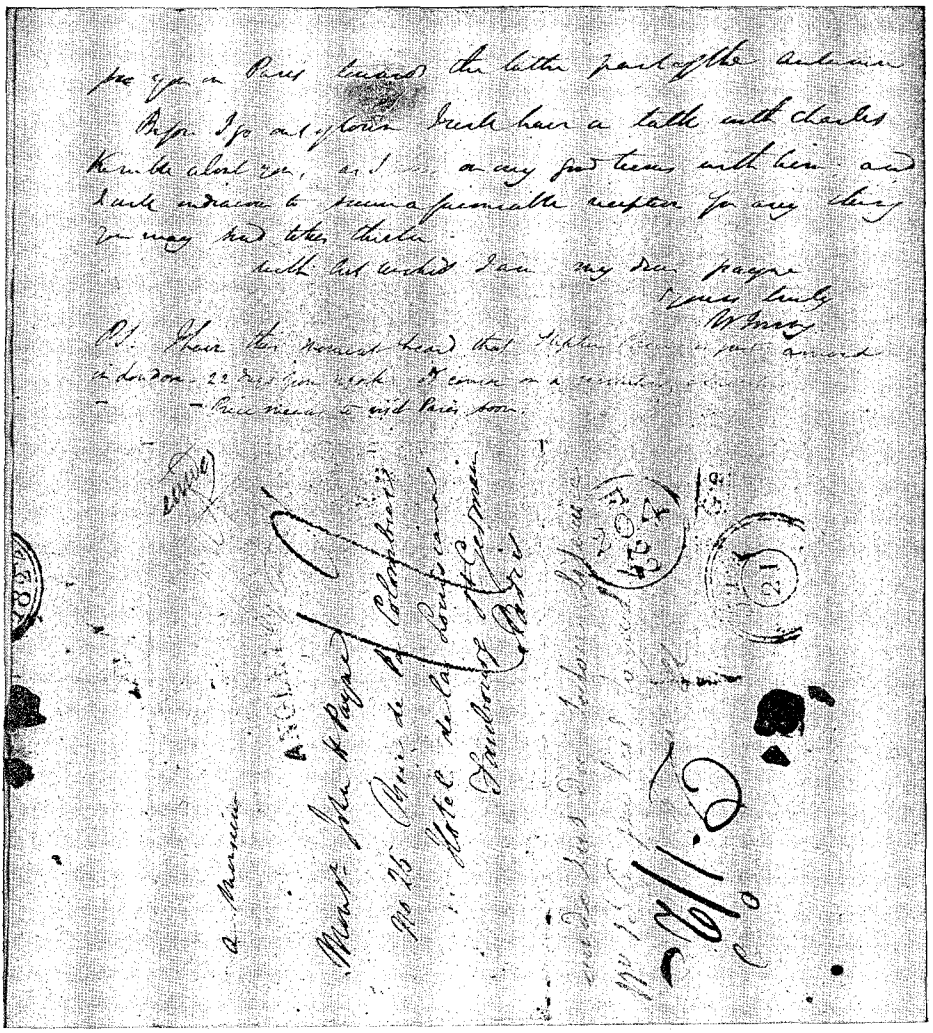
I have recd your letters of 16 & 18 yesterday, after remaining several days in doubt, from the tenor of your preceding letters, whether both pieces were not smothered in the cradle. Don't cry out before you're hurt, nor send *conjectural* bad news, for want of real—all seems to be going very well—Kemble has accepted Richelieu in as short a time as could be expected, considering that he had others to consult, who had to read a long play before they gave judgt.

Mrs. Glover as Estifania.
Engraved by T. Wright from a drawing by Wageman.

I don't care which theatre takes Azendai —nor do I care much if either of them takes it—I beg you will let it be understood I ask nothing as a favor, and by no means advise their accepting a piece, as extending a kind of patronage. I feel perfectly independent of the theatre —tho' I feel more and more that I have dramatic stuff within me. "A plague o' both these houses" they shant make "worms meat" of me I promise you.

What are you groaning and fretting about —you are getting money enough from the Coburg to keep you going, and the Roulier will bring you in a *rouleau* (excuse my small joke) and the Richelieu &c will bring in money for future expenses—& in the inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From Washington Irving to John H. Payne.

im you will have other things on the anvil—Where then is the necessity for whining and croaking—wait until the plays are damnd, and then you may whine and be d—d too.

The Jeunesse is copying out & will be sent you in a day or two, to see if it is likely to meet with a market. I think it will make a most entertaining piece being much improved. If you are about to depart you had better defer your departure until it arrives that you may offer it. It will do for either theatre. I will send the "mothers curse" & as many other curses as you please with it, and hope they may prove blessings to you. . . .

Write to me whenever you please, or rather when ever you are in good humor, but no croaking letters—fabricate good news if you please, but suppress all bad —& let us have no suspicions and doubts & constructions—Dont get into pets with managers—nor cut your fingers in cutting your bread & butter. I suspect there's more in that cutting letter of Elliston's than you imagine. I doubt you've been coming "captain grand" on him on some previous occasion—above all things don't doubt & despond without good reason, remember fortune is an errant female—and most apt to play false to those who doubt her.

Yours ever

W. I.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have rec[d] a letter from the Post office London mentioning that there is a letter there for me on which 1/2 must be paid before it can be for[d] will you have it released from bondage.

Same address.

PARIS *Nov.* 26th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I yesterday forwarded by the Diligence the Ms. of La Jeunesse and at the same time "The mothers crime," & "Le contrabandier" directed to you, care of Miller. La Jeunesse as you will perceive is altered in title to Royal waggery &c. The title however may be altered hereafter—I wish you would present the piece either in your own name or if you would prefer it, fabricate a name, as of a friend resident near Paris, which name we may afterwards make use of, but at all events do not let my name be implicated in the thing. The Play, if accepted, may be altered and modified a little if judged expedient, and some few songs written for it; tho' I should think it would do as it is. The scrap of a song of capt. Copp was hastily done and does not satisfy me—it is not characteristic. I give you here another scrap to substitute in lieu of it—and let it be stopped short at the critical word, by the daughter's putting her hand upon his mouth—he need afterward only sing two or three first lines.

In the hurry of sending off the Ms: the names of the dramatis personæ are not inserted.

King Charles II
Rochester
Edward—a page
Captain Copp
Lady Clara
Mary,—daughter to Copp
Servants, tapsters &c.

Do not suffer yourself, under any circumstances, to make a sacrifice of any of the pieces; if the theatres make difficulties, withdraw the pieces at once—they'll accept them at some future time. Dont let them think they can beat you down & get bargains out of you. I do not wish Azendai to be suffered to be in managers hands to be debated upon by those skimd milk gentlemen whom they have for privy councillors. I sent it to see what music would be necessary for it. Get it out of their hands at once & bring it back to me. If Elliston does not accept "married & single," put it in your trunk—a few alterations may give it much additional value, by giving more importance to the females. . . .

Let me hear often from you—remember me affectionately to Leslie & Newton—and believe me

Very truly yours

W.

P. S. Your room is quite in order for you—the upholsterer having at length finished his job.

Was anything done about Abu Hassan & have you heard any thing about the Freyschutz.

Alter the title of the Ms: play to "*Charles & Rochester or Waggery at Wapping.*"

Same address.

PARIS *Nov.* 29th

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I scribbled you a hasty letter yesterday with respect to Azendai &c. On second thoughts this morning I have cut down Azendai to two acts. They are long ones, but I think the dialogue and incident will carry them off cheerfully. I shall not add any songs—I cannot bestow any more labour on the piece—particularly as it is now a two act piece. I would not have touched it again but that I wish to have a chance of trying whether I really have dramatic talent. The piece can be embellished with marches and melodramatic music. If you have time copy it and offer it at which ever theatre you think it would fare best at—or be most likely to be readily and handsomely received.

I think you are unreasonably piqued with Elliston—a thousand circumstances might have happened to have hurried him suddenly out of town, without recollecting his engagement with you—recollect what a hurried being a manager is and what a harried head Elliston has. If you do not like to present any thing to him let Miller present it. Do not mention to Elliston—should it be presented to him—that I am the author of Azendai. There is no need of his knowing it—say it is from a friend.

I hope you will be able to raise funds on some one or other of the pieces to enable you to hold out for better terms for Richelieu—but at any rate do exactly with respect to that play as you may feel inclined.

If you see Newton tell him should Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murray[1] deliver to him the parcel I wrote about—I would thank him to forward it to me by coach—unless you are coming off immediately & will bring it with you. I want it as soon as possible.

I am my dear Payne Yours truly

W. I.

Marianne desires to be remembered to you.

Same address. (Postmark, Dec. 2, 1823.)

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I write in great haste, that you may know how to act as far as I am concerned on the dramatic articles you have in hand. "With regard to Richelieu & married and single," *act precisely as your own interests & emergencies may dictate*—as to the Waggeries, I have nothing to do with it—or with any of the other pieces forwarded you in print—if you can make any thing by them so much the better; I wont share a farthing.

. . . . . .

I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. I.

Nothing new here. If I see any thing that I think may answer for you, at any of the theatres I will forward it & take the chances of its finding you yet in London.

Same address.

PARIS, *Dec.* 17th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have recd your letters dated at various times, the latest dated the 12th and am really concerned that you have so much vexation and difficulty, but hope all will clear up pleasantly & profitably—do not suffer yourself to be discouraged—and do not on any account suffer yourself to get on ill terms with the managers. Deal with them always coolly & good-humouredly—it is the most dignified the most advantageous and the most comfortable way. Exert your own discretion as to the disposition of the pieces. I shall be satisfied with any bargain you may make; recollect only, that I do not wish my name, on any account, to appear in connexion with them. It would be quite injurious to my present plans. Should Azendai *not be already accepted* and in *train for performance* I wish you to withdraw it definitely. It cannot I fear be represented without my name leaking out as the author. Should it however be in hands & committed beyond recovery, enjoin secrecy on Mr. Kemble in regard to my name.

I send you five Plays in which Leontine Fay[1] performed, viz: *La Nouvelle Clari—La Petite Lampe merveilleuse—La mariage enfantine—La petite Folle* & *La petite Sœur*. . . .

Do not give yourself any trouble about Abu Hassan & the Freyschütz. You have enough already to occupy you, & it would be only time & trouble thrown away.

Marianne desires to be remembered to you and is impatient for your return. I hope to see you before long comfortably reinstated in your little nest with money in both pockets. I know of nothing new here that would interest you. A new piece is making a great noise—L'école des Veillards[2]—I have not seen it. Kenney slept in your quarters not long since—He says nothing of coming to London. Let me hear from you when you have any thing to say & believe me

very truly yours

W. I.

Same address.

PARIS, *Dec.* 29th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have received your letters of Tuesday & Wednesday last—the latter enclosing the draft on Lafitte for 800 francs, which shall be appropriated according to your wishes. I am heartily glad you have been able to break bulk and dispose of part of your cargo. It will give you means to live on quietly till you can dispose of the rest to advantage. I thank you for your liberal offer of sharing the proceeds of both pieces; but with one of them I have nothing to do—it is entirely your own. I can only share on married & single. Do not give Azendai to any of the theatres—as my name has been committed with it to C. Kemble I wish to withdraw the piece. I can make a better thing of it hereafter—just now I do not on any account wish my name to appear in connexion with any of the pieces. As to Richelieu & Rochester let them appear in your own name and to save your conscience say that they have been revised and occasionally touched up by a literary friend.

[1] John Murray (1778–1843), the publisher.

[1] Leontine Fay, a French actress.

[2] "Des Veillards" or "Ecole des Veillards," a play being acted at the Théâtre Français with Talma and Mlle. Mars in the cast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marianne shall enquire after the Parcel sent to you on the 17th inst. She inconsiderately neglected to take a receipt at the Bureau.

In all your dealings with managers be particular in keeping cool & not taking offence. You will not now be pushed, I trust, for means, and need not ask for loans from them, which only lets them see that your necessities may induce you to make sacrifices.

Wishing you a merry christmas & happy new year I am very truly

Yours W. I.

Addressed:
J. Hayward, Esq.,
22 Lancaster Street,
Burton Crescent.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I rec^{d} some days since your play by M^{r}. Sinnett. It has the materials within it to make a most beautiful & attractive piece & one that will do you great credit. I have been at work at it & have, as you will think, slashed away unsparingly, but it is excessively redundant and requires to be pruned in language, scenes & plot. I have cut many things out of it that are good in themselves & may be put by for future use; but which overcharge the dialogue and embarrass the action. It will take me yet two or three days to put it in order & then I trust it will be a thing that will take at once with the managers. It varies so much from the original that you may lay claims to absolute authorship in it, and as you need not fear being jostled in this piece by rival adapters, I hope you will take care to make a good bargain. I cannot tell you how much satisfaction I feel in seeing you turn such a good piece of work out of your hands. . . .

I have paid the rent of the apartments for the current term; that is to say till the end of march; but absolutely I shall have to give them up at the end of that time as I shall take apartments before the close of the term in the country. I wish you would think what's to be done with them as I see no prospect of your return. I have kept on from term to term, because I did not like to abandon the apartment and leave it vacant, but in many respects it does not suit me; and its position in the midst of dirty streets prevents my taking the exercise in winter that is necessary to my health. If I remained in Paris I should like to be near the Tuilleries.

When you finish Perkin Warbeck let me see it—I may do you some good in correcting it. I am happy to find you are so well employed; but let me again and again press on you the importance of management in your expenses: that you may make your industry available. You have it in your power to make twice—three times as much as you need to spend; but through a little mismanagement you are continually toiling to make up foregone & needless expenses. I trust you will arrange your affairs better in future & getting yourself once out of the mire will jog on your way comfortably and creditably. I may bore you a little by the iteration of this topic, but I trust you will properly understand the motive which dictates it—not a love of finding fault or a desire to wound your feelings, but a sincere and earnest wish for your welfare.

Mr. Sinnett is Waiting for the letter so I must conclude.

Yours very truly, W. I.

PARIS *Jan.* 17, 1824.

In Irving's biography it is stated that on January 27, 1824, Payne wrote to Irving that he had sold "Charles II" and Richelieu to Covent Garden Theatre for two hundred guineas, and that as Irving's letters were missing, it was not known whether the price was satisfactory to Irving or not. The missing letter follows and indicates that the profits from the venture did not encourage Irving to continue his dramatic work.

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
New Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.

PARIS, *Jany.* 31, 1824.
Rue Richelieu No. 89.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I wrote to you yesterday inclosing a letter from Marianne. Since then I have rec^{d} your letter inclosing a Bank note of 50£ which shall be disposed of according to your wishes.

I am perfectly satisfied that you have done your best as to the Mss: I only regret that you did not find more liberality on the part of those you dealt with. Still I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am convinced the operation will turn out very beneficial for you if you manage matters properly. . . . Richelieu & Rochester if tolerably performed will do you credit & operate favorably for you in future dealings. You must not hesitate to claim them as your productions; though to satisfy scruple & obviate cavilling you may say they have been revised & occasionally touched up by a literary friend—I wish however, my name to be kept completely out of sight.

I am sorry to say I cannot afford to write any more for the theatres. The experiment has satisfied me that I never should in any wise be compensated for my time and trouble. I speak not with any reference to my talents; but to the market price my productions will command in other departments of literature. If, however, the experiment should produce any material benefit to you I shall feel highly satisfied at having made it.

Of the German pieces only one has arrived—called *Partey-Wuth* (or Party Rage) The scene in England in 1651, during the time of the covenanters. I saw it acted at Prague & was very much struck with it—on reading it over I am still more pleased—a very striking and spirited play might be made from it; with strongly marked characters. There is a coldblooded, crafty, meagre, hypocritical, merciless Judge with his coadjutor, a gorbellied, bullying, swash buckler colonel of the covenanters, that make two prominent, half comic, half fearful characters in the piece. Had I been encouraged by the success of Richelieu I could have made a powerful piece of this—but, as it is, I cannot afford to touch it. If you can get it translated you will be able with very little trouble to make it all that is necessary. This piece cost 2 francs, so the bookseller returned me 8 francs of your deposit.

The *Berg-Geist* (or as you term it *she wishes*—the piece for Liston[1]) is out of print in Germany. Perhaps you may meet with a copy of it at *Bohn's*,[2] or some other German Bookseller in London, and may be able to get it roughly translated, in which case you could soon adapt it for the London theatres. . . .

[1] John Liston (1776?–1846), actor. At Covent Garden Theatre from 1806 to 1822, and at the Haymarket Theatre from 1822 to 1830.

[2] George Henry Bohn (1796–1884), the publisher, at 17–18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, until about 1831.

My long interval of travelling, and the time expended in these dramatic experiments have thrown me quite behindhand, both as to pecuniary and literary affairs: & I am now applying myself to make up for it, but I shall run low in purse before I can get a work ready for publication.

I think you are right to stay where you are until you clear off every thing here—but I hope you will be prudent & economic & profit by past experiences. Let me know if I can be of any service to you.

With best wishes I am ever—

yours

W. I.

P. S. Be very particular as to the copy right of the pieces for I am convinced we shall make much more by the publishing than by the playing of them.

During this month Irving took his nephew Irving Van Wart into his rooms and nursed him through an attack of confluent small-pox, meanwhile mixing with the world and corresponding as usual.

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.

PARIS, *March* 19th, 1824.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have not heard from you for a long long time, and have been looking every week either for a letter, or for your arrival. I hope you are turning your time to account in London. I see by one of the papers that a piece was playing at the Adelphi under the title of Waggeries at Wapping. I hope they have not been pirating your Mss. and playing a theatrical trick upon you.

Everything goes on here as usual. I have been occupied in scribbling & have just made an engagement with the Galignanis & Didot to edit a series of British Literature, from Chaucer to the present day, which I hope will bring me in some funds of which I begin to be in want.

I think of coming to London shortly. Do you wish for any thing from here—any thing that is not bulky—as I shall probably travel in the mail post that permits but little luggage. I shall look out if there are any novelties at the theatres that may be of service to you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before I leave paris I shall settle with Mons. Charles for the next three months from the 1st of April, for the apartments—Rue Richelieu. My Brother will occupy them till my return.

Should you leave London before my arrival (which will probably be in the early part of next month) I wish you would leave the Mss: of Azendai sealed up, with Miller. I wish to have it by me to revise it, & if I feel in the mood, rewrite it. . . .

You never informed me whether or no you rec[d] the parcel forwarded by coach containing plays in which Leontine Fay had performed. I was anxious to know this that I might ascertain whether this mode of forwarding pamphlets & Mss. was liable to failure.

I rec[d] the letter which you released from post office thraldom. It was from Newton, written in November last.

Kenney talks of coming to London shortly. Morris[1] wishes him to assist in the management of the Haymarket.

In great haste I am

Very truly yours,

W. I.

Addressed:
Mr. Hayward,
Lancaster Court,
Burton Crescent.

PARIS, *March* 28th, 1824.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have just rec[d] your two letters. I am sorry to find you writing in dumpiest mood; but dont let yourself be cast down. Gad man, you've made a little lump of money since last autumn; and if it has been rather sopped up by old debts what's to prevent your making more. When the plays come to be acted you will make something more by the copy right, and I'm convinced they'll propose better terms for your next pieces. As to the German piece I think if you do not offer it until Richelieu has been acted you will get a good offer for it. I'll give it a look over before you hand it to managers & perhaps I may be able to improve it in some points for you. Not that I mean to participate in the profits. I cannot afford to work for the theatre with sufficient zeal to entitle me to any reward, but I may help you to an occasional hint or a *coup de plume*. There is a melodrama lately come out, which seems to have a run called Melmoth the wanderer, founded I believe on M——'s novel. I'll get it for you & one or two other things. When I get to London I may be able some time or other, to get some employment for you from the booksellers. In the meantime live prudently & dont give way to doubts & fears.

I shall not be able to come to London quite so soon as I anticipated. I have two or three other things that require my attention here, and some writing that I must prepare here, before I venture into the hurried whirl of London.

If you get the money for me from the theatre I wish you to remit it, as it will assist me toward my travelling expenses, for my purse is running low. Of course you take your proportion first. I do not know whether Morris is in Paris or not—but I believe not. I have not told any thing to Kenney about the pieces. You recollect you mentioned to him my having revised and I believe retouched Rochester. He knows nothing more than you have told him.

With sincere regard I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. I.

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
New Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.

(*Postmarked May* 5, 1824.)

MY DEAR PAYNE.

. . . . . .

I have put off from time to time my visit to England, having been variously engaged. I shall leave here, however, in about six days, but shall not come immediately to London. I go by the way of Havre & southampton & shall pass two or three weeks with a friend in new Hampshire, not far from Southampton.

. . . . . .

I am glad they intend bringing out Rochester as it will enable you to get it into print and make something by the copy right. And if it succeeds as I hope it will, it will be of great service to you in respect to your other theatrical merchandize. I hope you will not dispose of "*Partegen Wuth*" till I have seen it, as I may suggest alterations that may be of service to it I

[1] David Morris, the lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, 1820–37 His sister Clara married George Colman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall bring over with me any new pieces that I may think will be of service to you.

I have not seen Kenney for a long time; he is still at Versailles.

I do not know whether to condole with, or to congratulate you upon missing the management. I look upon all employments of the kind as full of perplexity and vexation, and am sure that with a little economy & management of your own concerns you can live independently & comfortably by the exercise of your pen.

So long as I could make bread and cheese in my own way, I would not bother my mind with the miseries of a theatrical management even though it should enable me to eat truffles & ortolans.

After receiving this letter you need not write to me at Paris, as a letter will not find me there. I leave my Brother in the apartments.

When I get to England you shall hear further from me—and when I get to London I will find you out in your hermitage.

Yours ever

W. I.

AT THE FOURTH FLAG

By Oric Bates

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

Does Care behind your cantle ride?
Would you unseat him from his place,
Down him and risk your neck beside?
Win but one Rodham Steeplechase!
A. FOSDICK, "Rodham Rhymes."

I

WHEN, after some months of absence, Cantyre reappeared at the club, all Rodham talked. When he entered his name for the annual steeplechase, there were rejoicings, and it became speedily and generally accepted that he had come to the philosophic conclusion that there were good fish in the sea as e'er came out of it, and was on the high road to recovery from his recent jilting. True, he all but cut poor Basely, his successful rival; and at the club, on the entry of Rose Gallard on one occasion, stopped short in the middle of a sentence and walked brusquely from the room.

"Fact is," declared old Murray, "it's the first time in his life that Gus Cantyre was ever an 'also ran.' When a fellow gets to be eight-and-twenty without ever missing a thing he wants, and then wants something more than ever he did before in his life, and closes his fist on it to find it gone, he cuts up rough. Naturally!"

"He needn't have cold-shouldered Basely as he did, all the same," protested Fosdick, beneath whose habitual laughter and fondness for good clothes lay a very genuine sense of justice. "I don't say that out of fondness for Basely, either, but because I like Cantyre."

"Humph!" ejaculated Murray, straddling before the empty fireplace. "Trouble is, Gus has a queer way with him, once and again. You boys don't remember her, but his mother was like that before him. I remember five-and-twenty years back, she fell in a rage at some perfectly harmless remark of Handrevel's at a dance. Grew white as a sheet, sir, and took leave of her hostess on the spot. Called her carriage, and sulked for half the season. Old Cantyre told Handrevel he was doosed sorry; pretty rough on *him*. As for *madame la reine*, she never spoke to him again—not once! Humph!"

On all that related to hunting, to horses, to the intricacies of social life, Tennant Murray, M.F.H., delivered his opinions with a readiness and a conviction which the younger set at Rodham Country Club openly derided, and secretly admired.

"I'll bet you saints to devils," cried Halley, "that Gus Cantyre wins the race. Tarven's staying with him, and he told me that Gus had *Mashallah* at timber every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day for two weeks past. It would be a jolly good thing if Basely's *Seminole* should run him out. Gus is always winning things."

"*Seminole* is good stuff," Fosdick remarked.

"Humph!" And as he spoke again Murray's manner was more judicial, and his neatly booted legs were straddled more widely than ever. "It's not horses that win steeplechases; it's horses *and* men. Cantyre's got the best seat and the best hands of any man-jack in this club. Doose take it, he rides better'n *I* do!" The snort of amazement with which the veteran emphasized this last statement was drowned in a shout of laughter from his hearers. Upon the spot, they began to wrangle cheerfully upon the technicalities of "horse."

II

Two men, the collars of their coverts turned up against the spring shower that was visiting the countryside, were trotting together over the level bottom of a wide pasture to where, planted on a boundary wall of loose stones, stood a soaked red flag. One of the riders was mounted on a smart bay pony, whose white forelegs were plashed with clay. The horseman was a young man, very blonde, very red-faced, and well wetted about the knees and shoulders. The brim of his gray felt hat was turned down all around, and the rain dripped from it at each stride. His companion, a taller man riding a large gray, was of a type altogether different. Of loose build, there was yet about him an air of strength and of physical adroitness which went well with his easy and sympathetic horsemanship. Under the shadow of his glistening "Burbery" one saw a striking face: a face thin and brown, with a hawk-like nose, fierce, humorous eyes of dark blue, high cheek-bones, and a sensitive, mobile chin. The close-trimmed black mustache did not conceal the wide and full-lipped mouth. The whole face was at once predatory and good-naturedly wilful. Just now, beneath the eyes which stared fixedly ahead, were dark circles, and the mouth was slightly drawn.

"I say, Gus," suddenly exclaimed he of the pony, "those flags are too far down the wall. What the deuce! The ditch must be a good twelve foot on the other side of the wall there,—and about eight feet deep! Why hasn't the Committee flagged a jump at the corner, where it's narrower?" He turned toward his companion with a questioning look.

"Give it up!" answered the other, staring at the flag. "Some of old Murray's rotten nonsense, I dare say. I must admit, though, the other obstacles on this course are tame enough."

The riders pulled up by the wall. They had trotted from one point to another of the course in preparation for the coming steeplechase, and but for this flag—the fourth—had already examined each obstacle. As they drew rein beside the wall, they looked with interest and some surprise at the jump. On the other side of the fence—itself about four feet high—was a deep trench cut in the stiff clay. Although at its upper end, where the flat ground began to rise, the cutting was narrow, yet at the flagged point it was four yards wide, and the nearer edge was another yard from the wall. Its banks were steep and slippery; into the thin sheet of yellow water at the bottom the big rain drops splashed steadily.

"Something's going to get smashed here-away," remarked the last speaker, "sure as your name's Dicky Tarven, the Man-without-Hands."

He gazed across the wall into the ditch, regarding the situation with a smile of grim humor. Mr. Dicky Tarven, after due consideration, acknowledged the justice of his friend's allusion to his "hard" hands by letting his remark go without challenge.

"Beastly jump this"—his expression was doleful—"it's all well enough for you, Cantyre, es-que.; but I likes my fencing and I likes my leppin', and I likes 'em sep'rit and individle! This yere flag needs a cross between buzzard and kangaroo to get over it."

"Bad for little horses and little hind-legs," admitted Cantyre, slatting the water from his hat.

"I wish I had a tape," grumbled Tarven, turning his pony's head, and casting a last glance of disgust at the jump. "Somebody'll get smashed up there; you'll see. Myself, like as not!"

"Quite so," said Cantyre with a queer smile "Made your will?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Get on!" shouted his indignant friend, cutting the other's mount with his crop. "Will be damned!"

III

It was one o'clock in the night after he had ridden over the course with Tarven that Cantyre gave up trying to sleep. For two hours he had lain in the dark, trying to empty his head of tumultuous thoughts. Time after time he had relaxed every muscle, and closed his eyes, only to realize after a few moments that he was lying in bed with hands tight clenched, tense as a wrestler. At length, filled with disgust, he rose. For the past three months he had had, he thought wretchedly, quite his share of this. He was to-night vividly conscious of his own unhappiness, and with a wave of bitterness indulged himself in a feeling of self-pity which hitherto he had been able to repress. He had no faith at that hour in his doctor's prescription, given him a fortnight back in reply to his somewhat savage statement that he could not sleep. "Ride, and ride hard!" had been the order. "You're used to it, and can't afford to give it up—especially to spend your days in brooding." The advice had been followed; it was on the strength of it that he had gone back to the club, and entered *Mashallah* for the steeplechase. But the charm would not work, or at best worked intermittently.

He lit the brace of reading candles by his bedside, and then, having blown out the match, stood for a minute in his pajamas, deliberating. His eye fell on a copy of "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities"; but the doings of Mr. Jorrock are after all not so very jolly when one is keeping unwilling vigil with an old and galling worry for company. Cantyre went to the round table in the middle of the room, and coming back with a solitaire board and a pack of cards, propped himself up on his pillows and began to play. In the middle of the game, however, he perceived that some four or five plays back he had mistaken a card and spoiled his play. He took the accident with the air of one welcoming a new grievance, throwing the cards together and reshuffling them with a grunt of irritation. He began again: 'Knave on the queen, and red ten on the knave—Would she have given him up, he wondered, if she had really understood? Turn up ace of clubs; six—three— But how the deuce could she know when he himself had not realized the depth of his own feeling? Two on the three— No, confound it! both were black! Did any one ever see such a run of cards?—Basely? Basely hadn't known her more than a year!" With a feeling of mixed pain and satisfaction at his own fairness, Cantyre admitted that "Basely was a very decent sort; but could Basely possibly care as much as he did? How much sleep would he be losing if Rose Gallard should throw him overboard in his turn! No fear of that, though—seven, six, five, and the four of hearts wanted. The beastly injustice of it—weren't there enough women to go round, or what?" Here Cantyre observed that two cards which, when he played them, had certainly been the ten of spades and the nine of diamonds had wilfully become the six and seven of hearts. He gave up his game in a rage.

Getting up, he took a cigarette from a box on the table, lit it at the candle, and began to walk up and down the room. The bitter feeling of defeat and loss which he had insensibly allowed to grow up within him during the past few weeks so mastered him as to blind him to the fact that in reality his love was overborne by his anger at failing to obtain a thing he wanted. Circumstance and temperament alike made him look upon Rose Gallard's preference of another as a gigantic injury done upon himself. From time to time his sense of humor protested feebly against his unreason, but to no purpose. As he finished his cigarette, he was startled by a knock on the door of his chamber.

"Who's there?" he asked. He had forgotten his guest from the moment he bade him good-night.

"What's wrong, Gus?" asked Tarven, putting his head in at the door by way of answer.

"What fetched you out of bed, Dicky?"

"Heard you walking up and down," Tarven replied. "Felt you thinking through the wall. Did you know you were almost running up and down? I thought you'd gone bunchy or started on a rat hunt! Don't look at me like that, old man—take a big, deep breath, and tell me all about it."

Dicky Tarven's ways, as old Murray had once said with more than ordinary empha-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cantyre, on the entry of Rose Gallard on one occasion, walked brusquely from the room.—Page 482.

sis, were those of a school-boy. His speech and aspect were permanently sophomoric. But there were half a dozen men with whom this manner went for nothing, once they had seen the simple, sympathetic manliness of heart that underlay it. Cantyre was by way of liking Tarven; but he was a man of rare confidences, and not of the half-dozen; yet he felt the comfort of his guest's presence, and even while apologizing for having roused him, begged him to go to his room for a dressing-gown, and return for a cigarette. Tarven was gone and back in a moment, and soon smoking comfortably on a lounge.

"It's rather nonsense, you'll think," remarked Cantyre, "but the fact is that I'm so abominably off my feed lately that I'm sleeping rottenly."

"So I had supposed," Tarven replied coolly.

"You had? Why?"

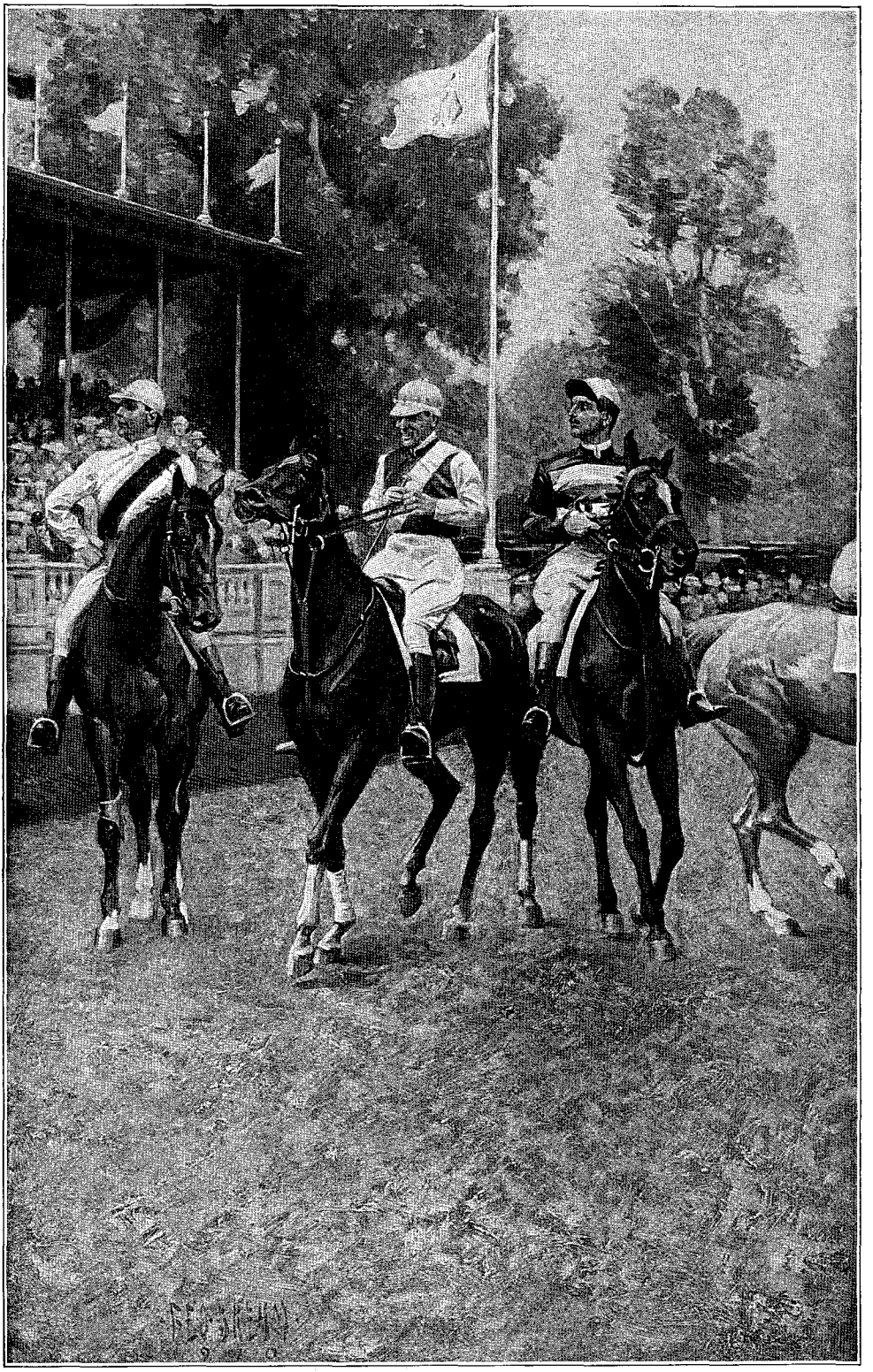
"Because you've been coming down to breakfast each mornin' with an after-the-night-before look for days; because, if you settle into a chair after lunch, you're half asleep; because you're afraid o' your coffee after dinner—because of lots of things!" answered the guest. Then, in a cool and abrupt tone: "Is it money?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Cantyre. "Oh, no; it's not money! I jolly well wish it were."

"Then there is something really at the bottom of it, Gus? I thought so. Much better think o' Rodham Steeplechase than —than anything. Do you know, I came near not sleepin' myself to-night? You know *Polaris*, and you know me. However am I to get him over flag four? I've been thinkin' of it."

Artful Dicky! From this simple beginning—a beginning so simple as to disarm suspicion—he beguiled Cantyre till close up to three in the morning with cheerful talk of horse, runs, and races old and new. Tarven indulged his curious humor in saying good-night.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by George Brehm.

Suddenly he saw Basely look toward the stand. The stupid features were instantly irradiated by a smile.—Page 488.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sleep well, Gus," he said, moving toward the door. "You've cheered me up no end—I've some hope of gettin' *Polaris* in ahead of *Mashallah* yet, thanks to your advice."

Soothed and comforted, Cantyre again got to bed, and was this time soon asleep.

He dreamed. It seemed to him that he was standing on a lawn by a grass court, where strange people were playing tennis. Whenever one of the players missed a point, one of the on-lookers would say briskly: "I think I'll have a go at it, if you don't mind;" and forthwith proceed to play. Cantyre looked about to discover if among these people were any that he knew, and presently he recognized old Murray standing near the net. He made his way to the M.F.H., and came up just as one of the players made a "let."

"Nets ought to be made of tin," cried old Murray in his most judge-of-the-course manner. "Always were when I was a boy; then you could hear the balls every time they struck."

A murmur of admiration and assent greeted this interesting statement.

"Hello, Murray," said Cantyre in his dream; "what's all this about?"

Murray turned on him with great surprise.

"This is my birthday, and you know it is," he said sternly. "These friends of mine have made me a present; they have got up this game expressly for me to judge it. And I am going to judge the steeplechase, too; and you'll be late if you don't hump yourself."

Followed a confused dream interval, at the end of which Cantyre found himself on *Mashallah*, in the rank with six or seven of the tennis players on various odd-looking hacks and screws. Murray started the field, and there was a mad rush through a strange and colorless country, across which one could sight the flags of the course set out with the regularity of telegraph poles. Cantyre swept on down a long slope, leading the field—a glance behind showed him pigmy horses, their riders gesticulating, against the sky-line. As he turned again to look forward, in a flash the country became suddenly real, and his dream intensely vivid; he was on the Rodham course, and nearing the fourth flag.

The ground was still wet with rain; the wall was not a hundred yards ahead. A small gang of people well to the right of the course were standing on the far side of the wall; a field judge, a groom, and—it seemed as if at the sight of her his heart turned over within him—Rose Gallard, straight and indifferent, beside bird-like little Belrose, the doctor. All in one stride, a terrible thought came to Cantyre as he rode; there was strength in the very novelty of it, in its devilish finality. "Somebody'll get smashed up here," he seemed to hear Tarven saying. Was she waiting to see it? Had she come to this flag, of all others, in the hope of watching with her hard gray eyes some wreck of man or horse? Let her see it, then—a sight to remember till her dying day! In a blind fury, he shouted to *Mashallah* at the take-off, and let in the spurs. The horse rose, and the instant he was in full flight Cantyre hauled suddenly on the off curb, and changed his seat. By some dream trickery, he felt, without seeing them, the gray eyes widen with terror, and he had a pang of bitter pleasure in it. The yellow clay of the wall of the ditch leaped up to bar his flight; horse and man crashed stunningly against it, and together they rolled to the bottom of the trench.

Oh, glorious revenge! Cantyre sat up on the floor, in a snarl of bedclothes, rubbing the top of his head, and quite dazed in the morning sunshine.

IV

It lacked but a few minutes to three on a sunny afternoon a week later when Cantyre brought *Mashallah* to the starting line for the Rodham Steeplechase. Amid the chatter and laughter of the on-lookers, the repressed excitement of the backers and takers, and the nervous hilarity of the riders, he was noticeably gloomy. For a week he had been living in a state of nervous tension which had robbed him of much of his sleep and of all rest.

Again and again, since the night of that wretched dream, had risen before his eyes the picture of a man lying crumpled up in the bottom of a clay trench, with a horse a-top of him. The idea had become, in his over-wrought condition, an obsession. At first, hardly realizing by what impulse he had been led to do so, he had gone down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the fourth flag, to look over the ground once more. Arrived on the spot, instead of studying the take-off, flight, and landing with the eye of one wishful of clearing the obstacle to the best advantage, he had suddenly found himself, not without a shock, following an entirely different line of thought. In a flash, he had seen how easily, with his skill in horsemanship, he could bring about a realization of his dream. The idea, so utterly foreign to one of his self-control under ordinary circumstances, had held him strongly in his nervous and morbid state. He had gazed fascinated at the leap—here the irregular wall was at its highest; there, just to the left of the flag, was a slippery patch of clay showing through the scant grass; there, across the ditch, the turf made a lip over the edge of the incline. . . . To an expert rider it would be a very easy matter to bring about one more "regrettable tragedy," which would be almost certainly fatal in its effect. It had been at this point in his speculations that Cantyre had pulled himself together; he had gone hot with disgust at the realization of what he had been contemplating; but ever since the secret knowledge of the possibilities of flag four had been with him. At the beginning he had thrust aside the recurring vision of the crushed rider in the ditch with almost the same fierceness of self-contempt as when it had first presented itself to his mind on the spot; but, by degrees, the frequency with which the thought came back to him had blunted the strength of reaction to it and recoil from it. He yielded so far as to play with the idea; and from that moment the idea mastered him. It was in vain that he made occasional efforts to put himself into a mood in which he could see this nightmare in its fitting perspective—in the perspective in which the cheerfully egotistic Cantyre of a year ago would have seen it. Each such effort had been followed by a relapse into a closer bondage to the sinister possibility. Twice, in the small hours of the night, Cantyre, his feverish head full of his sense of loss, of weariness with his lot, and disgust of life, had determined to make an end—a picturesque and gentlemanly end—to the whole business. In the morning he had recanted; but, having no near kin and no one dependent on him, he never for one minute admitted that he was not at liberty to choose whether he would or would not yield to his temptation.

He now sat his horse in his place between Halley and Tarven; to each direction of the starting judges he obeyed mechanically; in another moment the signal would be given; yet, for his soul, he could not clear his confused wits enough to say to himself "I will" or "I will not."

"Cheer up, Gus," said Tarven at his elbow. "If you keep frowning like that you'll put me in a funk! Keep that nag of yours in his own melon patch, can't you?"

"Sorry!" Cantyre answered, and brought *Mashallah* to his bearings with an absent-minded air. Happening to glance past his friend, he lost the look of abstraction from his face—Tarven's other neighbor was Basely on *Seminole*. Basely! He was sitting his horse as steadily as a dragoon, not a trace of "nerves" about him, his square jaw set, and a look of dogged determination on his handsome, stupid face. Very big and resolute he looked, wearing his black and yellow colors like a knight in the field. It swept over Cantyre that it would be a fine thing to beat him in the race. What would Basely care if there were an "accident" at the fourth flag? At that thought Cantyre felt stirring within him a resolve to bring *Mashallah* in first of the field.

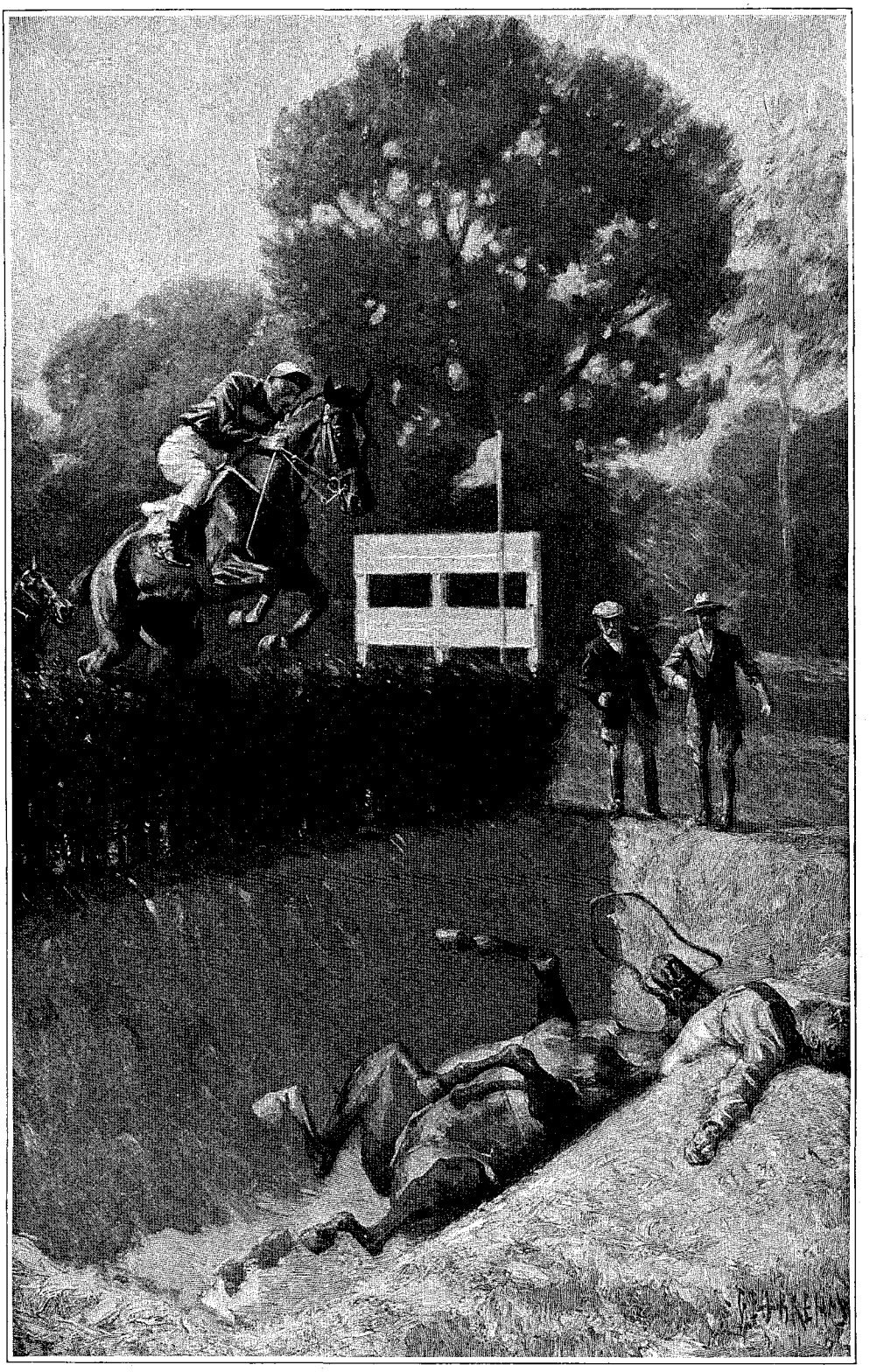
"Ready?" cried a sharp voice from the stand on the right. Cantyre's eyes were still fixed on his rival's face. Suddenly he saw Basely look toward the stand. The stupid features were instantly irradiated by a smile. Basely gave a cheerful nod; Cantyre's eyes followed his, with a sickening certainty of what he should see. There she was—Rose Gallard, standing near the starters with her mother, an answering smile lighting the proud, delicate face, and in the gray eyes a tenderness and solicitude which Cantyre had never dreamed them capable of. He shivered in his saddle; his resolve to win dropped dead within him; and his soul, in forlorn desperation, rushed to accept the chance of escape with which it had played.

"Settled!" he said aloud.

"Clang!" went the starting bell.

Off the green from which the race was started, and where it was to finish, nine riders bore together toward the easy brush and timber hurdle of the first flag. Can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by George Brehm.

Seminole rolling to the bottom of the ditch, and Basely lying on the farther edge of it . . . .—Page 490.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tyre led over, conscious of Halley a neck behind. The ground flew by, a green blur —he was seeing the last of it! The wind whistled in his ears a dirge-like farewell!

Flag two: timber. Vaguely, Cantyre heard a ripping crash as he landed clear, and an oath from Halley. He galloped in a world of his own, a world already strange and unfamiliar, over the long stretch of course to the third flag. As *Mashallah* gathered himself to leap the sluggish stream, a bay horse, with the rush of a whirlwind, shot suddenly by on the left, and gained the other bank a length ahead. It was instinctively that Cantyre put his horse to go; but the instant that he did so the reality of the earth and sky that he knew came for a moment back upon him as by some optical trick; the rider ahead was wearing black and yellow—Basely on *Seminole!*

"Let him go—the idiot!" thought Cantyre, and again the world was altered, as if the sun had hidden behind a cloud. Yet he did not, possibly through mere habit, restrain his horse, and he and Basely drew near the fourth flag, his rival leading him by a length. Here they were—now for it!

What happened in the next ten seconds is the most vivid thing in Cantyre's life. Once or twice a year, though now habitually a sound sleeper, he dreams about it, and awakes trembling.

Basely led to the wall, rose to it, and flew over. Almost at the same moment, at a point five or six feet to the right, Cantyre followed. As he leaned forward in the saddle, tense to bring his nightmare to a finish, what was below flashed through his daze: *Seminole* rolling to the bottom of the ditch, and Basely lying on the farther edge of it, oddly awry, and almost in front of *Mashallah*.

Very pleasant is it to prattle of "civilization" and of "the subjugation of instinct to reason"; but the ease with which we understand our savage lapses, and the nervous haste with which we cry them down, show what the talk is worth. For one tick of the watch, Augustus Cantyre, gentleman, had sheer savage murder in his heart. It was as if, at the sight of his rival prone and helpless before his horse, something exploded in his brain. Every feeling, every familiar sentiment was obliterated in one wild wave of frenzy. There lay the source of all his ills, prostrate before him. Even in his fall, Basely had succeeded in robbing him of his right to destroy himself. In those few seconds, Cantyre reached the acme of brute rage. One sharp twist of the left curb, and the shod hoofs of *Mashallah* must, willy-nilly, come pashing down upon that helpless form—and "accident"—a terrible "accident"!

Cantyre gave a wild cry, almost of physical pain; for, flashing up almost in the same instant with his fury, all that tradition, natural generosity, and environment had bred in him, rose and battled with the savage instinct to kill.

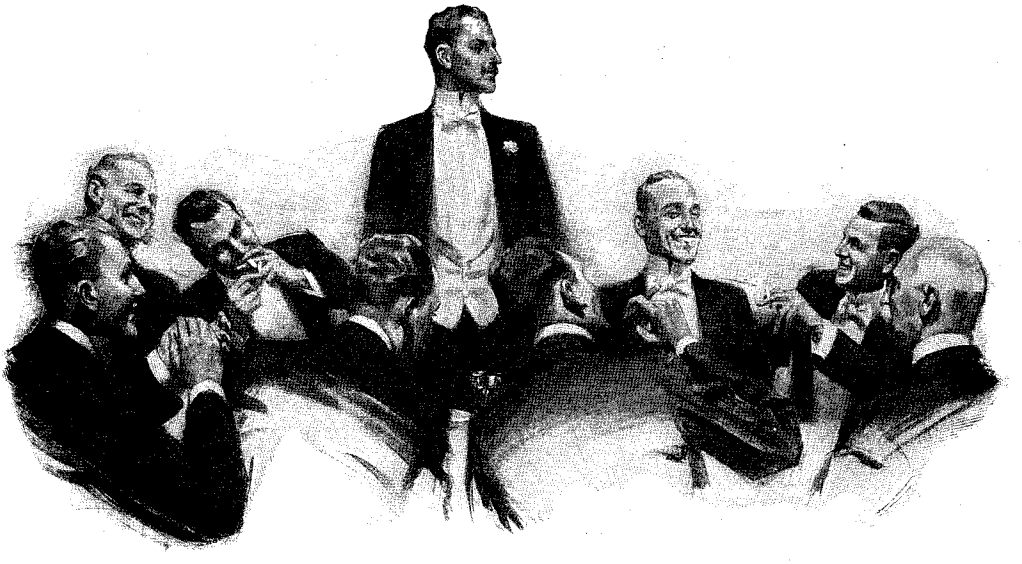
"*Off!*"

He wrenched madly at his curb—the right. At the same time he threw his weight back and out to the off side, shaking himself clear of his stirrup-irons. The next moment, he was rolling on the turf, still clinging to the reins. Unhurt. He sprang to his feet, blinking the clay from his eyes. For one dazed second he gazed back. He saw with something like a sob of relief that he had landed clear. One of the judges-of-course was standing over Basely, his arms held up as a warning to the field. A rider cleared the wall and thundered past: red and blue—Halley on *Believer*. *Mashallah* stood on his legs, and reared as Halley flew by. Cantyre saw in a glance that the saddle had not shifted and that the horse was seemingly uninjured. A wild desire to get away from the scene of the temptation he had somehow overcome swept over him. He sprang into the saddle just as two riders cleared the flag neck and neck. He sank in his spurs and fled. Of the eight horsemen left, seven were riding to reach the post; but Cantyre only kept to the course instinctively. He was not riding for any goal, but in full flight from the devil he had seen and heard within him at the fourth flag.

V

CANTYRE brought *Mashallah* in first at the post. It was rather by chance that he did so, for Halley had the field all the way to the very last jump. There, however, *Believer* three times refused a brush hurdle which, as in tones of blended pathos and indignation his rider was in the habit of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The dinner had been such as to make the moonlight something more than a picturesque feature.

declaring afterward, "a cow would have taken at a walk."

It was when dressing for the chase dinner that Cantyre became his normal self again. Ever since the race he had been seeing things with clearer eyes. He had felt, on hearing of Basely's broken ribs and arm, that life had that day bestowed on him a gift truly royal in giving him strength to master a furious impulse. As he was making his tie at his dressing-table he looked ruefully at his scraped face.

"By Jove," he said aloud, "I sha'n't be able to shave for a week."

The thought of that terrible moment at the fourth flag returned to him for the hundredth time.

"By Jove," he said, taking for the second time the name of a deity with whom, judging by his speech, he was on intimate terms, "I wonder what put that rotten idea into my head anyway? Suppose I had done it, . . . and killed the poor devil under the notion that I cared tremendously about Rose. . . . Deuce take it, no woman's worth that. I suppose every one of us has a damned Fiji Islander bottled up in us somewhere. . . . Um, . . . can't say I envy Basely his ribs and arm, even if he has got Rose to nurse him through—the blighter!"

Here Tarven, as buoyant in defeat as in victory, put his jolly red face in at the door.

"Curse your fatal beauty, Gus!" he cried. "Aren't you ready yet?"

"Yes," Cantyre answered, settling himself in his coat. "Trot along."

After the dinner, Cantyre and Tarven drove home together in the moonlight. Without being indiscreet, we may remark that the dinner had been such as to make the moonlight something more than a picturesque feature. Cantyre, to the relief of his friends, had made a speech quite in his old-time, good-natured manner. With no trace of ill-feeling he had alluded to the day's one accident, and proposed a health to Basely.

He felt himself joyous and healthily tired. He was again at peace with a very jolly world.

"Near thing, that fourth flag," remarked Tarven, as they turned in at the home avenue. "Gad, Gus, my heart was in my boots as I took it."

"So was mine," said Cantyre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We encountered but few vehicles up and down this road.—Page 494.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY OF CALIFORNIA

(*El Camino Real*)

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT is not a highway in Spain —this Camino Real—that I mean to follow, but a highway in our own land, Spanish as any in Iberia, a road of infinite variety, long enough to traverse that peninsula, and running, as it would there, from the desert wastes of mountain plateaus to the orange groves and palmettos of soft lands of sunshine.

While our patriot fathers were struggling for their liberty along our Eastern seaboard, an old padre—"*el infatigable operario de la Viña del Señor*," as his friend and companion calls him—was establishing his missions along our Western coast. His chain of churches, when completed, was linked by this road, known to the Spaniard as El Camino Real, the King's Highway—the only road marked by Duflot de Maufras on his map of Upper California, published in Paris just two years before the American occupation. It still remains the lonely highway that it always was, the only road connecting the old missions—a mere long scratch upon the bare brown hills that skirt the sea.

The sole part of California that the Spanish exploited was the portion included in these Coast Range mountains, de Maufras on his map marking the great interior valleys only with the generic legend: "This country is even more beautiful than the inhabited portion of California; its climate is milder, it offers fertile fields, superb forests for lumber, and vast prairies where graze herds of deer, antelope, and wild horses."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The coming of the gringo changed all this. Mining, agriculture, lumbering, interested him far more than stockraising and the breeding of fine horses on the hill-slopes by the sea. Consequently the trend of travel moved inland, down the fertile river valleys. The Camino Real, since so little travelled and so little known, has thus retained its Spanish character more, I think, than any other portion of the State. Its towns, rivers, and valleys still bear their tuneful Spanish appellations. Many an old adobe house is to be encountered along its dusty roadway, and nearly every face that one meets upon it is that of a halfbreed, a Mexican, or a Spaniard.

I have been both up and down this road. The old way to follow it would naturally be from Mexico northward, for that was the route of the padres, but the logical way nowadays would seem to be from the Bay counties southward. I might have chosen the springtime to describe it, when the fields are lush and green, and the live-oaks and sycamores shine with the recent rains, but for the purpose of this article I prefer the country in the summer when the hills are brown as a friar's cassock and the short yellow tarweed glistens like the tawny skin of some wild beast; when the dust from the highway has powdered the oak leaves with gold and the rivers run almost dry in their broad rocky beds. For then is this country a Latin state indeed, parched and sun-baked to be sure, yet cool and breezy as the broad plateaus of Old Castile, or the north coast of the Asturias.

It is not until one leaves behind the rich orchards of the Bay counties, and has passed San José, that this Old World aspect of the landscape becomes apparent. About fifty miles to the southward, on a rounded hillock set amid seed-farms, lies San Juan Bautista. The railroad has left it in seclusion, lazily sleeping year in and year out, and when I say *lies* San Juan, I seem to express the mental attitude of the place. Along its lanes (for streets they can scarcely be called) adobe houses stand smothered in jasmine and passion-vine, hedged in by cedars or spiny fences of prickly pear, while down the vistas the long, gaunt fingers of cypresses cut fantastic silhouettes against the sky, and pale olives shimmer in the sunlight.

The plaza up the hill is to-day weed-grown and lonely, but not deserted. Two of its sides are occupied by the long arcade of the mission and by its garden, the third side by a dignified old house with tall French windows giving on broad piazzas, and the fourth side by the Plaza Hotel and an adjoining adobe, said to have been the home of General Castro of baleful memory. The old hotel is full of character and quite justifies the quaint legend printed at the top of its note-paper: "A relic of the distant past, when men played billiards on horseback and the trees bore human fruit." Had they been so minded, *vaqueros* could surely have ridden into the barroom and up to the bar, and I prefer to believe, as the host does, that they really did so. With its long overhanging porches still painted in the national colors, red and yellow, and its rickety stairs leading up to bedrooms overlooking pottery roofs, it is a perfect type of the roadside *posada*.

The mission across the way is still inhabited by a lonely priest, and its three gardens are kept up to a certain extent. One, a riot of blooms and flowering cacti, is included within its patio. A second, just outside the main west door, is a square, formal affair, planted with topped cedars, clipped smooth as columns, its centre marked by a tree larger than its fellows and trimmed in unique fashion to contain a wooden cross. The third garden is a wild tangle lying outside the cemetery door—once the graveyard, though now unmarked by any tombstone, yet nearly four thousand people are said to lie buried within it. From it the land falls rapidly into the broad reaches of the San Benito valley lying far below, pale and evanescent as the Vega viewed from the towers of the Alhambra.

After a good dinner served in the musty dining-room of the hotel, we climbed the San Juan grade, as it is called, over the Gabilan Mountains—a stiff pull indeed, the road turning and twisting to such an extent that often we could scarcely see more than a dozen feet ahead. Yet each turn varied the view—now westward toward the setting sun and the sea, with the filmy fog creeping landward, swallowing one by one the distant hills; now eastward toward the valley lands bathed in the horizontal sunlight, pale-lemon and turquoise, iridescent as a dream-land. A last stiff grade, a last puff from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

straining motor, and we crossed the divide to the Salinas valley, and literally dove off toward the sea. The engine was silent, the brakes held fast. We glided ever downward over the rough roadbed, furrowed and undermined by last winter's rain. The "many-fingered" fog crept closer, threading the gullies, engulfing hill after hill. Still down we sped to the stubble-fields once more, and in the waning light a last sun-ray lit the distant mountains with a wonderful coral hue, then all went gray and ashen as we struck the level road.

We spent the night in Salinas, and early in the morning were up and off ascending a broad river valley through a rich agricultural country, still for the most part farmed under the old Spanish grants, by a tenantry of Portuguese and Chinese. But soon the fields grew poorer. The valley expanded, confined only on the one hand by distant wooded mountains, on the other by far-off rusty hills, sun-baked as adobe bricks and quite devoid of vegetation. The road ran like a long white ribbon between, seeming, as we sped along, to wind itself upon a spool underneath our flying car.

What a sense of exhilaration in the free pure air, in the rapid motion—what light, what color!

The low horizon lends a wonderful immensity to the sky, stretching like some giant dome across the valley, clear, limpid, and of that indescribable intensity of color known only to true lovers of our Western solitudes. The Creator seems to have fashioned these hills of California with a great gesture smoothing their ridges and angles into the broadest sweeps and, like some great sculptor, eliminating every unnecessary detail from their contours.

Now, as the grade rises and we pass Gonzales and Soledad, where Our Lady of the Solitudes crumbles to dust, the distant hills fade yet farther below the horizon and we cross a broad plateau, almost a desert, dry and parched as the arid wastes of Old Castile. Vast herds of cattle, grazing in these scant pastures or huddled in the shade of the few oaks that follow the river's refreshing waters, count as mere specks in the landscape. How small, how utterly insignificant, a human habitation! Even King City, a considerable town lying across the river, makes but a small dark blur in the immensity of the picture.

We encountered but few vehicles up and down this road, and these could be distinguished from afar, heralded as they were by great clouds of dust. As they passed, their sole occupants were sure to be dark, swarthy men wearing broad sombreros, or women all in black, scarcely distinguishable in the dense shade of the buggy-top.

Once in a while where water has been found, an oasis relieves these yellow wastes of tarweed, and there we found alfalfa and fields of pale eschscholtzia. But even these became rarer as we progressed, and signs of life fewer still. Occasionally hawks and turkey-buzzards hung atilt in the air. Often the roadsides were honeycombed by squirrels that scampered in wild affright at the sound of the siren, tumbling over themselves in their mad haste to reach home and safety. Once a coyote, scarcely distinguishable from the field wherein he stood, stolidly held his ground and watched us as we sped by. We followed along the river for some distance—a roaring flood in spring-time, but now in the July drought but a thread of water in a waste of sand and pebbles.

And now, sixty miles or more from Salinas, we struck for the hills. The road led up one of those wild little canyons so characteristic of California, shut in by tawny hill-sides clothed with short dry grass and dotted with stunted oaks telling dark and sharp against the enamelled sky. Down along the stream that trickled through its deepest furrows, the oaks grew denser and wore beards of moss that bespoke the fogs and the nearness of the sea. Here and there in this Quienceo valley an old adobe or little cemetery cresting a knoll told its tale of other days.

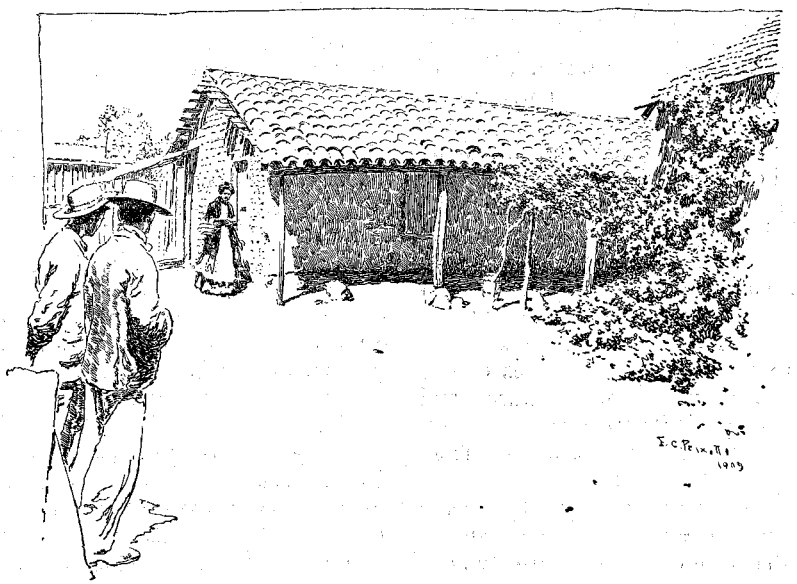
One last look backward at the Salinas valley, and we crossed the ridge and coasted downward to Jolon. Here we drew up at a roadside inn, a structure almost a century old. How refreshing the coolness of its rooms, protected from the heat by their thick earthen walls, after the glare of the open road!

A spreading grapevine, ancient as the house itself, the main stem big as a tree-trunk, shaded the broad veranda, and in a corner we spied a Spanish oja, and made a dash for the fresh, cool water that we knew we should find within it—a freshness and a coolness that brought in a flash the recol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lection of just such a drink, after a hot ride, in the court of a Segovian posada.

While lunch was being prepared, I hunted up a descendant of one of the oldest Castilian families in the State, a man who has always made and still makes Jolon his home, and much to our pleasure he offered to accompany us on our afternoon expedition.



An old adobe.

So, after the midday meal, served by a mahogany-colored Mexican woman in a room whose only other occupants were greasers, Portuguese and Mexicans in buckskins and flannel shirts with big kerchiefs tied round their necks, we all jumped into the motor, and with our kindly guide, struck off the main road for a few miles toward the coast. This by-way led in and out under mighty oaks toward a line of high blue mountains, the Santa Lucias, the last stout barrier that shuts out the encroachments of the sea. And there at their foot, in a meadow studded with pale immortelles, stands the old Mission of San Antonio de Padua, desolate, decaying, and only saved from absolute destruction by the almost superhuman effort of the enthusiast who sat in the motor beside us.

With the toil of his own hands, and the aid of a few workmen, he has cleared out the interior and rebuilt the walls shaken down by the earthquake a few years ago. The old *fachada* of burnt brick with its three belfries, and the arches of the long arcade, alone remain to attest the beauty of this, the most remote, the least known, but once the richest of all the northern missions, at one time holding within its fold thousands of Indians but now buried leagues from any railroad, and visited by perhaps a score of tourists annually.

As we entered the gloom of its interior from the glare of out-of-doors, a dozen squirrels, with tails atilt, scampered off into their holes, while a big white owl, goggle-eyed, rising heavily from a rafter, flew out through a rent in the ceiling.

The nave is quite denuded. In it, however, we descried, standing in a dark corner, the huge community pot of cast-iron, capable of holding more than a hundred gallons of pottage—the mammoth that was used to feed all the unmarried people of the mission, for the married folk, who were given uncooked food, had to cook it for themselves.

We noticed, too, within the chancel rail, the burial-place of the first four missionaries, and near by remarked a rude table decorated with fading boughs, and asked our friend what it was. He told us that the only Indian family still dwelling in the neighborhood (and they live down the San Antonio River, eighteen miles away), on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last anniversary of the foundation of the mission, had trudged afoot all the way to church. They had built this rude altar, and decorated it as best they could with boughs and flowers, and then had held a memorial service all by themselves without leader or minister. When their mass was finished, they trudged home again. So persists the faith implanted by the zealous mission fathers.

In the ruined sacristy we were told of thefts of vestments and plate, and of "barbarians with a needle who dug up the floor searching for buried treasure." Then we wandered out into the hot sunlight of what had once been the patio—the court for the unmarried women—under the very walls of the church, and closest to its protection. Here were woven those beautiful *rebozos*, or silken shawls, that de Maufras saw made under the direction of old Father Martinez, as late as 1832. The boundaries of this court of the weavers can still be traced, and two or three of its pomegranate-trees, aglow with scarlet blossoms, still flame in the sunilght.

We sat down on a broken plough in the shade of one of these trees to listen to stories of the Indians, and of the old times that our friend remembers. One story that I still recall seems worth the telling, for it plainly shows that, despite the faith alluded to above, many of the old Indian superstitions still persist, and always will prevail.

Our friend was engaged with some Indians a few years ago in tearing down an old adobe hut that had fallen to decay. Suddenly, without warning, one of the Indians leaped back and, with a startled cry, called out to him: "Don't touch it—don't touch it. It'll kill you."

Thinking of course of a rattlesnake coiled in a corner, the Spaniard drew back, but on looking closely about, saw no snake, but only a little stick carefully laid in a crevice of the wall. Again the Indian warned him, but with the retort, "It may kill an Indian, but it won't kill me," our friend took the stick out and examined it.

"And, talk of pyrography," he said in telling the story, "that stick was covered with the most beautiful and extraordinary tracery you ever saw, fine and delicate as the finest lace. And then, with infinite art, it was wrapped round and round with a woman's hair."

He asked the Indian what it meant, but could get no answer beyond a mumbled "Ask the old woman, my mother—she knows." But she too shrank back at the very sight of this bit of wood with its human wrapping, muttering always, "It will kill you." Finally, however, and only after much persuasion, she consented to tell its story.

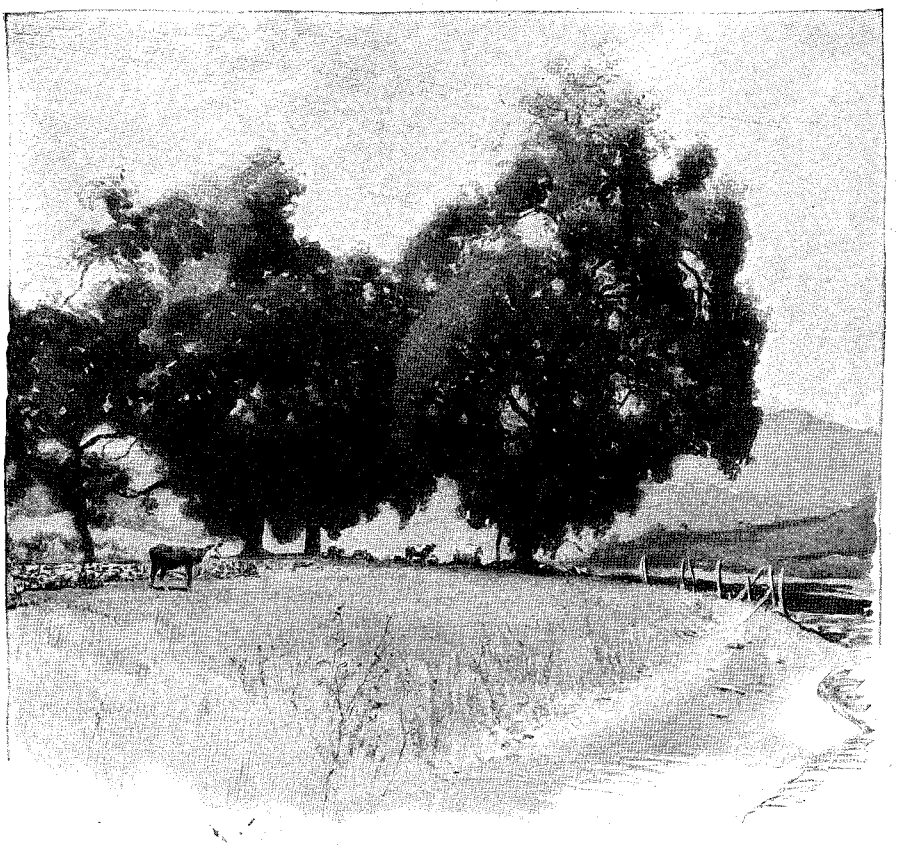
There was, it seems, a certain man in the community who was known to be a *hechicero*, or sorcerer, called by the Indians "takan," and he had fallen in love with a woman who did not return his affection, so, in revenge and through treachery, he procured a lock of her hair and wrapped it around this "devil-stick," and hid it away. And the woman died. Suspicion fell upon him and he was subsequently driven from the community, and all his belongings taken to a desolate hillside and there burned, and a cross planted over the ashes.

Despite these precautions, the "devil-stick" remained walled up in its chink, and continued to exert its baleful influence, for ill luck attended the house and all its occupants. Finally, the hut remained untenanted so long that it fell to decay and had to be pulled down, when the "devil-stick," as we have seen, again beheld the light of day.

After taking our friend back to Jolon, we struck southward once more toward the upper Salinas valley, where we forded the river near San Ardo, finally reaching San Miguel. Here we stopped a few moments to refresh our memory of its mission church, still in excellent preservation, and still decorated with the glaring stencils executed by the Indians long ago. Nine miles beyond, we put up for the night at the big hotel of El Paso de Robles—the Pass of the Oaks.

Next morning we learned the reason for the name, for the King's Highway led us on through a beautiful park-like country, whose rolling pastures are dotted with giant oaks that send their spreading branches far aloft to fall again earthward in long pendent boughs. Through these shaded fields we climbed higher than we knew, and found ourselves at last at the brink of a steep descent, the Cuesta Grade, full of sharp turns and twists, winding downward rapidly to the valley where San Luis Obispo lies baking in a circle of gaunt mountains. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This by-way led under mighty oaks toward the Santa Lucias.—Page 495.

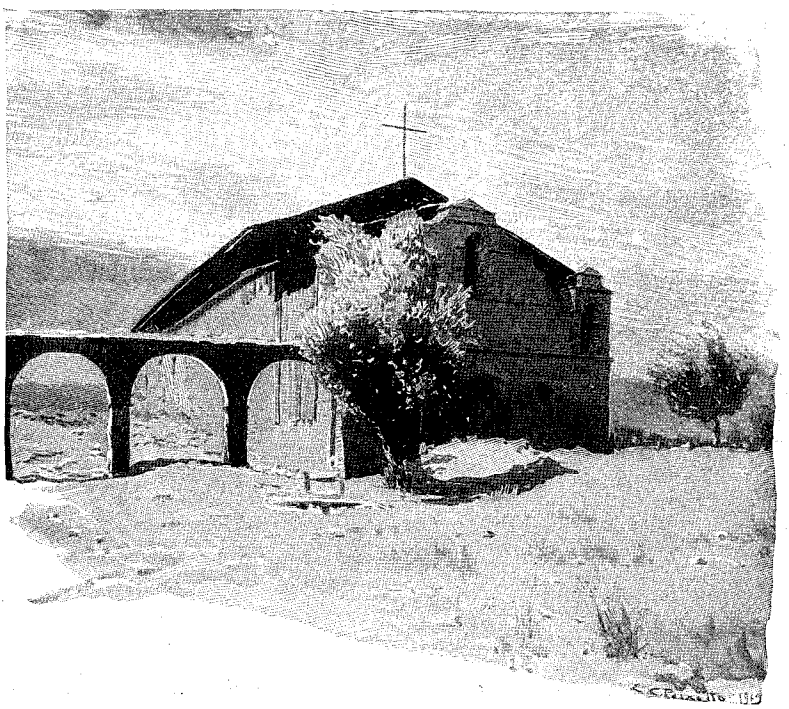
old place has now grown into a considerable town, but as it was Sunday morning its streets were almost deserted. We enjoyed, however, a glimpse of the interior of the mission church with its gleaming walls, its saints in niches, and its praying women with swarthy skins. The garden, too, running riot with gladiolas and fuchsias, makes a pretty picture with its formal pattern still preserved and shaded by tall fan-palms and pomegranates loaded with vermilion blooms.

It was getting on toward noon as we left San Luis, and the road was hot. Every now and then we met couples in buggies headed, as we were, southward. The highway engaged itself in a labyrinth of shadeless hills, dovetailing into each other, stifling the breeze and radiating heat. The noonday air grew more and more oppressive. Suddenly, without a warning, we topped a ridge and there, not a mile away, lay the sea, lazy, blue, and crested with white caps. Oh the joy of it, and the smell of it! And the coolness of the fresh trade wind! To the southward stretched the long bright crescent of the sands, white and glittering to the far cliffs beyond El Pizmo, scarred, sheer, and topped with verdure.

The road follows this delectable shore for a dozen miles or more, then turns inland again to the valley, where nestles the old town of Arroyo Grande smothered in seed-farms—acres of sweet peas and nasturtiums unbelievable except in California. The principal church was just pouring forth its congregation as we passed—Latins for the most part, men in sombreros and women with bright bands of velvet sewed round their skirts and gaudy kerchiefs knotted round their necks—among them two sisters in black that we mistook for a moment for women in mantillas.

Leaving Arroyo behind, we crossed a low range to the valley of the Santa Maria, then sped through the prosperous town of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Mission of San Antonio de Padua.—Page 495.

name, beyond which we lunched in the dense shade of a group of eucalypti. These picnics by the wayside proved most attractive features of the trip, better far than the usual pick-up meals that one gets at the roadside inns.

Up the Santa Maria valley, we found a sandy desert again—the most desolate region we had yet encountered. No wonder the early expeditions were dismayed as they traversed these dreary solitudes. Not a house and scarcely a tree in miles. So when at last, after many a league, we finally spied a ranch and a sign that told us it was a post-office as well, with the euphonious name of Sisquoc, we put in for water to cool our motor, which had become overheated in the heavy sand. We met there a loquacious old Swiss who had lived thirty years in the valley, and who, I am sure, was glad enough of our intrusion, for he went off into stories like an engine letting off steam, then sank into a calmer mood as soon as his little fund of information was exhausted.

The road now led us on up La Zaca Creek, and at the top of the grade we were treated to a fine sight, for perched upon a tree sat a great black eagle which, at our approach, rose lazily and sailed off over the valley. Farther on a more horrid picture met our eyes—a scene from Doré's "Inferno": a flock of vultures settled on the dead limbs of an old oak, taking no note of us whatever, but hideously intent upon a gully where some carrion lay rotting.

An hour or so more through a desolate region brought us at length to the village of Los Olivos, and we drew up for the night before its roadside hostelry—a comfortable little place kept by a good Italian, under whose care we enjoyed a delicate and well-chosen dinner, including the freshest of mountain trout from the Santa Inez River, and some genuine white Chianti.

We found, next morning, that we had left the wilderness behind for good and all. We had gone but a few miles when, at a turn of the road, an unlooked-for vision met our eyes. Were we truly in California or in some secluded valley along the Tagus? In a vast amphitheatre of radiant mountains, overlooking the reaches of a broad river valley, stood the old Mission of Santa Inez, quite as the Spaniard left it, facing the morning sun, its white arcades gleam-

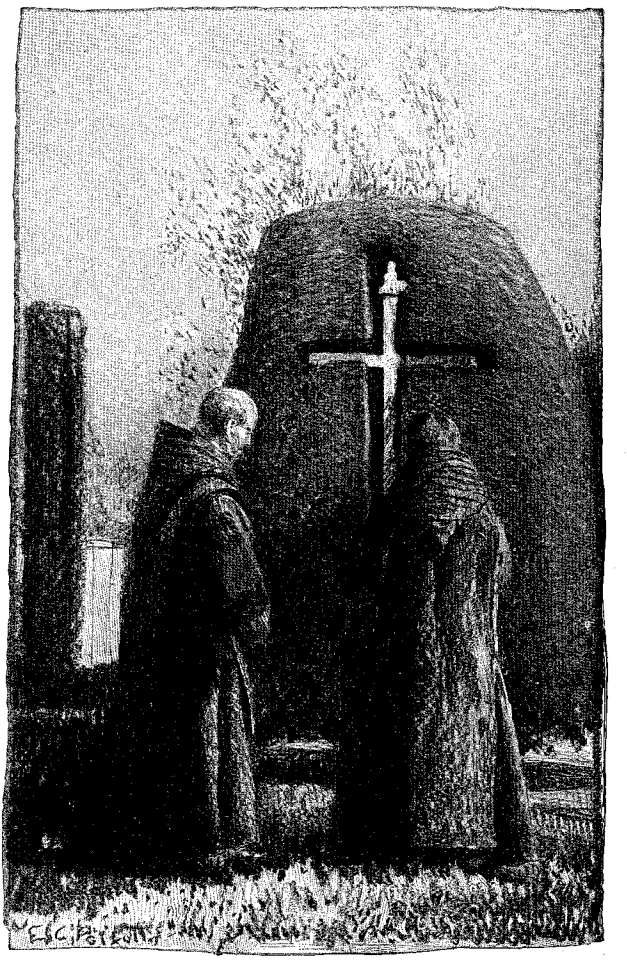
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing; its bronze bells ringing in its campanarios; its pottery roofs harmonizing to perfection with the ruddy grasses of its vassal fields. Not a house in sight marred the picture. And a visit to the interior even enhanced the Old World flavor of the spot. We were taken about by a priest, its sole occupant, who is the zealous guardian of its relics of the past—and they are many—and who has brought order out of chaos in the sacristy, where he has rearranged the beautiful old vestments, the altar services, the fine old Mexican linens and lawns and laces, and other possessions of the padres. There were two articles among all these that especially caught my fancy.

One was a large silk umbrella, lemon yellow in color, and edged with Chinese blue, which the fathers used to carry to shelter them as they walked the weary miles from mission across these shadeless solitudes, or to visit their neophyte Indian families. For, once the missions were established, no brother was permitted to ride, but was compelled, in his humility, to proceed everywhere afoot—*per pede apostolorum*.

The other object was a rude catafalque raised on steps, and the priest explained to me that one, two, or three steps were used according to the social status of the Indian that was to be buried, and that still, when an Indian died and the bier had been arranged with one step, the family or comrades of the deceased would strongly object, saying, "*Non uno, pero dos; era un muy grande Indian!*" So went the humility of the padre with the pride of the Indian!

Tucked away in the recesses of these beautiful Santa Inez Mountains, clothed in their royal purple mantles, are several old haciendas still kept up in Spanish style. By prearrangement, and with the purpose of visiting one of the best of these, we left the main road some miles below the mission, ascending the beautiful little canyon that bears the name of the well-known family we were to visit, fording its creek a dozen times as the gulch grew narrower and wilder. A short steep hill, a gate, and we found ourselves on a little plateau, with a low house snugly sheltered at the far end under a group of giant oaks. The big barns and outhouses—quite a settlement—lay to the left. As we drew up before the gate, a figure all in white, the daughter of the house, came forward to greet us, followed im-



A tree larger than its fellows trimmed to contain a wooden cross.—Page 493.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mediately by her father, a tall, fine-looking Castilian whose courtly manner harmonized perfectly with the old-world seclusion of this patrician abode.

And it certainly had a patrician air, this low hacienda—full of repose, with its broad porches and comfortable chairs and hammocks, its shady vine arbor almost a century old, and its whitened adobe walls toned by age and weather. The interior, too, had the same old-world quality, being quite devoid of halls or passageways, the rooms merely communicating with each other by means of arches; the master's room to the right beyond the big living-room, the dining-room to the left, and through the latter you entered the patio, surrounded by the guests' and children's rooms.

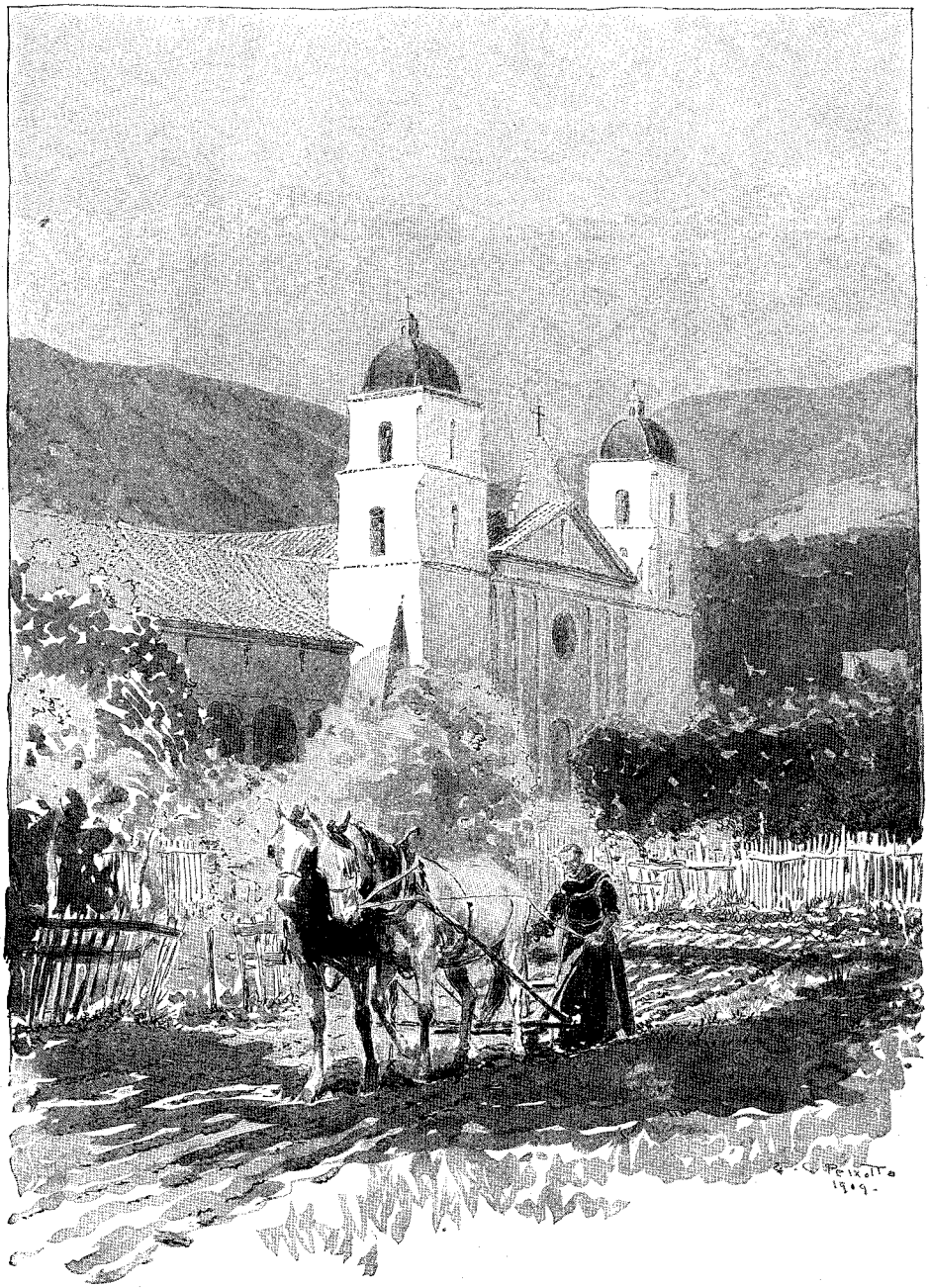
A donkey train.

Little had been added to the furniture since the olden days. Old-fashioned gilt mirrors still hang gleaming upon the walls, and Spanish wedding-chests, decorated with those Chinese designs that recall the days of Spain's close contact with the Orient, still stand in shadowy corners. On a table in the living-room I spied an original edition of Palou's "Life of Junipero Serra," and in the patio our host called our attention to a great copper community pot, such as we had seen at San Antonio, and which he had brought from the now deserted Mission of La Purissima Concepcion off near the coast. In the patio, too, were hung the bridles and the high conical Mexican hats ornamented with carved leather, the Indian baskets, and the blankets, and the girls' riatas made of horsehair—prized possessions these, for it is well-nigh impossible to find any one who can make them nowadays.

We lingered upon the veranda for some time to hear how the timbers of the house had been dragged along the ground by oxen up the narrow valley through which we had come, and how the shingles had been brought strapped to the oxen's horns. And then, after a friendly glass of port, and a warm invitation in true southern fashion for more extended hospitality, we bade our friends good-by and were off again southward.

Our path now lay toward the mountains—the Santa Inez range, whose steep flanks, clothed in thick brush, afford shelter for about the only large bears to be found in southern California. We climbed the wind-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

An old mission church with twin towers gleams against the dark mountains.—Page 503.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing grades of the Gaviota Pass by a rough road that wound up under the shadow of giant oaks and sycamores. The summit came sooner than we expected, but the descent proved long. Midway we halted for luncheon beside a stream, then, in the motor again, coasted the remainder of the grade. This time we smelt the sea before we saw it, so it came not as a surprise as it had back at San Luis Obispo. We had, too, been prepared for it by the very name of the pass through which we had come—gaviota, the sea-gull. But when at the last turning we finally beheld its broad expanse, cool, blue, pacific, our pleasure was indeed keen.

On the Gaviota Pass.

It was heightened, too, as we rounded the point and turned eastward along the riviera with the Pacific (or to be more exact, the Santa Barbara Channel) on the one hand, and the rugged sea-front of the Santa Inez Mountains on the other. I cannot here avoid the use of the word riviera, for these shores with their gray furrowed mountains standing above verdant foot-hills, their azure expanses of sea, their islands floating like mirages on the far horizon—Anacaper, Santa Cruz, and San Bernardo where Cabrillo ended his discoveries by his death—possess the same rare beauty as the south coast of France, or the far-away Riviera of the Seven Castles on the highway to Traü.

In a cove along the beach, a schooner lay aground, her tall masts sticking high above the hay-fields, lying upon so calm a day as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

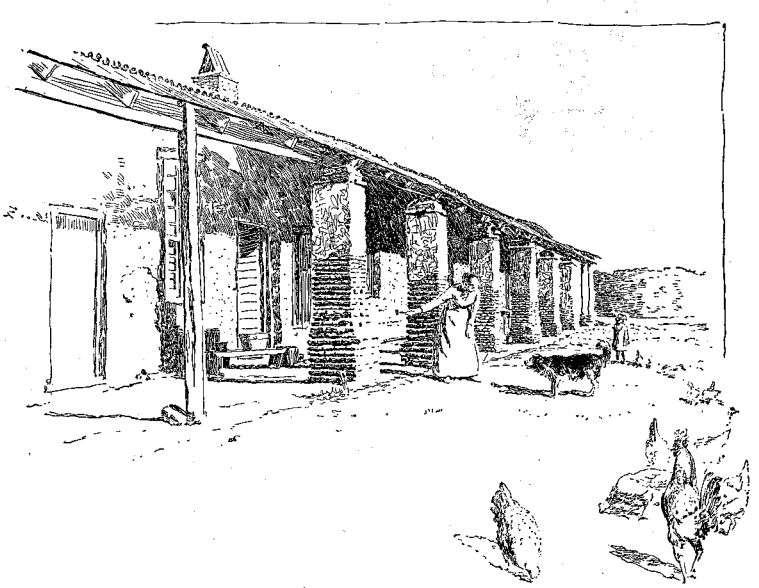
at the will of man rather than by the caprice of that lazy ocean of so deep a blue that the hay-stacks, standing in relief against it, glowed like wrought gold against some cerulean background enamelled by Nardon Penicaud.

The road along this coast is one long succession of barrancas, each with a rocky creek-bed worn by the winter torrent at the bottom—a rough road indeed. As the blue serrated mountains behind Santa Barbara come into sight, however, clean-cut as the sure line of some Dürer etching, it levels out, and we enter a very Eden of delight.

The air comes laden with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, and of strawberries lying cool under their shiny leaves. Avenues of pepper-trees alternate with long alamedas of palmettos and gum-trees. The bougainvillea smothers the little cottages in its gorgeous purple bloom. Villas overgrown with roses, and pretty surburban homes, now begin to adjoin each other; an old mission church with twin towers gleams against the dark mountains, and we enter the streets of Santa Barbara. We preferred to spend the night in the quiet groves of San Ysidro, so left the old Spanish town behind and climbed the slopes of the Sierras overlooking the sea.

We had now reached the land of Andalusia after the bleak wastes of Estramadura, the Vega after the arid mountain-world.

We might, by continuing along the Camino Real, visit the remainder of Fray Junipero's churches, but in the rich and luscious country that lies beyond Santa Barbara, the orchardist and vineyardist have come; the gringo has set his seal upon the land and the remains of the Spanish occupation must be sought for in the rush of modern improvement. We preferred therefore to keep our impressions intact and remember only the land we had just traversed. In its lonely mountains we had seen the Spaniard still tending his flocks and herds; heard its valleys still echoing the angelus at eventide, and found its sparse villages still sheltering their populations of swarthy Iberians. We had found a true bit of Old Spain still lingering in this untravelled strip of California.

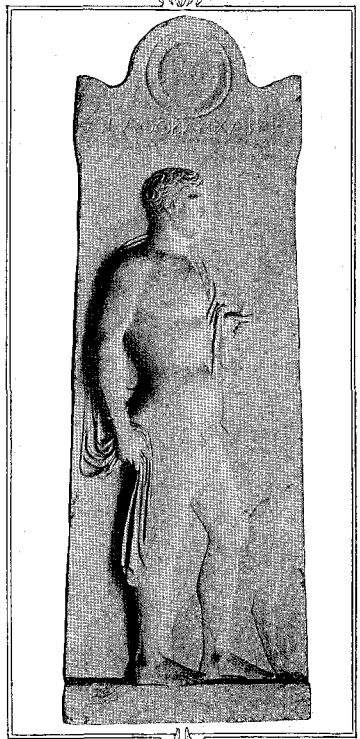


A patio at San Miguel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MEMORIAL TABLET

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.



F. B.

(BAS-RELIEF)

Oh, Agathocles, fare thee well.

NAKED and brave thou goest
Without one glance behind!
Hast thou no fear, Agathocles,
Or backward grief of mind?

The dreamy dog beside thee
Presses against thy knee;
He, too, oh, sweet Agathocles.
Is deaf and visioned like thee.

Thou art so lithe and lovely
And yet thou art not ours.
What Delphic saying compels thee
Of kings or topless towers?

That little blowing mantle
Thou losest from thine arm—
No shoon nor staff, Agathocles,
Nor sword, to fend from harm!

Thou hast the changed impersonal
Awed brow of mystery—
Yesterday thou wast burning,
Mad boy, for Glaucöe.

Philis thy mother calls thee;
Mine eyes with tears are dim.
Turn once, look once, Agathocles—
(*The gods have blinded him*).

Come back, Agathocles, the night—
Brings thee what place of rest?
Wine-sweet are Glaucöe's kisses,
Flower-soft her budding breast.

He seems to hearken, Glaucöe,
He seems to listen and smile;
(*Nay, Philis, but a god-song*
He follows this many a mile).

Come back, come back, Agathocles!
(*He scents the asphodel;*
Unearthly swift he runneth).
Agathocles, farewell!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

ALLUSIONS to the Roman republic by distinguished visitors to this country are becoming too frequent to ignore. Do they mean to compliment us or do they not? Are they, perhaps, hinting that the Roman republic met its fate, and that we are headed in the same direction? Whatever may be the thought in the back of the heads of these observers, they at least admit that we have come into our own, and that our own, whatever the future may hold, is for the moment worth having.

The two things which seem to impress them most, and which most frequently cause their minds to hark back to our ancient prototype, are our love of pleasure and the cheerful optimism which accompanies luxury on every hand. Ferrero, who may be accepted as the most noteworthy of these visiting foreigners, finds in this country a "delightful elation of feeling" which he assumes to be the temper of the people in which climate and topography assist. This optimism and cheerfulness he contrasts with the "universal note of sadness in Europe due to its numerous frontier lines." Gayety in America is universal, he says, and notes in evidence the music he encounters wherever he goes. One suspects he is referring to the restaurants, for he had just been making a tour of the Great White Way, under which picturesque phrase Broadway after dark is known. The spectacle of numbers of people eating expensive dishes at midnight and in public to the sounds of what make for the lute and the lyre leads him to his favorite comparison, while admitting our modern improvements in the way of electric lighting and transportation. He visits the Hippodrome, and after expressing his enthusiasm at the beauty and magnificence of the entertainment in a manner that must have delighted the management, he goes on to describe how it would have pleased the old Romans, who delighted in such great spectacles.

Panem et Circenses

Now this is very interesting. Whatever may be our national sins, and we are told on all sides that they are many, we are cheerful sinners, it seems. If we love luxury, we love it in its social aspect rather than as individuals. It is not beyond the memory of man when we had the reputation of taking our pleasures sadly when we did take them. The man of the United States was so busy piling up dollars that he had no time for amusing himself. That was left for his butterfly mate, whose time was spent in adorning herself and displaying herself adorned.

This new point of view—that of a happy, exhilarated people with even a "greed for pleasure"—thus Ferrero sums it up, robust and hearty, like that of the Romans, even if with a "lack of intelligent imagination," is sufficiently alluring to make us want to stand aside and see ourselves be'avin' so joyously that we attract attention. That there is a constant pressure to add to our holidays, and a notable increase in theatres and other places of amusement, occurs to every one. We have the spectacle of thousands of judges, bankers, lawyers, clerks leaving their offices to go to games of foot-ball and base-ball accompanied by every stratum of the population, impartially collected under the name of "fans." One of those public-spirited men who promote electric roads in inland towns for the convenience of the public and their own profit, says that the guarantee of his own satisfactory share in the undertaking is to organize an amusement park at some terminal. If need be he digs a pond, puts in it some boats, sets up a mechanical organ in a dancing pavilion, with opportunities for soft drinks and tables for picnickers, and his end is assured. Hither during the afternoons his road is occupied transporting mothers and children, and in the evening young people and wage-workers, all of whom are almost clear gain for his coffers. In one town in the far West he carried his road seventeen miles to a little lake which, electricity being the thing he has most of, he fringed with colored electric bulbs, and with music, dancing, and light keeps his road busy and his receipts heavy.

It is these large corporate views of amusement as an asset that are most conclusive of our state. We must have amusement; we are in circumstances to gratify it; it is profitable to supply it. Our joyousness is organized, according to the temper of the times. In this age of vast projects, it is freely admitted that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these cannot be carried on without providing for the recreation of the workers. In building the government road to Benguiet, a brass band had to be brought up to play behind the Filipino laborers, who would work to music when they wouldn't work without. The workmen in this country are not so exacting; they work when they work and play when they play. But whether it is the Ashokan dam, which is to supply the increasing thirst of New Yorkers for water, or the great irrigating projects of the far West, the amusements for the leisure hours of the workmen must as certainly be considered as the specifications. While the women must have their schools and churches, the more frivolous males must have sports and bands.

When the government was building the forty miles of road over an almost inaccessible country preparatory to undertaking the great Roosevelt dam it was found impossible to get white laborers, because it was impossible to supply them with opportunities for gayly spending their money. The engineers consequently were obliged to hire Apaches, whose ideas of fun were of another sort, and not so insistent. Along the length of the Panama Canal music, dancing, and sports have their appointed times, even as have the dredges and shovels. Colon plays Ancon; Corazal challenges Gatun; Empire gives a dance to Gorgona. Even the government turned impresario and sent down four young women who fiddled to the workers all along the line. "Panem et Circenses" is the legend over every great undertaking in this country, as it was of our old friends the Romans. Thus far the professors have observed us correctly. Good wages and plenty of fun, and we will follow the steam shovel wherever it goes.

Self-Optimism

A RECENT character sketch by Katharine Tynan concerns a delightful old lady of eighty with the heart and eyes of eighteen; who lived in a beautiful old house colored by the centuries and surrounded by a garden dim, rich, and ordered. Her predominant qualities were a passionate kindness and a winning modesty. Yet at times she launched out in self-laudation, waved her flag of leadership, and reduced the blatantly obstreperous to decency. A cargo of Londoners, celebrating Bank Holiday, had crossed to Ireland, and six or eight men, with a sprinkling of women and children, settled themselves in a one-horse cart to be drawn up an all but perpendicular hill. "Tell them," the indignant old lady ordered the wagoner, "tell them that the Lady of the Manor always walks up." Overawed by the high-sounding title, the cockney tourists clambered out of the cart and did walk up.

I delight in this tale of assertiveness, as the eye when it sees scarlet luxuriates in the thought of green; for my own pet rampant pride is humility, that so-called virtue which, coming easiest, had loomed for me into a besetting sin. Possibly with others, as with me, it is not an attribute of Christian character, but, as Sam Weller has it, "werry rewerse to the contrary." There are those, like Cowper, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison; yet Dr. Johnson was justly angry at Thrale for sitting at Oglethorpe's table without speaking, censuring him for degrading himself to a nonentity. Lord Strafford once took down to dinner a lady whose name he did not catch. Talk turned upon mathematics, and he tried to explain it to his companion, who listened with polite attention. Up-stairs he found it was Mrs. Somerville. I fear that in her place I should have weakly done the same thing. A modest silence would have been so much simpler than tactfully to disclose my identity. As a result, however, Lord Strafford must have cursed his officiousness, and the rational conversation with which the two might have whiled away the dinner hour was obviously imposible. Unintentionally, but nevertheless, the great mathematician's modesty smacked no less of pride than did Rousseau's. "The new piece has fallen flat," he cried at the door of the café; "it has wearied me to death. It is by Rousseau of Geneva, and I am that very Rousseau." Such humility is egotism standing on its head.

The adage that children should be seen and not heard deprived the first half of the nineteenth century of much goodly conversation and noble bearing, and was the direct ancestor of that stultifying hallucination that anything, though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself is still too much. Observance of that dictum would hourly rob conversation of its snap and sparkle, of its root and tendril and flower. Charlotte Bronté, whose youthful genius was kept unseen and unheard, had to nerve herself to meet Thackeray and other notable contemporaries by demanding of herself: "Who but a coward would pass his whole live in hamlets?" Without the vanity that loves applause, few of us, as Bagehot shrewdly guesses,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would cultivate the tact which gains applause. If we can do without the world, the world can make shift to do without us.

Ask and it shall be given to you is a rule and sequence of divine origin. Who of us shy ones, skilled in self-effacement, has not realized that the best things on the table of life have gone untasted because we failed to serve ourselves thereto? "You young fellows will not take responsibility," said a great colonial governor, when questioned why others in the service did not rise. It is a question if a man with every qualification for a responsible office has the right to refuse the office. The modesty which leaves duties to inferiors needs some justification. People so habitually take us at our own valuation that when in mistaken modesty we set our influence too low it is literally lowered. "O to be nothing, nothing!" is as pernicious a petition as the calling oneself a worm in the dust is derogatory to one's Creator. David defined a gentleman as one who is lowly in his own eyes; but Jesus approved the guest who, after taking a low seat at table, joyfully accepted the host's invitation to come up higher. It is so easy to insist on sitting low, monotonously recounting one's unworthiness for the seat perilous, becoming thereby a bore even to one's neighbors below the salt. "Oh, well, I am not going to urge you," brutally said a young male relative, when I met his invitation for some great treat by suggesting he might prefer to take some other girl. Then and there I learned the invaluable social lesson to accept promptly and heartily, and make myself good enough company to be asked again. Plutarch says that Pedaretus, being left out of the election of the three hundred, went home merry, saying it did him good to see there were three hundred found better in the city than himself. Say not better, Pedaretus, but more active; 'tis the way of politics ever. Johnson's self-complacency was more profoundly modest: "In writing my dictionary I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it, and I have done it very well." Nor did he scruple to accept the praise of his sovereign. "When the king has said it," he remarked, "it was to be so."

Culture teaches us our modest place in the whole scheme, but to shrink so small as to leave that place half empty is retiring into notice. "My poor humble self" was often on the lips of Jenny Lind, but she never cringed or lost dignity. When asked how she executed her part in "Roberto il Diavolo," her genius fired up: "How could I tell how I sang it! I stood at the man's right hand and the fiend at his left, and all I could think of was how to save him." It is so easy to be humble when all the world knows there is a foundation for pride underneath; but it requires heroism for the shy to assume a social fearlessness. In brief, self-eulogy—using eulogy in its old Greek sense of speaking well—has its uses fruitful as well as sterile; and true modesty while it walks up the hills unostentatiously a hundred times will, that hundred and first time, proclaim its own exalted rank and extol its own practice, that the unqualified and the misqualified may be led to imitate its virtue.

Talk about Inns

"DO you object to talk about inns?" asks Thackeray of the readers of his "Roundabout Papers." "It always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn talk." Ah, but who reads Cervantes and Walter Scott and Le Sage in these days? Such authors as they are no criterion. And if inns are tolerated at all, it is only because they run garages for our motor-cars. As for Literature, what concern has Literature with inns that stand less than thirty stories high—with a frontage on the Avenue?

And yet those old times of the inn and the stage-coach were good times. I like Henry Fielding's metaphor by which his readers are represented to be passengers in a stage-coach—and he the genial stage-coach driver. Fielding's novels teem with coaches and inns. The poet Gray, who preferred Richardson, allowed Richardson's rival a finer understanding of these important matters. It should be no reproach, at least; and in our own generation Kipling has hymned the ship engineer and the locomotive driver. But Dickens was the last of the novelists to tell us much about innkeepers and the tribe of stage-drivers, a genus as extinct nowadays as the dodo itself. Where are the Wellers of Yester-year?

Not with Dickens alone, but with his eighteenth-century forbears—Fielding and Smollett and Sterne—inns and their keepers were a long suit. Who has forgotten Dessein's in the "Sentimental Journey"? Thackeray, in one of those same admirable "Roundabout Papers," has taken us back to Dessein's, admirable hostelry that it was! He knew the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Calais Hotel of old "as one of the cleanest, one of the dearest, one of the most comfortable," in all Europe. Certainly Dessein's must have been *very* dear. Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing a letter from Paris in the year 1834, states that wine there cost "just three times as much as at the Palais Royal," —and the Palais Royal was never inexpensive. Thackeray's "Roundabout" gives him the cue for one of those most winning personal confessions in which his essays and his novels are all of them so rich. "I remember," he says, "a certain little Paris excursion about which my benighted parents never knew anything." When he had recrossed the Channel, and had tasted a whiting and a beefsteak and a glass of negus at the "Ship" at Dover, there was left over but half-a-crown for the guard and coachman on the road to London. Thackeray "had gone without leave. What a long, dreary, guilty, forty hours' journey it was from Paris to Calais, I remember! How did I come to think of this escapade, which occurred in the Easter vacation of the year 1830? I always think of it when I am crossing to Calais. Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory, and I feel easier in my mind now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." The college mate whom Thackeray visited in Paris, when he made this *sub rosa* journey thither in his youth (and breakfasted, belike, at Dessein's—if he did not dine there) was—Edward FitzGerald! This was in the years before the Laird of Little-Grange took up for good the vegetative life. What a thing it was to have been young a hundred years ago, in those days when it took forty hours to travel from Paris to Calais! There were no turbine steamers on the Channel then, and travel was a luxury.

A book very recently published has for its title: "The Journal of John Mayne During a Tour on the Continent upon its Reopening upon the Fall of Napoleon, 1814." The first entry in the "Journal" is dated "Calais, August, 1814." After a tedious crossing, the young traveller had alighted "at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, formerly Dessein's, now kept by Quillacy [Quillac] and Duplessis." It was here that Lady Hamilton stayed for a part of the same eventful summer. Dessein's was then "the greatest establishment in Europe." There were between seventy and eighty beds there—and fifty for servants: just ponder *that* fact, ye who are content with the modern caravansaries of London and Paris and New York! Yet there were (as young John Mayne informs us) "many deficiencies [that] instantly attracted the notice of an English gentleman." For instance, though the rooms were "large and airy," the beds they contained, being set in recesses, were occupied somewhat indiscriminately by male and female guests. Judge the importance, then, of the "posts and curtains," forming "a little appartment" screened off from the room proper.

These are the days of hostelries with "lifts" innumerable and with "garages"; yet I regret, in spite of myself, those olden times of inns and coaches and postillions. It is only in my library that I can travel post—and stop at Dessein's—and seat myself in the *désobligeante:*

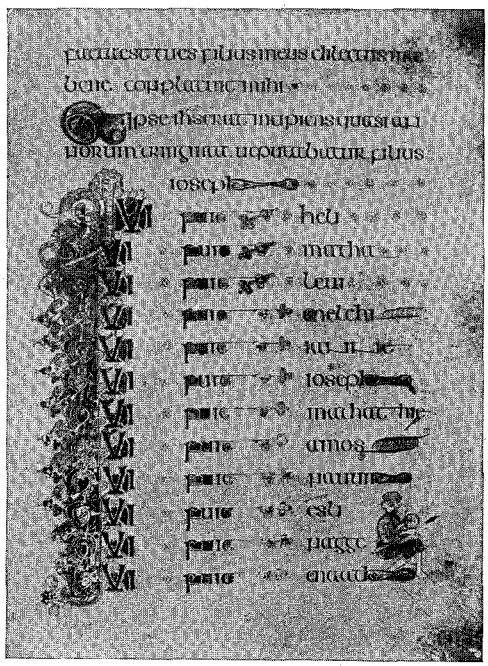
> "Once more upon the *diligence;* once more
> The horses jog before me like a flock
> That knows no leader."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD"

IT was no Irishman, but a peculiarly hostile Welshman, chaplain to a peculiarly hostile English prince, who declared, eight centuries ago, that no human hand could have written it! An angel, he said, must indeed, as one Irish tradition suggested, have guided the hand of the scribe in making "this majestic face, divinely drawn," those "figures of infinite variety, so closely woven together that if you looked carelessly at them they would seem rather like a uniform blot than an exquisite interweaving of figures, exhibiting no skill or art where all is skill and perfection of art. But if you look closely, with all the acuteness of sight that you can command, and examine the inmost secrets of that wondrous art, you will discover such subtile, such fine and closely wrought lines, twisted and interwoven in such intricate knots, and adorned with such fresh and brilliant colors, that you will readily acknowledge the whole to be the result of angelic rather than human skill. The more numerous the beauties I discover in it, the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it. Neither could Apelles himself execute the like; and indeed they seem to have been formed and painted by a hand not mortal."



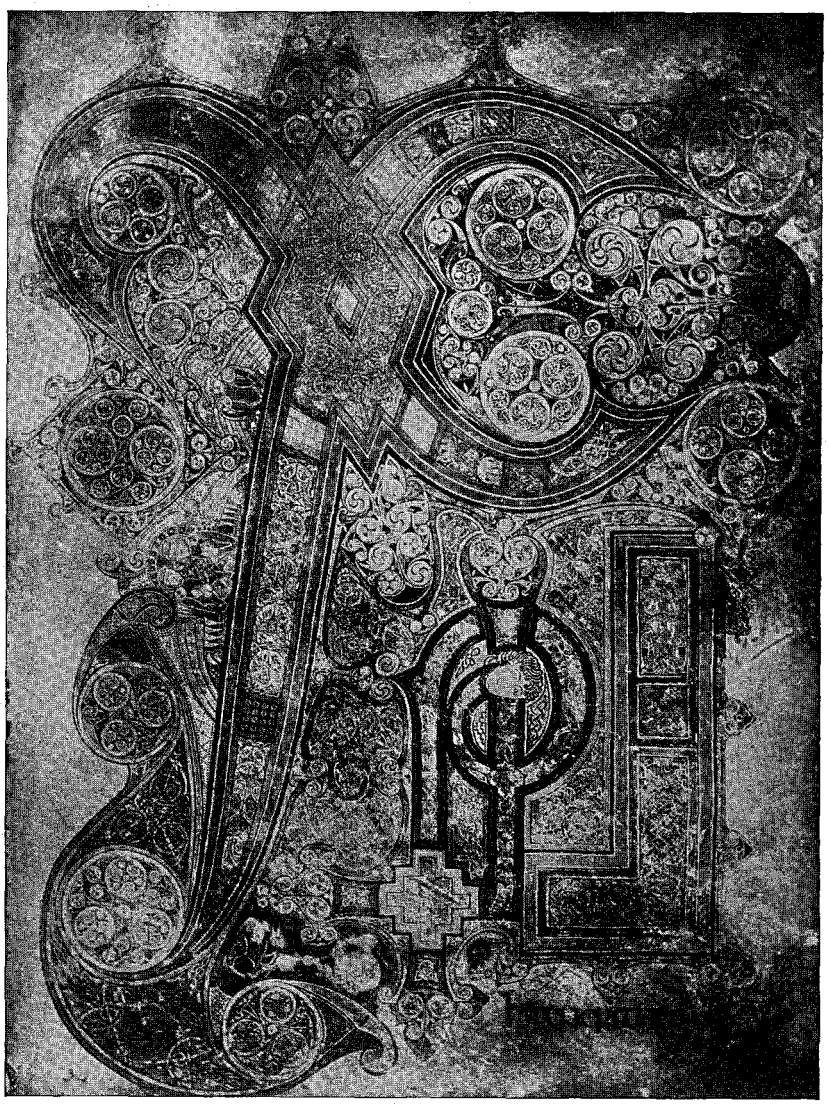
First page of the Genealogy

St. Luke's Gospel, III, 22. The most elaborate set of interlaced initials in the Book of Kells.

Already in the day of Henry II and Prince John it was nearly as unfashionable as in Elizabeth's to praise anything in Ireland. And one cannot help reflecting that Giraldus Cambrensis, scholar, historian, churchman, but first of all politician, found it peculiarly convenient to attribute the Great Gospel of Columcille, which the greatest English authority of the nineteenth century has pronounced "the most elaborately executed monument of early Christian art in existence," to an angel rather than to an Irishman! Already a British prelate could forget that St. Columba, by whom or in whose honor the book was written, had been the means, six centuries before, of Christianizing Scotland and northern England itself; while the great Irish schools which recognized him as head had been, from the sixth to the ninth centuries, the chief centres of learning in all Europe, drawing to Ireland students like King Aldfrid of Northumbria and King Dagobert of France, supplying free tuition, free books, food, and lodging to so many English youths that a third of the city of Armagh was set apart for them and called the Saxon Third; and sending to the Continent such missionaries as St. Gall, who evangelized Switzerland, and St. Columbanus, whose influence extended from France into Italy.

No small part of this achievement and its tremendous effects upon the history of civilization may fairly be traced to the passion for books of the saint who was poet, scribe, and an Irish prince of the O'Donnells. The multiplying of books was a favorite industry of the sixth-century Irish saints, and the malicious M. Anatole France has not accused *them*, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The famous Monogram Page.

Book of Kells; St, Matthew's Gospel, I, 18. The Greek letters XPI stand for the name Christi and were used in Latin texts of the Gospels by Celtic scribes.

least, of erasing the rarest of the classics to obtain clean parchment! But more than once Columba, as a scribe, seems to have found in his fellow saints a discouragingly sharp sense of personal property. St. Longarad, when Columba visited him, refused even to show his very ancient "Félĭrè" of Angus the Culdee; and the scribe of the glosses of the "Félĭrè" attributes the subsequent illegibility of the books to the retort of the imperious prince and effective saint: "May your books be of no use after you, since you have exercised inhospitality about them."

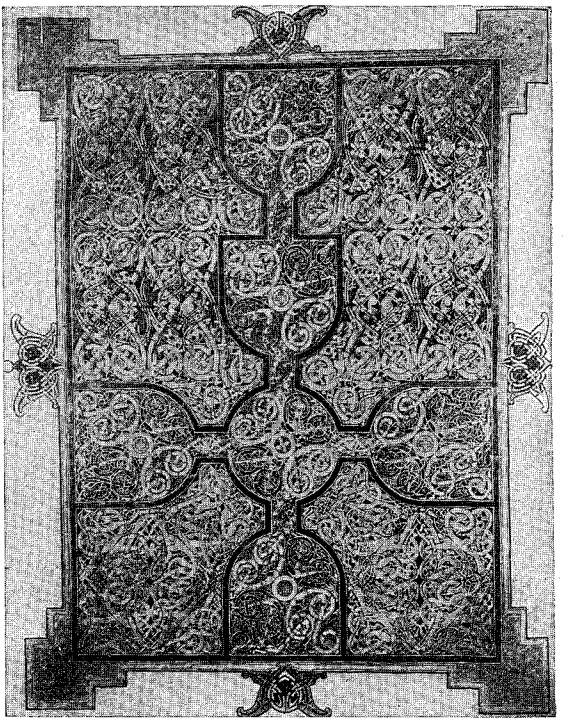
Again, in the middle of his life Columba's zeal for copying, in the case of the famous "Battel Book of the O'Donnells," led to an extraordinary series of events, melancholy for him, since they made him the first and forever typical Irish exile, but significant to the entire world. Iona, the home of Columba's exile, subsequently known as Hy-Columkille, became the centre of Christian civilization in the north

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Britain and the burial-place of the kings of Scotland. Duncan's body, Shakespeare tells us, was

"carried to Colme-kill
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones."

But it is Kells that in Ireland still speaks most eloquently of the greatest saint of the entire Celtic race. At Kells, Columba had lived, up to the moment of his exile, in a house one-tenth cell, nine-tenths oratory, that still stands, a remarkable and perfect example of the ancient Irish stone-roofed structure. In Kells, famous for metal work, was made the splendid carved *cumdach*, or cover, of the "Battle Book of the O'Donnells," which, with the "Battler" itself, the "Annals of the Four Masters," the "Book of the Dun Cow," the "Speckled Book," and thousands of ancient Irish manuscripts, poems, or sagas with charming names, may now be seen in the archives of the Royal Irish Academy. And it was from Kells, become at last the recognized head of all the Columban foundations in Ireland, that the Great Gospel of Columcille, "chief relic of the Western World," embodying with the gospels certain eleventh-century charters relating to Kells and known for centuries as the "Book of Kells," was stolen in 1106. It was found "after twenty nights and two months," the Four Masters tell us, "with the gold [of its *cumdach*] stolen off and a sod over it."



Decorative cross of interlaced birds.
Book of Lindisfarne.

So dull have we been at learning our Ireland, that few, even of such tourists as linger delightedly in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, ever think of climbing the stairs of Trinity College in Dublin to see, in the excellent company of the venerable "Books of Durrow and Armagh," and the Irish harp of Brian Boru—that gem of all books, the "Book of Kells," "the most beautiful book in the world."

Its superiority to the two other finest illuminated manuscripts of the Irish School, the sixth-century "Book of Durrow" and the "Book of Lindisfarne,"* of which the date is fixed as between 687 and 721, has finally made clear that the "Book of Kells, or Gospel of Columcille," was probably not made by Columba himself, but after him in his honor by eighth-century scribes of his monasteries. The remarkable style of illumination which had arisen and developed in Ireland at a time when classic art was practically extinct and mediocrity in all the arts prevailed in Europe, reached in the "Book of Kells" a "standard of excellence never before attained nor since surpassed." In Ireland the style lasted pure from the fifth century for six hundred years, but its influence extended, interlaced ornament predominating in the so-called Charlemagne style of the next two centuries in France and continuing upon the gold grounds of the thirteenth and in the beautiful Italian borders of the fifteenth centuries.

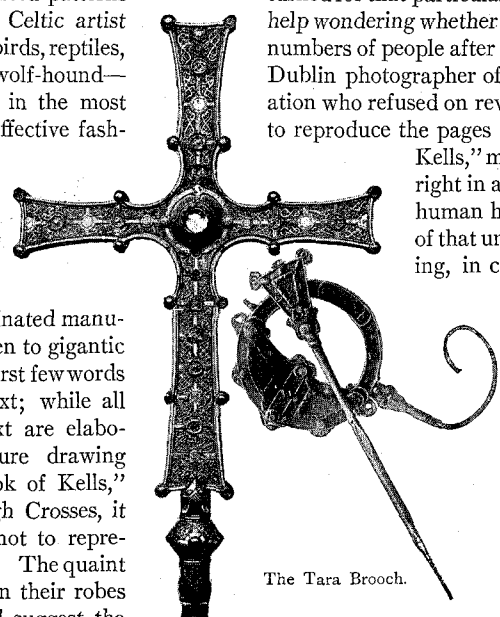
In the great Irish monasteries of that happy day all the arts developed together, and the scribe, if he were not himself a craftsman, worked side by side with the fathers of the artists who made such masterpieces as the "Cross of Cong" and the "Tara Brooch."*

* The monastery of Lindisfarne in England, where the 'Book of Lindisfarne," a treasure of the British Museum, was written in honor of St. Cuthbert, was founded by Irish monks from St. Columba's school at Iona.

* The crude Byzantine style of the fifth century neither progressed itself nor particularly advanced progress in the west of Europe, only a few characteristic methods of this style, such as the columnar arrangement of the Eusabian Canons persisting to a much later date.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The art of cloisonné enamel, which was a peculiar gift of the Celtic race, undoubtedly suggested, by its application of twisted wire to metal surfaces, many of the mosaic patterns of the illuminator, as well as the use of colors, the paint being often applied in varying degrees of thickness to produce jewelled effects. Metal work, which had been cultivated in Ireland a thousand years before St. Columba, suggested dots, whorls, spirals, disks, and fretted designs: while the textile arts suggested patterns of ribbon work which the Celtic artist applied to the treatment of birds, reptiles, dogs—the extinct Irish wolf-hound—dragons, and even men, in the most amazing and delightfully effective fashion. Whereas in earlier and contemporary continental manuscripts all letters are of uniform size, the first few lines being simply written in red, in even the earliest Irish illuminated manuscripts entire pages are given to gigantic decorated initials or to the first few words of main divisions of the text; while all initials throughout the text are elaborately ornamented. Figure drawing appears first in the "Book of Kells," where, as on the Irish High Crosses, it is always crude, designed not to represent, but simply to decorate. The quaint figures of the Evangelists in their robes so symmetrically folded suggest the ecclesiastical vestments of the Celtic Church in the eighth century; and the nimbus about each reverend head, like the geometrical divisions that enframe each figure, is filled with the exquisite tracery and mosaic that will always be the wonder and discouragement of would-be copyists. The same accomplished English artist who declared that in delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution the whole range of palæography offers nothing to be compared with the early Irish manuscripts, confesses that once, in Dublin, he attempted to copy a few of the ornaments of "the most marvellous of them all," the "Book of Kells," "but broke down in despair." A page like the famous "Monogram page"—upon which, in and about the three letters XPI, standing for Christi, every variety of design known to Celtic art has been lavished, the most astounding combinations of elongated human and reptile forms, infinitely small, interlaced to form an exquisite web—produces a broad effect, of a beauty that the superlatives of more than one language have been taxed to describe—in centuries when superlatives were not so cheap as undiscriminating "criticism" has made them in our own! The richness of the color effects is the more remarkable for being accomplished without the aid of the gold or the parchment stain employed in Continental illumination.



The Tara Brooch.

The Cross of Cong.

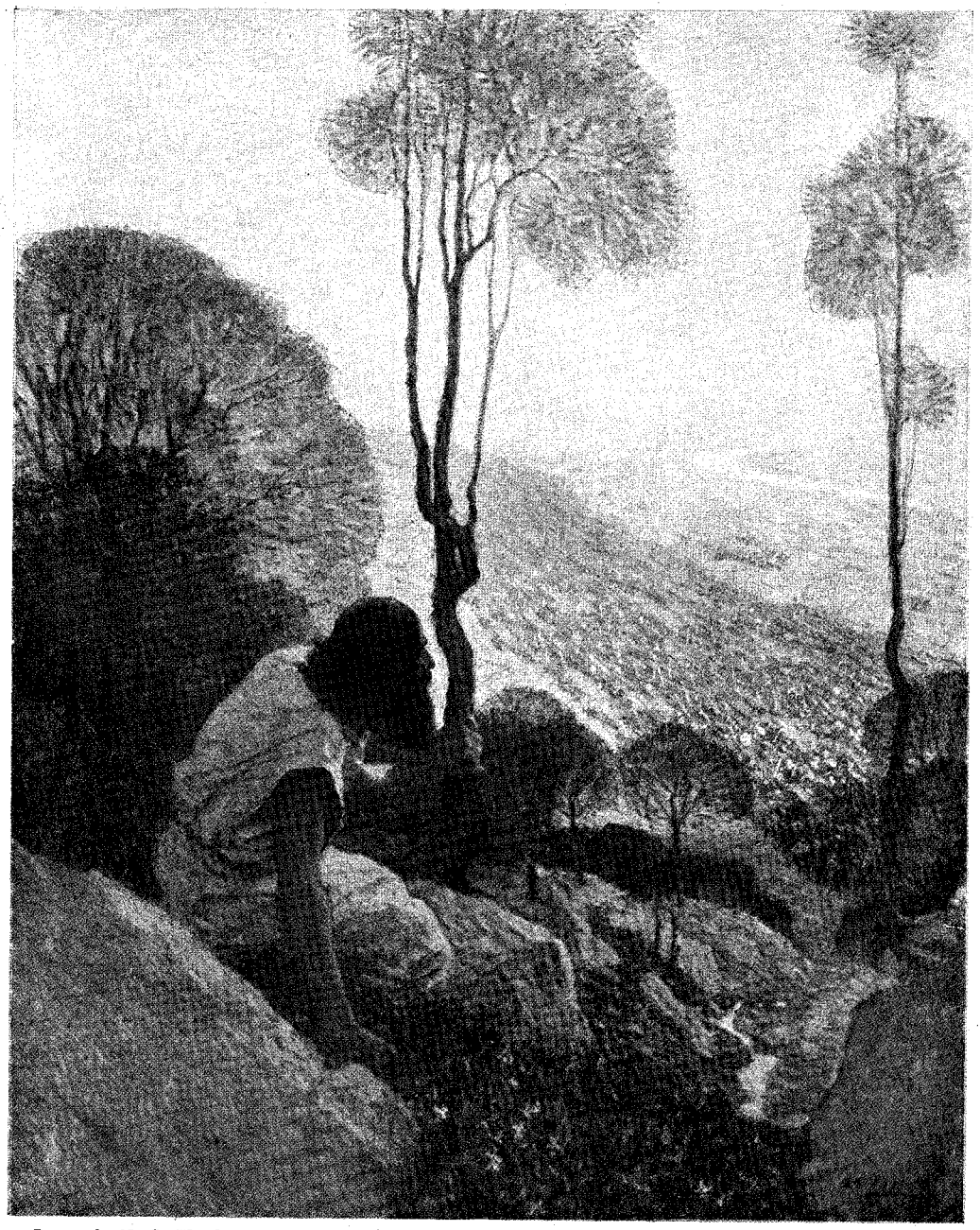
Made by native Irishmen in Roscommon in 1123 by order of King Turlough O'Conor, father of Roderick, the last monarch of Ireland.

As, in the quiet of that lofty, grave old library, one studies whatever page has been reverently turned for that particular day, one cannot help wondering whether Giraldus and the numbers of people after him, down to the Dublin photographer of our own generation who refused on reverential grounds to reproduce the pages of the "Book of Kells," may not have been right in attributing to "no human hand" the marvel of that unbelievable drawing, in colors clear, but softened like old paint upon old canvas. Professor Westwood, of Oxford, said that he had examined the drawings with a lens without ever detecting a false line or irregular interlacement; "and when it is considered that many of these details consist of spiral lines and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed without compasses, it really seems a problem not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments, they could have been executed."

At the National Industrial Exhibition in Dublin two years ago, one's eye was caught by case after case of foreign pottery whose presence was explained, with unconscious pathos, by some such label as this: "This clay Ireland has; this pottery Ireland *could* make." Those of us who know the old glory of Ireland and her later sorrows—no longer only "Three"—could only return to the old library to gaze at a book made eleven centuries ago without instruments and without "capital," saying to ourselves: "This Ireland has, this Ireland made; and it is a wonder of the world."

MARY DENVER HOFFMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

ALL DAY, HELD SPELL-BOUND BY THIS WONDERFUL SIGHT, THE HERMIT CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKS.

—"Through the Mists," page 551.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED